

[C] Riding on the [G] City of New [C] Orleans,
 [Am] Illinois Central [F] Monday morning [C] rail [G]
 [C] There's fifteen cars and [G] fifteen restless [Am] riders,
 [F] Three conductors and [G] twenty-five sacks of [C] mail.
 They're out [Am] on the southbound odyssey and the [Em] train pulls out at Kankakee
 [G] Rolls past the 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]

Chorus

Singing [F] Good morning [G] America how [C] are you?
 [Am] And don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son [G]
 I'm just 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]

I was dealin' [C] cards with the [G] old men in the [C] club car.
 [Am] And it's penny a point there ain't [F] nobody keepin' [C] score. [G]
 [C] Won't you pass that paper [G] bag that holds the [Am] tequila
 [F] You can feel the wheels [G] rumblin' beneath the [C] floor.

The [Am] sons of pullman porters and the [Em] sons of engineers
 All ride their [G] daddy's magic carpet – it's made of [D] steel.
 [Am] Mothers with their babes asleep, go [Em] rockin' to the gentle beat
 And the [G] rhythm of the [G7] rails is all they [C] dream. [C7]

Chorus

[C] It's night-time on The [G] City of New [C] Orleans,
 [Am] And we're 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.
 [Am] All the towns and people seem to [Em] fade into a bad dream
 And the [G] old steel rails still ain't heard the [D] news.
 The con-[Am]-ductor sings that song again, the [Em] passengers will please refrain
 [G] This train has got the [G7] disappearing railroad [C] blues. [C7]

Singing [F] Good night [G] America how [C] are you?
 [Am] And don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son [G]
 I'm just 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]

Singing [F] Good morning [G] America how [C] are you?
 [Am] And don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son [G]
 I'm just 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]
 [F] [G] [C]

Tag

