

City of New Orleans – YEAR: 1984 ARTIST: Willie Nelson

1 2 3 4

[C]Ridin' on the [G]City of New [C]Orleans,
[Am]Illinois Central, [F]Monday morning [C] rail
[C] Fifteen cars and [G]fifteen restless [C]riders
[Am]Three conductors and [G]twenty-five sacks of [C]mail
All a[Am]long the southbound odyssey, the [Em]train pulls out of
Kankakee
And rolls a[G]long past houses farms and [D]fields
[Am]Passing trains that have no name and [Em]freight yards full of
old black men
And the [G]graveyards of the rusted automo[C]biles

[F]Good morning A[G]merica, How [C]are you?
Say, [Am]don't you know me? [F]I'm your native son [C] [G]/
I'm the [C]train they call the [G]City of New Orleans [Am] [D]
And I'll be [Bb]//gone five [F]//hundred [G]miles when the day is
[C]done

Dealin' [C]cards with the [G]old men in the [C]club car
[Am]Penny a point, ain't [F]no one keepin' [C]score
[C]Pass the paper [G]bag that holds the [C]bottle
And [Am]feel the wheels [G]rumbling 'neath the [C]floor
And the [Am]sons of Pullman porters and the [Em]sons of engineers
Ride their [G]fathers' magic carpet made of [D]steel
[Am]Mothers with their babes asleep, [Em]rockin' to the gentle
beat
And the [G]rhythm of the rails is all they [C]feel

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[F] Good morning A**[G]**merica, How **[C]**are you?

Say, **[Am]**don't you know me? **[F]**I'm your native son **[C]** **[G]/**

I'm the **[C]**train they call the **[G]**City of New Orleans **[Am]** **[D]**

And I'll be **[Bb]**//gone five **[F]**//hundred **[G]**miles when the day is

[C]done

[C]Night time on the **[G]**City of New **[C]**Orleans

[Am]Changing cars in **[F]**Memphis Tennessee **[C]**

[C]Halfway home **[G]**we'll be there by **[C]**morning

Through the **[Am]**Mississippi darkness **[G]**rolling down to the **[C]**sea

And **[Am]**all the towns and people seem to **[Em]**fade into a bad
dream

And the **[G]**steel rails still ain't heard the **[D]**news

The **[Am]**conductor sings his songs again, **[Em]**passengers will
please refrain

This **[G]**train has got the disappearing railroad **[C]**blues

[F] Good morning A**[G]**merica, How **[C]**are you?

Say, **[Am]**don't you know me? **[F]**I'm your native son **[C]** **[G]/**

I'm the **[C]**train they call the **[G]**City of New Orleans **[Am]** **[D]**

And I'll be **[Bb]**//gone five **[F]**//hundred **[G]**miles when the day is

[C]done

[slowing down]

And I'll be **[Bb]**//gone five **[F]**//hundred **[G]**miles when the day is

[C]/

