

# City of New Orleans

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C G C Am F C  
 Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central, Monday morning rail

C G C  
 Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,

Am G C  
 Three conductors, twenty- five sacks of mail,

Am Em  
 All along the southbound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee,

€ 9 D  
 Rolls along past houses, farms, and fields,

Am Em  
 Passing towns that have no name, freight yards full of old Black men,

G C  
 And the graveyards of rusted automobiles.

### Chorus

F G C Am F C-G  
 Good mornin' America, how are you? Don't you know me, I'm your native son

C G Am-D  
 I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,

Bb F G C  
 I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

C G C  
 Dealing card games with old men in the club car,

Am F C  
 Penny a point, aint no one keeping score,

C G C  
 Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,

Am G C  
 And feel the wheels grumblin' 'neath the floor,

Am Em  
 And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers,

G D  
 Ride their fathers magic carpet made of steam,

Am Em  
 Mothers with their babes asleep, rockin' to the gentle beat,

G C  
 And the rhythm of the rails is all they dream

# City of New Orleans (continued)

Chorus

**C** **G** **C** **Am** **F**  
Night time on the City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis Tennessee  
**C** **G** **C**  
Halfway home and we'll be there by morning,  
**Am** **G** **C**  
Through the Mississippi darkness, rolling down to the sea,  
**Am** **Em**  
But all the towns and people seem, to fade into a bad dream,  
**G** **D**  
And the steel rails still ain't heard the news,  
**Am** **Em**  
The conductor sings his song again, "passengers will please refrain"  
**G** **C**  
This train has got the disappearing railroad blues.

Chorus