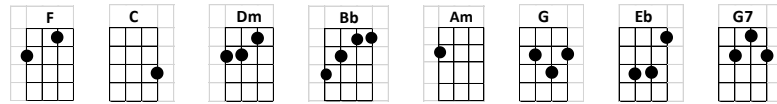


City of New Orleans



Intro: F//// ////

F C F Dm Bb F
 Riding on the city of New Orleans Illinois Central, Monday morning rail
F C F
 Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders
Dm C F
 Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail
Dm Am
 All a-long the southbound odyssey The train pulled out at Kankakee
C G
 Rolls along past houses, farms and fields
Dm Am
 Passin' trains that have no names And freight yards full of old black men
C Bb F
 And graveyards of the rusted automo-biles

Bb C F
 Good morning, A-merica How are you?
Dm Bb F//// C
 Say don't you know me? I'm your native son
F C Dm G7
 I'm the train they call the city of New Orleans
Eb Bb C F
 I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

C F
 Dealin' card games with the old men in the club car
Dm Bb F
 Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score
F C F
 Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Dm C F
 Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor
Dm Am
 And the sons of Pullman Porters And the sons of engineers
C G
 Ride their father's magic carpet made of steel

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Dm Am
Mothers with their babes asleep rockin' to the gentle beat
C Bb F Bb C
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel. Good morning, A-merica,
F Dm Bb F//// C
How are you? Say don't you know me? I'm your native son
F C Dm G7
I'm the train they call the city of New Orleans
Eb Bb C F
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

F C F Dm Bb F
Nighttime on the city of New Orleans. Changing cars in Memphis, Tennes-see
F C F
Half way home, we'll be there by morning
Dm C F
Through the Mississippi darkness Rolling down to the sea
Dm Am
But all the towns and people seem To fade into a bad dream
C G
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
Dm Am
The con-ductor sings his songs again The passengers will please refrain
C Bb F
This trains' got the disap-pear-ing railroad blues

Bb C F
Good morning, A-merica How are you?
Dm Bb F//// C
Say don't you know me? I'm your native son
F C Dm G7
I'm the train they call the city of New Orleans
Eb Bb C F
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

SLOWLY:

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

