

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 3

Gb Db Gb
Nighttime 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.