

City of New Orleans

[C]Riding on the [G]City of New [C]Orleans,
[Am]Illinois Central, [F]Monday morning [C]rail.[G]
There's [C]15 cars and [G]15 restless [C]riders,
3 [Am]conductors and [G]25 sacks of [C]mail.
All [Am]along a southbound odyssey the [Em]train pulls out of Kankakee,
[G]rolls along past houses, farms and [D]fields.
[Am]Passing trains that have no name. [Em]Freight yards full of old black men,
and the [G]graveyards of the [G7]rusted automo[C]biles

CHORUS:

Singing [F]good morning A[G]merica, how [C]are you?
Saying, [Am]don't you know me [F]I'm your native [C]son? [G]
I'm the [C]train they call the [G]City of New [Am]Orleans[D/F#]
I'll be [Bb]gone [F]500 [G]miles when the day is [C]done

Dealing cards with the [G]old men in the [C]club car.
[Am]Penny a point, ain't [F]no one keeping [C]score. [G]
Won't you [C]pass the paper [G]bag that holds the [C]bottle.
[Am]Feel the wheels a [G]rumbling 'neath the [C]floor.
And the [Am]sons of Pullman porters and the [Em]sons of engineers
Ride their [G]fathers' magic carpet made of [D]steel
And [Am]mothers with their babes asleep [Em]rockin' to the gentle beat
And the [G]rhythm of the [G7]rails is all they [C]feel

CHORUS:

[C]Nighttime on the [G]City of New [C]Orleans
[Am]Changing cars in [F]Memphis, Tenne[C]ssee [G]
[C]Halfway home and [G]we'll be there by [C]morning
Through the [Am]Mississippi darkness [G]rolling down to the [C]sea
But [Am]all the towns and people seem to [Em]fade into a bad dream
And the [G]steel rails still ain't heard the [D]news
The [Am]conductor sings his song again. The [Em]passengers will please refrain.
This [G]train has the dis[G7]appearing railroad [C]blues

CHORUS: