

Intro Bb1 x F1 x G1 x a + g + e + d | C 1 2 3 4 | C 1 2 3 4 |

Riding on the City of New Orleans . . . . .

Illinois Central Monday morning rail . . . . .

Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders . . . . .

Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail . . . . . all-a

Long the south bound odyssey the train pulls out of Ken ka kee .

Rolls along past houses farms and fields . . . . .

Passing towns that have no name .

Freight yards full of old black men and-the graveyards of rusted auto mo biles... . . . .

Good morning (night) A mer i ca how are you . . . . . say

Don't you know me I'm your native son . . . . . I'm the

Train they call the City of New Orleans . . . . . I'll be

Gone five hundred miles when the day is done . . . . .

END = C1

Dealing card games with the old men in the club car . . . . .

Penny a point ain't no-one keeping score . . . . .

Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle . . . . .

Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor . . . . . and-the

Sons of Pullman porters and the sons of en gi neers . ride their

Father's magic car pets made of steel . . . . .

Moth ers with their babes a sleep . roc kin' to the gen tle beat and-the

Rhy thm of the rails is all they feel . . . . .

Night time on the City of New Orleans . . . . .

Changin' cars in Memphis Ten nes see . . . . .

Half way home we'll be there . by morning . . . . . through-the

Mississippi darkness rollin' down to the sea . . . . . but

All the towns and people . . seem to fade in to-a bad dream . and the

Steel rails still ain't heard the news . . . . . the

Conductor sings his songs a gain . the passengers will please re frain this

Train has got the disap pearing rail road blues . . . . .