

# CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

C G C Am F C  
Ridin on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central, Monday mornin rail

C G C Am G C  
There's fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, Three con-ductors and twenty five sacks of mail

Am Em  
All a-long the south bound odyssey, the train pulls in from Kankikee Rolls along past houses, farms and fields

Am  
Passin towns that have no names And freight yards full of old black men And the graveyards of the rusted auto-mob-iles

## Chorus

F G C Am F C  
Good mornin Am-erica, how are you I said don't you know me, I'm your native son

G C G Am Bb F G G7 C  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

C G C Am F C  
Dealin cards with the old men in the club car, A penny a point, there ain't no one keepin score

C G C Am G C  
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle, I can feel the wheels a-grumblin neath the floor

Am Em G D  
And the sons of Pullman porters And the sons of engineers Ride their fathers magic carpet made of steel

Am Em G G7 C  
And the mothers with their babes asleep Go rockin to the gentle beat And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

## Chorus

2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4

C G C Am F C  
Night time on the City of New Orleans We're changin cars for Memphis, Tennes-ee

C G C Am G C  
We're halfway home and we'll be there by mornin Through the Mississippi darkness rollin down to the sea

Am Em G D  
And all the towns and people seem To fade into a bad dream And the steel rail still ain't heard the news

Am Em G G7 C  
The conductor sings his songs again, The passengers will please refrain This train's got the disapp-earin railroad blues

G G7 C

## Chorus #2 (twice)

F G C Am F C  
ood Night Am-erica, how are you I said don't you know me, I'm your native son

G C G Am Bb F G G7 C  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

Tag I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done