The City Of New Orleans

Verse 1

D A D Bm G D
Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central Monday morning rail
D A D Bm A D
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.
Bm F#m A E
All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kenkakee rolls along past houses farms and fields
Bm F#m A D
Passing trains that have no name, freight yards of old black men, and graveyards of rusted automobiles.

Chorus:

G A D Bm G D
Good morning America, how are you? Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.
A D A Bm - E/G# C G A D
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans, I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

Verse 2

D A D Bm G D
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car, penny a point - no one keeping score
D A D Bm A D
Pass the paper bag but hold the bottle. Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor
Bm F#m A E
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers ride their father's magic carpets made of steel
Bm F#m A D
Mother with her babes asleep rocking to the gentle beat, and the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

(To CHORUS)

Verse 3

D A D Bm G D
Night time on the City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis Tennessee
D A D Bm A D
Half way home we'll be there by morning, through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.
Bm F#m A E
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream, and the steel rail still ain't heard the news
Bm F#m
The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain.
A D
This train got the disappearing railroad blues. (To CHORUS)