

# CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

RIDING ON THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS,  
 AM ILLINOIS CENTRAL, MONDAY MORNING RAIL,  
 C FIFTEEN CARS AND FIFTEEN RESTLESS RIDERS  
 Am G THREE CONDUCTORS AND TWENTY-FIVE SACKS OF MAIL.  
 Am EM AM EM ALL ALONG THE SOUTH BOUND ODYSSEY, THE TRAIN PULLS OUT OF KANKAKEE  
 C D AND ROLLS ALONG PAST HOUSES, FARMS, AND FIELDS,  
 Am EM AM EM PASSING TOWNS THAT HAVE NO NAME, FREIGHT YARDS FULL OF OLD BLACK MEN  
 C G C AND THE GRAVEYARDS OF RUSTED AUTOMOBILES.

SINGIN', " GOOD MORNING AMERICA, HOW ARE YOU?"  
 CHORUS SAYIN' "DON'T YOU KNOW ME, I'M YOUR NATIVE SON?"  
 C G C I'M THE TRAIN THEY CALL THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS  
 F G C I'LL BE GONE FIVE HUNDRED MILES WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.

C DEALING CARDS GAMES WITH THE OLD MEN IN THE CLUB CAR,  
 Am F G G7 PENNY A POINT, THERE AIN'T NO ONE KEEPIN' SCORE.  
 C G C PASS THE PAPER BAG THAT HOLDS THE BOTTLE,"  
 Am G C FEEL THE WHEELS A- RUMBLIN' 'NEATH THE FLOOR.  
 Am Em AM EM AND THE SONS OF PULLMAN PORTERS AND THE SONS OF ENGINEERS  
 C D RIDE THEIR FATHERS' MAGIC CARPET MADE OF STEEL.  
 Am EM AM EM MOTHERS WITH THEIR BABES ASLEEP, ROCKING TO THE GENTLE BEAT  
 C G C AND THE RYTHM OF THE RAILS IS ALL THEY FEEL

C NIGHT TIME ON THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS  
 AM F G G7 CHANGING CARS IN MEMPHIS TENNESSEE  
 C G C HALFWAY HOME WE'LL BE THERE BY MORNING  
 Am G C THROUGH THE MISSISSIPPI DARKNESS ROLLIN' DOWN TO THE SEA  
 Am EM AM EM BUT ALL THE TOWNS AND PEOPLE SEEM TO FADE INTO A BAD DREAM  
 C D AND THE STEEL RAILS STILL AIN'T HEARD THE NEWS  
 Am EM AM EM THE CONDUCTOR SINGS HIS SONGS AGAIN THE PASSENGERS WILL PLEASE REFRAIN  
 C G C THIS TRAIN'S GOT THE DISAPPEARING RAILROAD BLUES

F G C SINGIN, GOOD NIGHT AMERICA, HOW ARE YOU... (COMPLETE CHORUS)