

## The City of New Orleans (G)

G//// ////

G D7 G Em C G  
Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central Monday morning rail  
G D7 G Em D7 G  
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.  
Em Bm

All along the southbound odyssey the train pulls out at Kankakee

D A  
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields.

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

D D7 G G7  
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles.

C D7 G Em C G D7  
Good morning America how are you? Don't you know me I'm your native son,  
D7 G D Em  
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,  
F C D7 G  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

G D7 G Em C G  
Dealin' card games with the old men in the club car Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score.  
G D7 G Em D7 G  
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle Feel the wheels a rumblin' 'neath the floor.  
Em Bm

and the sons of pullman porters and the sons of engineers

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

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

D D7 G G7  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

C D7 G Em C G D7  
Good morning America how are you? Don't you know me I'm your native son,  
D7 G D Em  
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,  
F C D7 G  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

G D7 G Em C G D  
Nighttime on the city of New Orleans Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.  
G D7 G Em D7 G  
Half way home, we'll be there by morning Thru the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.

Em Bm  
 And all the towns and people seem To fade into a bad dream  
 D A  
 And the steel rails still ain't heard the news.  
 Em Bm  
 The conductor sings his song again, The passengers will please refrain  
 D D7 G  
 This train's got the disappearing railroad blues.

C D7 G Em C G D7  
 Good morning America how are you? Don't you know me I'm your native son,  
 D7 G D Em A7  
 I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,  
 F C D G  
 I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done  
 F C D7 G  
 I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done  
 F C D7 (rit.....) G/  
 I'll be gone five hundred miles..... when the day is done