Intro: Bb F G7 C

C G C Am F C
Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central Monday morning rail
C G C Am G7 C
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, three con-ductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.
Am Em
All a-long the southbound odyssey the train pulls out at Kankakee
G D
And rolls along past houses, farms and fields.
Am Em
Passin' trains that have no names, freight yards full of old black men
G G7 C C7
And the graveyards of the rusted automo-biles.
CHORUS: F G7 C Am F C
Good morning A-merica how are you? Don't you know me I'm your native son,
G7 C G Am Am7 D7
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,
Bb F G7 C
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.
C — G C Am F C
Dealin' card games with the young man in the club car. Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score.
C G C Am G7 C
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle. Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.

Am Em
And the sons of pullman porters, and the sons of engineers
G D
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel.
Am Em
Mothers with their babes asleep are rockin' to the gentle beat
G G7 C C7
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

CHORUS

C G C Am F C
Nighttime on The City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis, Tennes-see.
C G C Am
Half way home, and we'll be there by morning, through the Mississippi darkness
G7 C
Rolling down to the sea.
Am Em
And all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream
G D
And the steel rails still ain't heard the news.
Am Em
The con-ductor sings his song again, the passengers will please refrain
G G7 C C7
This train's got the disap-pearing railroad blues.

CHORUS ("Good night, America)