## CITY OF NEW ORLEANS - (G^4) (B) R-3

```
D(F#)
                                     Em(G#m)
                                                                     G(B)
                                                                           D7(F#7)
 G(B)
                         G(B)
                                                     C(E)
RIDING ON THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS - ILLINOIS CENTRAL. MONDAY MORNING RAIL.
 G(B)
              D(F#)
                                G(B)
                                             Em(G#m)
                                                           D(F#)
                                                                               G(B)
FIFTEEN CARS, FIFTEEN RESTLESS RIDERS, THREE CONDUCTORS, TWENTY-FIVE SACKS OF MAIL.
      Em(G#m)
                                        Bm(D#m)
ALL ALONG THE SOUTHBOUND ODYSSEY, THE TRAIN PULLS OUT OF KANKAKEE
                                        A(C#)
AND ROLLS ALONG BY HOUSES, FARMS AND FIELDS.
                                   Bm(D#m)
  Em(G#m)
PASSING TRAINS THAT HAVE NO NAME, FREIGHT YARDS FULL OF OLD BLACK MEN,
      D(F#)
                               G(B)
AND GRAVEYARDS OF THE RUSTED AUTOMOBILES.
      CHORUS
      C(E)
                     D(F#)
                                   G(B)
      GOOD MORNING AMERICA, HOW ARE YOU
            Em(G#m)
                             C(E)
                                             G(B)
                                                    D7(F#7)
      SAY DON'T YOU KNOW ME, I'M YOUR NATIVE SON.
              G(B)
                                 D(F#)
                                             Em(G#m)
      I'M THE TRAIN THEY CALL THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS,
                         C(E) D(F#)
      I'LL BE GONE FIVE HUNDRED MILES WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.
 G(B)
                             D(F#)
DEALING CARD GAMES WITH THE OLD MEN IN THE CLUB CAR,
   Em(G#m)
                               G(B) D7(F#7)
                     C(E)
AT PENNY A POINT, AIN'T NO ONE KEEPIN SCORE.
               D(F#)
                                  G(B)
                                           Em(G#m)
                                                             D(F#)
                                                                              G(B)
PASS THE PAPER BAG THAT HOLDS THE BOTTLE, FEEL THE WHEELS RUMBLIN NEATH THE FLOOR
       Em(G#m)
                                          Bm(D#m)
AND THE SONS OF PULLMAN PORTERS AND THE SONS OF ENGINEERS.
            D(F#)
                                          A(C#)
RIDE THEIR FATHER'S MAGIC CARPET MADE OF STEEL.
VERY SOFT
                                     Bm(D#m)
      Em(G#m)
MOTHERS WITH THEIR BABES ASLEEP, ROCKING TO THE GENTLE BEAT,
AND THE RYTHYM OF THE RAILS IS ALL THEY FEEL.
      CHORUS
      INSTRUMENTAL - DON - 10 BARS
```

## **CITY OF NEW ORLEANS** - pg.2

**VERY SOFT** G(B) Em(G#m) C(E) D(F#) G(B) D7(F#7) NIGHTTIME ON THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, CHANGING CARS IN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE. D(F#) G(B) G(B) HALFWAY HOME, WE'LL BE THERE BY MORNING Em(G#m) D(F#) G(B) THROUGH THE MISSISSIPPI DARKNESS, ROLLING DOWN TO THE SEA. Em(G#m) Bm(D#m) BUT ALL THE TOWNS AND PEOPLE SEEM - TO FADE IN-TO A BAD DREAM A(C#) THE STEEL RAIL STILL AIN'T HEARD THE NEWS. Em(G#m) Bm(D#m) THE CONDUCTOR SINGS HIS SONGS AGAIN, THE PASSENGERS WILL PLEASE REFRAIN, D(F#) G(B) THIS TRAIN'S GOT THE DISAPPEARIN RAILROAD BLUES. CHORUS C(E) D(F#) G(B) Em(G#m) C(E) G(B) D7(F#7) GOODNIGHT AMERICA, HOW ARE YOU? SAY DON'T YOU KNOW ME, I'M YOUR NATIVE SON. D(F#) Em(G#m) I'M THE TRAIN THEY CALL THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS F(A) C(E) D(F#) G(B) I'LL BE GONE FIVE HUNDRED MILES WHEN THE DAY IS DONE. (LAST LINE 2X WITH 2 BEAT PAUSE AFTER "MILES")