

City Of New Orleans

Intro: G

G D G
Riding on the City of New Orleans,
Em C G
Illinois Central Monday morning rail.

G D G
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,
Em D G
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

Em Bm
All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee,
D A
Rolls along past houses farms and fields,
Em Bm
Passing trains that have no name, freight yards full of old black men
D D7 G
And the graveyards of rusted automobiles.

(Chorus)

G D G
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car,
Em C G
Penny a point, ain't no one keeping score.
G D G
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,
Em D G
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor.
Em Bm
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers
D A
Ride their fathers' magic carpets made of steel.
Em Bm
Mothers with their babes asleep rocking to the gentle beat
D D7 G
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

(Chorus)

G D G
Nighttime on the City of New Orleans,
Em C G
Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee.
G D G
Half way home, we'll be there by morning,
Em D G
through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.
Em Bm
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream
D A
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news.
Em Bm
The conductor sings his songs again, "Passengers will please refrain"
D D7 G
This train got the disappearing railroad blues.

(Repeat Chorus, but with "Good night, America" instead of "Good morning, America.")

CHORUS

C D7 G
Good morning, America, how are you?
Em C G D7 D9
Don't you know me? I'm your native son.
G D Em Em7 A7
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans.
Bb C D D9 G
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.