

[C] Riding on the [G] City of New [C] Orleans,
[Am] Illinois Central [F] Monday morning [C] rail
[C] There's fifteen cars and [G] fifteen restless [C] riders,
[Am] Three conductors and [G] twenty-five sacks of [C] mail.
All along [Am] the southbound odyssey, the [Em] train pulls out at Kankakee
[G] Rolls along past houses, farms and [D] fields.
[Am] Passin' trains that have no names, [Em] freight yards full of old black men
And the [G] graveyards of their [G7] rusted automo[C]biles. [C7]

(Chorus)

[F] Good morning [G] America how [C] are you?
Say [Am] don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son [G]
I'm the [C] train they call The [G] City of New [Am] Orleans, [Am7][D7]
I'll be [Bb] gone five hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done

Dealin' [C] card games with the [G] old men in the [C] club car.
[Am] Penny a point, ain't [F] no-one keepin' [C] score.
[C] pass that paper [G] bag that holds the [C] bottle
[Am] Feel the wheels [G] rumblin' beneath the [C] floor.
The [Am] sons of pullman porters and the [Em] sons of engineers
Ride their [G] fathers' magic carpet 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. [C7]

Chorus

[C] Night-time on The [G] City of New [C] Orleans,
[Am] changing cars in [F] Memphis, Tennes-[C]-see.
[C] Half way home, [G] we'll be there by [C] morning
Through the [Am] Mississippi darkness [G] rolling down to the [C] sea.
[Am] But 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 his song again, the [Em] passengers will please refrain
[G] This train has got the disappearing railroad [C] blues. [C7]

[F] Good night [G] America how [C] are you?
[Am] Say don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son [G]
I'm the [C] train they call The [G] City of New [Am] Orleans, [Am7][D7]
I'll be [Bb] gone five hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done.