

City of New Orleans
John Denver and Steve Goodman

^C Ridin' on the ^G City of New ^C Orleans

^{Am} Illinois Central, ^F Monday Mornin' ^C rail ^G

There's ^C Fifteen cars and ^G fifteen restless ^C riders

^{Am} Three conductors, ^G twenty-five sacks ^C of mail

All ^{Am} along the southbound odyssey

The ^{Em} train pulls out at Kankakee

and ^G rolls along past houses, farms and ^F fields

^{Am} Passesnger trains that have no names

^{Em} Freightyards full of old black men

And the ^G graveyards of the ^F rusted ^C automobiles

^F Good mornin' ^G America, how ^C are you?

Say, ^{Am} don't you know me, I'm your native ^C son? ^G

I'm the ^F train the call the ^G City of New ^{Am} Orleans

I'll be ^{Bb} gone five ^F hundred ^G miles when the day is ^C done

^C Dealing card games with the ^G old men in the ^C club car

^{Am} Peany a point, ain't ^F no-one keepin' ^C score ^G

^F Pass the paper ^G bag that holds the ^C bottle

^{Am} Feel the wheels, ^G rumblin' 'neath the ^F floor

And the ^{Am} sons of Pullman porters

And the ^{Em} sons of engineers

Ride their ^G fathers' magic carpet made of ^F steel

^{Am} Mothers with their babes asleep

^{Em} Rockin' to the gentle beat

And the ^G rhythm of the ^F rails is all they ^C feel

(turn page!)

^F Good mornin' ^G America, how ^C are you?

Say, ^{Am} don't you know me, I'm ^F your native ^C son ^G

I'm the ^C train they call the ^G City of New ^{Am} Orleans

I'll be ^{Bb} gone ^F five-hundred ^C miles when the day is done

^C Nighttime on the ^G City of New ^C Orleans

^{Am} Changin' cars in ^F Memphis, ^C Tennessee ^G

^C Half-way home, we'll be there by ^G mornin' ^C

~~Am~~ ^{Am} Through the ^G Mississippi darkness,

^G Rollin' down to the ^C sea

^{Am} But all the towns and people seen

To ^{Em} fade into a bad dream

And the ^G steel rail still ain't heard the ^F news

The ^{Am} conductor sings his songs again

"The ^{Em} passengers will please refrain . . ."

"This ^G train's got the ^F Disappearin' ^C Railroad Blues."

^F Goodnight, ^G America, how ^C are you?

Say, ^{Am} don't you know me, I'm ^F your native ^C son? ^G

I'm the ^C train they call the ^G City of New ^{Am} Orleans

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