

The City of New Orleans (C)

Intro C/// ///

C G7 C Am F C
Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central Monday morning rail

C G7 C Am G7 C
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

Am Em
All along the southbound odyssey the train pulls out at Kankakee

G D
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields.

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

G G7 C C7
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles.

F G7 C Am F C G7
Good morning America how are you? Don't you know me I'm your native son,

G7 C G Am
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,
Bb F G7 C
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

C G7 C Am F C
Dealin' card games with the old men in the club car Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score.

C G7 C Am G7 C
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle Feel the wheels a rumblin' 'neath the floor.

Am Em
and the sons of pullman porters and the sons of engineers

G D
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel.

Am Em
Mothers with their babes asleep, Are rockin' to the gentle beat

G G7 C C7
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

F G7 C Am F C G7

Good morning America how are you? Don't you know me I'm your native son,

G7 C G Am

I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,

Bb F G7 C

I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

C G7 C Am F C

Nighttime on the city of New Orleans Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.

C G7 C Am G7 C

Half way home, we'll be there by morning Thru the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.

Am Em

And all the towns and people seem To fade into a bad dream

G D

And the steel rails still ain't heard the news.

Am Em

The conductor sings his song again, The passengers will please refrain

G G7 C

This train's got the disappearing railroad blues.

F G7 C

Good morning America how are you?

Am F C G7

Don't you know me I'm your native son,

G7 C G Am

I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,

Bb F G7 C

I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

Bb F G7 C C/

I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done