



# City of New Orleans - m3

**Intro:** [C] [C] [C] [C]

[C]Riding on the [G]City of New [C]Orleans,  
[Am]Illinois Central [F]Monday morning [C]rail [G]  
[C]Fifteen cars and [G]fifteen restless [Am]riders,  
[F]Three conductors, [G]twenty-five sacks of [C]mail.  
All a- [Am]long the southbound odyssey the [Em]train pulls out at Kankakee.  
And [G]rolls along past houses, farms and [D]fields.  
[Am]Passin' towns that have no names, [Em]and freight yards full of old black men  
And the [G]graveyards of the [G7]rusted automo- [C]biles [C7]

Good [F]morning A- [G]merica how [C]are you? [C]  
[Am]Don't you know me [F]I'm your native [C]son [G]  
I'm the [C]train they call The [G]City of New [C]Orleans, [Am]  
I'll be [Bb]gone five hundred [G]miles when the day is [C]done. [G]

Dealin' [C]card games with the [G]old men in the [C]club car.  
[Am]Penny a point, ain't [F]no-one keepin' [C]score. [G]  
[C]Pass the paper [G]bag that holds the [Am]bottle.  
[F]Feel the wheels [G]rumblin' 'neath the [C]floor.  
The [Am]sons of pullman porters and the [Em]sons of engineers  
Ride their [G]father's magic carpets – made of [D]steel.  
[Am]Mothers with their babes asleep, [Em]rockin' to the gentle beat  
And the [G]rhythm of the [G7]rails is all they [C]feel. [C7]

Good [F]morning A- [G]merica how [C]are you? [C]  
[Am]Don't you know me [F]I'm your native [C]son [G]  
I'm the [C]train they call The [G]City of New [C]Orleans, [Am]  
I'll be [Bb]gone five hundred [G]miles when the day is [C]done. [G]

## **Quietly.....**

[C]Nighttime on The [G]City of New [C]Orleans, [Am]Changing cars in [F]Memphis,  
Tennes- [C]see. [G] [C]Half way home, [G]we'll be there by [Am]morning.  
Through the [F]Mississippi darkness [G]rolling to the [C]sea.  
But [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 con- [Am]ductor sings his songs again, the [Em]passengers will please refrain  
This [G]train got the [G7]disappearing railroad [C]blues. [C7]

Good [F]morning A- [G]merica how [C]are you? [C]  
[Am]Don't you know me [F]I'm your native [C]son [G]  
I'm the [C]train they call The [G]City of New [C]Orleans, [Am]  
I'll be [Bb]gone five hundred [G]miles when the day is [C]done. [Am]  
I'll be [Bb]gone five hundred [G]miles when the day is [C]done. [C]

**Outro (slowing):** [C] [C] [C] [C] [C.....]