

City of New Orleans - Willie Nelson

D		A		D																					
Ridin on the City of New Orleans																									
Bm			G			D																			
Illinois Central Monday mornin rail																									
			A			D																			
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders																									
	Bm					A			D																
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail																									
	Bm								F#m																
All along the southbound odyssey the train pulls out of Kankakee																									
	A								E																
And rolls along past houses, farms and fields																									
	Bm								F#m																
Passing trains that have no names and freight yards full of old black men																									
	A7								D																
And graveyards full of rusted automobiles																									
Chorus																									
	G		A			D																			
Good mornin America how are you																									
	Bm					G			D																
Say, don't you know me I'm your native son																									
	A	G	D			A			Bm	A	E	G#													
I'm the train they call the "City of New Orleans"																									
			C			B	A			D															
and I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done																									
D			A			D																			
Dealin' cards with the old man in the club car																									
	Bm					G			D																
Penny a point, ain't no one keepin' score																									
						A			D																
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle																									
			Bm			A	D																		
Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor																									
			Bm						F#m																
And the sons of pullman porters and the sons of engineers																									
			A						E																
Ride their fathers magic carpet made of steel																									
			Bm						F#m																
Mothers with their babies asleep rockin' to the gentle beat																									
			A7						D																
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel																									
D			A			D																			
Night time on the City of New Orleans																									
			Bm			G			D																
Changin' cars in Memphis Tennessee																									
						A			D																
Half way home, we'll be there in the morning;																									
			Bm						A											D					
Through the Mississippi darkness rollin' down to the sea																									
			Bm						F#m																
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream																									
			A						E																
And the steel rails still ain't heard the news.																									
			Bm						F#m																
The conductor sings his songs again, "The passengers will please refrain,..."																									
			A7						D																
This train has got the disappearing railroad blues.																									