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)