

22 CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

INTRO: 4 bars on C

C G C C Am F C G

Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central, Monday morning rail.

C G C C Am G C

Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, three con-duc-tors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

Am Em

All along the southbound odyssey, as the train pulls out of Kankakee,

G D

And rolls past the houses, farms and fields.

Am Em

Passing trains that have no name, and freight yards full of old black men

G F C C

And the graveyards of rusted automobiles.

CHORUS:

F G C C Am F C G

Good morning, America, how are you? Say, don't you know me? I'm your native son.

C G Am F

I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans.

Bb F G C

I'll be gone five hundred miles when day is done.

(LAST TIME THROUGH "Good NIGHT America" at end repeat last phrase and then "DONE" C// G// C/)

C G C C Am F C G

Dealin' cards with the old men in the club car, penny a point, ain't no one keeping score

C G C C Am G C

Pass the paper bag that holds the bottles, feel the wheels grumbling '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 steel

Am Em G F C C

Mothers with their babes asleep, rocking to the gentle beat and the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

CHORUS

C G C C Am F C G

Night time on the City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.

C G C C Am G C

Halfway home and we'll be there by morning, through the Mississippi darkness, rolling down to the sea

Am Em G D

But all the towns and people seem, to fade into, a bad dream, the steel rail, still ain't heard the news.

Am Em

The conductor sings that song again, "The passengers will please refrain,

G F C C

This train's got the disappearin' railroad blues."

CHORUS x 2