

Verse 1

D A7 D
 Riding on the city of New Orleans
 Bm G D
 Illinois central Monday morning rail
 A7 D
 Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders
 Bm A7 D
 Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail
 Bm
 All along the southbound Odyssey
 F#m
 The train pulls out of Kankakee
 A7 E7
 And rolls along the houses farms and fields
 Bm
 Passing towns that have no name
 F#m
 And freight yards full of old black men
 A7 D
 And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles

Chorus

G A7 D
 Good morning America how are you
 Bm G D
 Say don't you know me I'm your native son
 A7 D A7 Bm
 I'm the train they call the city of New Orleans
 B7# A7 D
 I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

Verse 2

A7 D
 Dealing cards with the old men in the club car
 Bm G D
 Penny a point ain't no one keeping score
 A7 D
 Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
 Bm A7 D
 Feel the wheels grumbling neath the floor
 Bm
 And the sons of Pullman porters
 F#m
 And the sons of engineers
 A7 E7
 Ride their fathers magic carpet made of steel

Bm

Mothers with their babes a sleep

F#m

A rocking to the gentle beat

A7

D

And the rhythm of the rail is all they feel

Verse 3

A7

D

Nighttime on the city of New Orleans

Bm

G

D

Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee

A7

D

Halfway home and we'll be there by morning

Bm

A7

D

Through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea

Bm

And all the towns and people seem

F#m

To fade into a bad dream

A7

E7

And the steel rail still ain't heard the news

Bm

The conductor sings his song again

F#m

The passengers will please refrain

A7

D

This trains got the disappearing railroad blues

Repeat #3