

1234 1 *gab* [C] [C] [C] C↓ *gab*

[C] Riding on the [G] "City of New [C] Orleans", [C]
 [Am] Illinois Central [F] Monday morning [C] rail [G7]
 There's [C] fifteen cars and [G] fifteen restless [C] riders [C]
 [Am] Three conductors and [G] twenty-five sacks of [C] mail [C]
 All [Am] along a southbound [Am] odyssey, [Em] the train pulls out of [Em] Kankakee
 [G] Rolls along past [G] houses, farms and [D] fields. [D]
 [Am] Passing towns that [Am] have no name, [Em] freight yards full of [Em] old grey men
 And the [G] graveyards of their [G7] rusted automob- [C] -iles. [C]

REFRAIN [F] Good morning [G] America how [C] are ya? [C]
 Say [Am] don't ya know me? [F] I'm your native [C] son [G7]
 I'm a [C] train they call [G] "The City Of New Am// Orleans" Am7// [D7]
 I'll be Bb// gone five F// hundred [G7] miles when the day is [C] done. [C]

Playing [C] card games with the [G] old men in the [C] club car [C]
 [Am] Penny a point ain't [F] no-one keeping [C] score [G7]
 Won't you [C] pass the paper [G] bag that holds the [C] bottle? [C]
 I [Am] feel the wheels a- [G] -rumbling through the [C] floor. [C]
 And the [Am] sons of Pullman [Am] porters and the [Em] sons of engine- [Em] -eers
 Ride their [G] fathers' magic [G] carpet made of [D] steel [D]
 And [Am] mothers with their [Am] babes asleep are [Em] rocking to the [Em] gentle beat
 The [G] rhythm of the [G7] rails is all they [C] feel. [C]

REFRAIN [F] Good morning [G] America how [C] are ya? [C]
 Say [Am] don't ya know me? [F] I'm your native [C] son [G7]
 I'm a [C] train they call [G] "The City Of New Am// Orleans" Am7// [D7]
 I'll be Bb// gone five F// hundred [G7] miles when the day is [C] done. [C]

And it's [F] twilight on The [G] City of New [C] Orleans [C]
 [F] Talk about your [G] pocket full of [C] friends [C]
 [Am] Half-way home [G] we'll be there by [C] morning [C]
 With [D] no tomorrow [D7] waiting round the [G] bend [G7]

[C] Night-time on the [G] City of New [C] Orleans [C]
 [Am] Changing cars in [F] Memphis, Tenne- [C] -ssee [G7]
 [C] Almost home [G] we'll be there by mid [C] morning [C]
 Through the [Am] Mississippi darkness [G] rolling down to the [C] sea [C]
 But [Am] all the towns and [Am] people seem to [Em] fade into a bad [Em] dream
 And the [G] steel rail [G] still ain't heard the [D] news [D]
 The con- [Am] -ductor sings his [Am] song again, the [Em] passengers will please [Em] refrain
 This [G] train's got the disa-[G7]-ppearing railroad [C] blues [C]

[F] Good-night [G] America I [C] love you [C]
 Say [Am] don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son? [G7]
 I'm the [C] train they call the [G7] "City of New Am// Orleans" Am7// [D7]
 I'll be Bb// gone five F// hundred [G7] miles when the day is [C] done [C]
 I'll be Bb// gone five F// hundred [G7] miles when the day is [C] done C↓ F↓ C↓