

City of New Orleans

CHORUS

Em D7 G
Good morning America, how are you?
Em C G
Say don't you know me, I'm your native son?
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,
C D Em
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

G D G
Ridin' on the City of New Orleans,
Em C G
Illinois central, Monday morning rail,
D G
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,
Em D G
Three con-ductors and twenty five sacks of mail.
Em
All a-long the southbound odyssey,
The train pulls out of Kankakee
D A
And rolls along through houses farms and fields.
Em
Passin' towns that have no name,
Freight yards full of old black men,
D D7 G
And the graveyards of the rusted automo-biles.

CHORUS

G D G
Dealin' cardgames with the old men in the clubcar,
Em C G
Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score,
D G
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,
Em D G
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor.
Em
And the sons of pullman porters and the sons of engineers,
D A
Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel.
Em
Mothers with their babes asleep, rockin' to the gentle beat,

And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

CHORUS

Night-time on the City of New Orleans,
Changin cars in Memphis Tennes-see,
Halfway home and we'll be there by morning,
Through the Mississippi darkness rollin' down to the sea;
And all the towns and people seem,

To fade into a bad dream

And the steel rail still ain't heard the news;
The con-ductor sings his songs again,

"The passengers will please refrain..."

This train's got the disap-pearing railroad blues.

CHORUS