

C/// G/// C/// ///
Riding on the City of New Or-leans
Am F/// C/// ///
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail
C/// G/// C/// ///
There's fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders
Am/// G/// C/// ///
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail

Am/// /// Em/// ///
All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls in from Kankikee
G/// /// D/// ///
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields
Am/// /// Em/// ///
Passing towns that have no names, and freight yards full of old black men
G/// G7/// C/// C7///
And the graveyards of the rusted automo-biles

F/// G/// C/// ///
Good morning A-merica, how are you?
Am/// F/// C/// ///
I said don't you know me, I'm your native son
C/// G/// Am/// ///
I'm the train they call the City of New Or-leans
Em/// G/// C/// ///
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

C/// G/// C/// ///
Dealing cards with the old men in the club car
Am/// F/// C/// ///
A penny a point, there ain't no one keeping score
C/// G/// C/// ///
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Am/// G/// C/// ///
I can feel the wheels a-grumbling neath the floor

Em/// Am/// Em/// Am///
And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of en-gineers
G/// /// D/// ///
Ride their fathers ma-gic carpet made of steel

Em/// Am/// Em/// ///
And the mothers with their babes asleep, go rocking to the gentle beat
G/// G7/// C/// C7///
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

F/// G/// C/// ///
Good morning A-merica, how are you?
Am/// F/// C/// ///
I said don't you know me, I'm your native son
C/// G/// Am/// ///
I'm the train they call the City of New Or-leans
Em/// G/// C/// ///
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

C/// G/// C/// ///
Nighttime on the City of New Or-leans
Am/// F/// C/// ///
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennes-see
C/// G/// C/// ///
Halfway home, we'll be there by morn-ing
Am/// G/// C/// ///
Through the Mississippi darkness, rolling down to the sea

Am/// /// C/// ///
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream
G/// /// D/// ///
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
Am/// /// Em/// ///
The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain
G/// G7/// C/// C7///
This train got the dis-appearing railroad blues

F/// G/// C/// ///
Good morning A-merica, how are you?
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I said don't you know me, I'm your native son
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I'm the train they call the City of New Or-leans
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I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done