

CITY OF NEW ORLEANS [C]

[C] Riding on the [G] City of New [C] Orleans,
[Am] Illinois Central, [F] Monday morning [C] rail, [G]
[C] Fifteen cars and [G] fifteen restless [C] riders,
[Am] Three conductors, and [G] twenty-five sacks of [C] mail

All [Am] along the southbound odyssey, the [Em] train pulls out of Kankakee,
And [G] rolls along past houses, farms and [D] fields
[Am] Passing trains that have no name, and [Em] freight yards full of old black men,
And the [G] graveyards of the [F] rusted auto mo [C] biles

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

[C] Dealing cards with the [G] old men in the [C] club cars,
[Am] Penny a point, and [F] no one's keeping [C] score [G]
[C] Pass the paper [G] bag that holds the [C] bottle,
[Am] Feel the wheels [G] rumbling 'neath the [C] floor

And the [Am] sons of Pullman porters and the [Em] sons of engineers
Ride their [G] fathers' magic carpet made of [D] steel
[Am] Mothers with their babes asleep [Em] rocking to the gentle beat
And the [G] rhythm of the [F] rails is all they [C] feel

chorus

[C] Nighttime on the [G] City of New [C] Orleans,
[Am] Changing cars in [F] Memphis, Tennes [C] see [G]
[C] Halfway home, and [G] we'll be there by [C] morning
Through the [Am] Mississippi darkness [G] rolling down to the [C] sea

But [Am] all the towns and people seem to [Em] fade into a bad dream
The steel [G] rail still ain't heard the [D] news
The [Am] conductor sings his songs again the [Em] passengers will please refrain
This [G] train's got the disap- [F] pearing' railroad [C] blues

chorus