

City of New Orleans

Verse 1

Gb Db Gb
Riding on the City of New Orleans,
Ebm Cb Gb
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail.
Gb Db Gb
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,
Ebm Db Gb
three conductors, twenty-five sacks of mail.

Ebm
All along the southbound odyssey
Bbm
the train pulls out of Kankakee,
Db Ab
And rolls along past houses, farms, and fields.
Ebm
Passing trains that have no name
Bbm
and freight yards full of old black men
Db Db7 Gb
and the graveyards of their rusted automobiles.

Chorus

Cb Db Gb
Good morning, America, how are you?
Ebm Cb Gb
Say don't you know me, I'm your native son.
Db Gb Db Ebm Ebm/Db Ab/C
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
Fb Cb/Eb Db Gb
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

Verse 2

Gb Db Gb
Dealing cards with the old men in the club car,

Ebm Cb Gb
penny a point, ain't no one keeping score.

Gb Db Gb
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,

Ebm Db Gb
feel the wheels grumblin' 'neath the floor.

Ebm Bbm
And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers

Db Ab
ride their father's magic carpets made of steel.

Ebm
And mothers with their babes asleep

Bbm
are rockin' to the gentle beat

Db Db7 Gb
and the rhythm of rails is all they feel.

Chorus

Cb Db Gb
Good morning, America, how are you?

Ebm Cb Gb
Say don't you know me, I'm your native son.

Db Gb Db Ebm Ebm/Db Ab/C
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

Fb Cb/Eb Db Gb
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

Verse 3

Gb Db Gb
Night time on the City of New Orleans,
Ebm Cb Gb
changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.
Gb Db Gb
Halfway home, and we'll be there by morning,
Ebm Db Gb
through the Mississippi darkness rollin' down to sea.

Ebm
But all the towns and people seem
Bbm
to fade into a bad dream,

Db Ab
And the steel rail ain't heard the news.

Ebm
The conductor sings his song again,

Bbm
The passengers will please refrain...

Db Db7 Gb
This train has got the disappearing railway blues.

Chorus

Cb Db Gb
Good NIGHT, America, how are you?

Ebm Cb Gb
Say don't you know me, I'm your native son.

Db Gb Db Ebm Ebm/Db Ab/C
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

Fb Cb/Eb Db Gb
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.