CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

C G C Am
RIDING ON THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, ILLINOIS CENTRAL,
F C G
MONDAY MORNING RAIL

C G C
THERE'S FIFTEEN CARS AND FIFTEEN RESTLESS RIDERS

Am G C
YEAH, AND THREE CONDUCTORS AND TWENTY-FIVE SACKS OF MAIL.

Am
THEY'RE OUT ON A SOUTH BOUND ODYSSEY,
Em

G D
AND THE TRAIN PULLS OUT OF KANKAKEE

Am
ROLLIN' PAST THE HOUSES, FARMS, AND FIELDS,
Em

Am
PASSING TOWNS THAT HAVE NO NAME,
Em

G C
FREIGHT YARDS FULL OF OLD GRAY MEN

C G C
THE GRAVEYARDS OF RUSTED AUTOMOBILES.

F G C
SINGIN', "GOOD MORNING AMERICA, HOW ARE YOU?"

Am F C G
SAYIN' "DON'T YOU KNOW ME, I'M YOUR NATIVE SON?"

C G C
IN THE TRAIN THEY CALL THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

Am F G C
I'LL BE GONE FIVE HUNDRED MILES WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.

C G C
DEALING CARDS WITH THE OLD MEN IN THE CLUB CAR,

Am F C G
PENNY A POINT, THERE AIN'T NO ONE KEEPIN' SCORE.

C G C
"SAY, WON'T YOU PASS THE PAPER BAG THAT HOLDS THE BOTTLE,"

Am G C
YEAH, AND FEEL THE WHEELS A-GRUMBLIN' THROUGH THE FLOOR.

Am Em
AND THE SONS OF FULLMAN PORTERS AND THE SONS OF ENGINEERS

G D
RIDE THEIR FATHERS' MAGIC CARPET MADE OF STEEL.

Am
AND THE DAYS ARE FULL OF RESTLESS,
Em

And the dreams are full of memories

G C
AND THE ECHOES OF THE FREIGHT TRAINS' WHISTLES SQUEAL.

F G C
SINGIN', "GOOD MORNING AMERICA, HOW ARE YOU?"

Am F C G
SAYIN' "DON'T YOU KNOW ME, I'M YOUR NATIVE SON?"

C G C
IN THE TRAIN THEY CALL THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

Am F G C
I'LL BE GONE FIVE HUNDRED MILES WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.