

INTRO: (Bb) (F) (G7) (C)

VERSE 1:

(C) Riding on the (G) City of New (C) Orleans,

(Am) Illinois Central (F) Monday morning (C) rail

(C) Fifteen cars and (G) fifteen restless (C) riders,

Three con-(Am)ductors and (G7) 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' trains that have no names (Em) freight yards full of old black men,

And the (G) graveyards of the (G7) rusted automo-(C)biles (C7)

CHORUS:

(F) Good morning A-(G7)merica how (C) are you?

(Am) Don't you know me (F) I'm your native (C) son,

(G7/) I'm the (C) train they call The (G) City of New (Am) Orleans, (Am7) (D7)

I'll be (Bb) gone five (F) hundred (G7) miles when the day is (C) done.

VERSE 2:

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.

(C) Pass the paper (G) bag that holds the (C) bottle,

(Am) Feel the wheels (G7) rumblin' 'neath the (C) floor.

And 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 are **(Em)** rockin' to the gentle beat

And the **(G)** rhythm of the **(G7)** rails is all they **(C)** feel. **(C7)**

**CHORUS:**

**(F)** Good morning A-**(G7)**merica how **(C)** are you?

**(Am)** Don't you know me **(F)** I'm your native **(C)** son,

**(G7/)** I'm the **(C)** train they call The **(G)** City of New **(Am)** Orleans, **(Am7) (D7)**

I'll be **(Bb)** gone five **(F)** hundred **(G7)** miles when the day is **(C)** done.

**VERSE 3:**

**(C)** Nighttime on the **(G)** City of New **(C)** Orleans,

**(Am)** Changing cars in **(F)** Memphis, Tennes-**(C)**see.

**(C)** Halfway home, and **(G)** we'll be there by **(C)** morning,

Through the **(Am)** Mississippi darkness **(G7)** rollin' down to the **(C)** sea.

And **(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 song again, the **(Em)**passengers will please refrain

This **(G)** train's got the disap-**(G7)**pearing railroad **(C)** blues. **(C7)**

**FINAL CHORUS:** **(F)** Good night A-**(G7)**merica how **(C)** are you?

**(Am)** Don't you know me **(F)** I'm your native **(C)** son,

**(G7/)** I'm the **(C)** train they call The **(G)** City of New **(Am)** Orleans, **(Am7) (D7)**

I'll be **(Bb)** gone five **(F)** hundred **(G7)** miles when the day is **(C)** done.

I'll be **(Bb)** gone five **(F)** hundred **(G7)** miles when the day is **(C)** done.