

City of New Orleans – Willie Nelson

Intro C ///

C G C Am F C G
Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central, Monday morning rail

C G Am F G C /
There's fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

Am Em
All a-long the southbound odyssey, the train pulled out at Kankakee

G D /
And rolls along past houses, farms and fields

Am Em
Passin' trains that have no names, and freight yards full of old black men

G G7 C C7
And the graveyards of the rusted auto-mobiles



F G C Am F C G
Good morning, America how are you? Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son

C G C Am Bb F C G
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans. I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

C G C Am F C G
Dealin' cards with the old men in the club car. Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score

C G Am F G C /
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle. Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor

Am Em G D /
And the sons of Pullman Porters, and the sons of engineers, ride their father's magic carpet made of steel

Am Em G G7 C C7
Mothers with their babes asleep, are rockin' to the gentle beat, and the rhythm of the rail is all they feel

F G C Am F C G
Good morning, America how are you? Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son

C G C Am Bb F C G
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans. I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

~~F G C Am F C G
Good morning, America how are you? Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son~~

~~C G C Am Bb F C G
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans. I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.~~

C G C Am F C G
Night-time on The City of New Orleans. Changing cars in Memphis, Tennes-see

C G Am F G C /
Halfway home, we'll be there by morning. Through the Mississippi darkness, rolling down to the sea

Am Em G D /
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream, and the steel rails still ain't heard the news

Am Em
The con-ductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain,

G G7 C C7
This train has got the disappearing railroad blues.

F G C Am F C G
Good morning, America how are you? Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son

C G C Am Bb F C G
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans. I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

Bb F C
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

