

City of New Orleans

Vers 1

C G C Am F C
Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central, Monday morning rail

C G C Am G C
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail

Am Em
All along the southboundem odyssey, The train pulls out at Kankakee

G D
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields

Am Em
Passin' trains that have no name Freight yards full of old black men

G G7 C,
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles

Refrain

F **G** **C** **Am** **F** **C**
 Good morning America, how are you? Say, don't you know me? I'm your native son
G7 **C** **G** **Am** **Bb** **G**
 I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans, I'll be gone five hundred miles when the
G7 **C**
 day is done

Vers 2

C **G** **C** **Am** **F** **C** **G**
 Dealin' card games with the old men in the club car, Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score

C **G** **C** **Am** **G** **C**
 Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle, Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor

Am **Em**
 And the sons of pullman porters, And the sons of engineers

G **D** **Am**
 Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel, Mothers with their babes asleep

Em **G** **G7** **C**
 Are rockin' to the gentle beat, And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

Refrain

F **G** **C** **Am** **F** **C**
 Good morning America, how are you? Say, don't you know me? I'm your native son
G7 **C** **G** **Am** **Bb** **G**
 I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans, I'll be gone five hundred miles when the
G7 **C**
 day is done

Vers 3

C G C Am F C G
Nighttime on the City of New Orleans, Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee
C G C
Half way home, we'll be there by morning,
 Am G C
Through the Mississippi darkness Rolling down to the sea
 Am Em
But all the towns and people seem To fade into a bad dream,
 G D
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
 Am Em
The conductor sings his songs again, The passengers will please refrain
 G G7 C
This train got the disappearing railroad blues

Refrain

F G C Am F C
Good morning America, how are you? Say, don't you know me? I'm your native son
G7 C G Am Bb G
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans, I'll be gone five hundred miles when the
G7 C
day is done