

The City Of New Orleans

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*
All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kenkakee

A *E* *Bm* *F#m*
Rolls along past houses farms and fields. Passing trains that have no name, freight yards full of

A *D*
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.

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* *Bm*
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle. Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor. And the Sons of

F#m *A* *E*
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)

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*
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream, and the steel rail still ain't heard the

E *Bm* *F#m*
News. The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain.

A *D*
This train got the disappearing railroad blues. (To CHORUS)