

C **G** **C**
Riding on the City of New Orleans,
Am **G** **C**
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail,
C **G** **C**
There are fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,
Am **G** **C**
Three conductors, and twenty five sacks of mail.

Am
Passing towns that have no name,
Em
And freight yards full of old black men,
G **C**
And the graveyards of rusted automobiles.

[Chorus]

F **G** **C**
Good morning America, how are you?

Am **F** **C** **G**
Say don't you know me, I'm your native son.

C **G** **Am**
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 the old men in the club cars,
Am **F** **C**
A penny a point, ain't no one keeping score.
C **G** **C**
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,
Am **G** **C**
And feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor.

Am
And the sons of Pullman porters,
Em
And the sons of engineers,
G **D**
Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steam.

Am
Mothers with their babes asleep,
Em
Rocking to the gentle beat,
G **C**
And the rhythm of the rails is all they dream.

[Chorus]

F **G** **C**
Good morning America, how are you?

Am **F** **C** **G**
Say don't you know me, I'm your native son.

C **G** **Am**
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.

[Verse 3]

C **G** **C**
Nighttime on the City of New Orleans,
Am **F** **C**
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
But all the towns and people seem
 Em
To fade into a bad dream,
 G **D**
The steel rail still ain't heard the news.

Am
The conductor sings his songs again,
 Em
The passengers will please refrain,
 G **C**
This train's got the disappearin' railroad blues.

[Chorus]

F **G** **C**
Good night America, how are you?
 Am **F** **C** **G**
Say don't you know me, I'm your native son.
 C **G** **Am**
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.
 Bb **F** **G** **C**
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.