

## City Of New Orleans

*Willie Nelson*

[G] Riding on the City of [D] New Orleans [G]  
 [Em] Illinois Central Mon [C]day morning rail [G][D]  
 [G] Fifteen cars and fifteen [D]restless riders [G]  
 T [Em]hree conductors and twenty-five [D]sacks of mail. [G]  
 Al [Em]l along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of K [Bm]enkakee  
 And rol [D]ls along past houses, farms and fields [A]  
 [Em] Passing trains that have no name and freight yards filled [Bm]with old black  
 men  
 And the [D]graveyards of the rusted automobi [D7]les. [G]

**Chorus:**

[C] Good morning America, [D7]how are you? [G]  
 Say, don' [Em]t you know me, I'm your nat [C]ive son. [G][D7]  
 I'm the [G] train they call the City of Ne [D]w Orleans [Em]  
 [A7]I'll be [A#]gone five hundred miles wh [C]en the day is done. [D][G]

[G] Dealing cards with the old men in [D]the club car [G]  
 [Em] Penny a point ain't no one [C]keeping score [G][D]  
 [G] Pass the paper bag that [D]holds the bottle [G]  
 [Em] Feel the wheels rumblin [D]g 'neath the floor [G]  
 And the [Em] sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers [Bm]  
 Ride their fathe [D]r's magic carpets made of steel [A]  
 [Em] Mothers with their babes asleep rocking to the g [Bm]entle beat  
 [D] And the rhythm of the rails is all [D7] they feel [G]

**Chorus:**

[C] Good morning America, [D7] how are you? [G]  
 Say, don' [Em]t you know me, I'm your nat [C]ive son. [G][D7]  
 I'm the tra [G]in they call the City of Ne [D]w Orleans [Em]  
 [A7]I'll be [A#]gone five hundred miles wh [C]en the day is done. [D][G]

[G] Nighttime on the City of N [D]ew Orleans [G]  
 [Em] Changing cars in Memphis T [D]ennessee [G]  
 [G] Half way home we'll be there by [D] morning [G]  
 [D] through the [Em] Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea. [D][G]  
 B [Em]ut all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dre [Bm]am

A[D]nd the steel rails still ain't heard the news[A]  
The con[Em]ductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please[Bm] refrain  
This tra[D]in got the disapp[er]ing railroad blues.[G]

**Chorus:**

[C] Good morning America,[D7] how are you?[G]  
Say, don'[Em]t you know me, I'm your nat[C]ive son.[G][D7]  
I'm the tra[G]in they call the City of Ne[D]w Orleans[Em]  
[A7]I'll be [A#]gone five hundred miles wh[C]en the day is done.[D][G]