

Intro Bb1 tap F1 tap G1 tap a-S1F0 + g-S2F3 + e-S2F0 + d-S3F2

C 1D 2du 3du 4du C1D2du3du4du

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 done-2du3du4du pause 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
 Mothers 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 into-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's got-the disa pearing rail road blues