

[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 [C] riders
 Three con-[Am]-ductors and [G] twenty-five sacks of [C] mail.

All a-[Am]-long the south bound odyssey, the [Em] train pulls out of Kenkakee
 [G] Rolls along past houses, farms and [D] fields
 [Am] Passing trains that have no name, [Em] freight yards full of old black men
 And the [G] graveyards of the [G7] rusted automo-[C]-biles.

[F] Good morning A-[G]-merica, how [C] are you?
 Say, [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 [D7]
 I'll be [Bb] gone five hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done. [C]

Dealing [C] card games with the [G] old men in the [C] club car
 [Am] Penny a point, ain't [F] no one keeping [C] score [G]
 [C] Pass the paper bag that [G] holds the [C] bottle
 [Am] Feel the wheels [G] rumblin' 'neath the [C] floor

And the [Am] sons of Pullman porters and the [Em] sons of engineers
 Ride their [G] fathers' 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.

[F] Good morning A-[G]-merica, how [C] are you?
 Say, [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 [D7]
 I'll be [Bb] gone five hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done. [C]

Repeat Chorus as Instrumental

[C] Night time on the [G] City of New [C] Orleans
 [Am] Changing cars in [F] Memphis, Tennes-[C]-see [G]
 [C] Halfway home, [G] we'll be there by [C] morning
 through the [Am] Mississippi darkness [G] rolling down to the [C] sea.

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

[F] Good night A-[G]-merica, how [C] are you?
 Say, [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 [D7]
 I'll be [Bb] gone five hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done.
 I'll be [Bb] gone five hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done.
 I'll be [Bb] gone five hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done. [C !]