**(capo 3)**

**G D G**

**Riding on the City of New Orleans,**

**Em C G**

**Illinois Central, Monday morning rail,**

**G D G**

**Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,**

**Em D G**

**Three conductors, and twenty five sacks of mail.**

**Em**

**All along the southbound odyssey,**

**Bm**

**The train pulls out of Kankakee,**

**D A**

**rolls along past houses, farms and fields.**

**Em**

**Passing trains that have no name,**

**Bm**

**freight yards full of old black men,**

**D D7 C G**

**and graveyards of the rusted automobiles.**

**Chorus**

**C D G**

**Good morning America, how are you?**

**Em C G D7**

**Say don't you know me, I'm your native son.**

**G D Em Em7 A7**

**I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,**

**Bb C D D9 G**

**I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.**

**Dealing card games with the old men in the club cars,**

**Penny a point, ain't no one keeping score.**

**Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,**

**feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor.**

**And the sons of Pullman porters,**

**and the sons of engineers,**

**Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel.**

**Mothers with their babes asleep,**

**rocking to the gentle beat,**

**And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.**

**Chorus**

**Nighttime on the City of New Orleans,**

**Changing cars in Memphis, Tennesee.**

**Halfway home, and we'll be there by morning.**

**Through the Misissippi darkness,**

**rolling down to the sea.**

**But all the towns and people seem**

**To fade into a bad dream,**

**And the steel rail still ain't heard the news.**

**The conductor sings his songs again,**

**The passengers will please refrain,**

**This train's got the disappearin' railroad blues.**

**Chorus**

**Goodnight America, how are you?**

**Say don't you know me, I'm your native son.**

**I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,**

**I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.**