

# The City Of New Orleans

## Verse 1

**D** **A** **D** **Bm** **G** **D**  
Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central Monday morning rail  
**D** **A** **D** **Bm** **A** **D**  
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.  
**Bm** **F#m** **A** **E**  
All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kenkakee rolls along past houses farms and fields  
**Bm** **F#m** **A** **D**  
Passing trains that have no name, freight yards of old black men, and graveyards of rusted automobiles.

## Chorus:

**G** **A** **D** **Bm** **G** **D**  
Good morning America, how are you? Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.  
**A** **D** **A** **Bm - E/G#** **C** **G** **A** **D**  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans, I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

## Verse 2

**D** **A** **D** **Bm** **G** **D**  
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car, penny a point - no one keeping score  
**D** **A** **D** **Bm** **A** **D**  
Pass the paper bag but hold the bottle. Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor  
**Bm** **F#m** **A** **E**  
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers ride their father's magic carpets made of steel  
**Bm** **F#m** **A** **D**  
Mother with her babes asleep rocking to the gentle beat, and the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

(To CHORUS)

## Verse 3

**D** **A** **D** **Bm** **G** **D**  
Night time on the City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis Tennessee  
**D** **A** **D** **Bm** **A** **D**  
Half way home we'll be there by morning, through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.  
**Bm** **F#m** **A** **E**  
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream, and the steel rail still ain't heard the news  
**Bm** **F#m**  
The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain.  
**A** **D**  
This train got the disappearing railroad blues. (To CHORUS)