



**D** **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 carpets made of steel  
**Bm** **F#m**  
Mothers with their babes asleep, rockin' to the gentle beat  
**A** **A7** **D**  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

[Chorus]

**G** **A** **D**  
Good morning America, how are you?

**Bm** **G** **D**  
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.  
**A7** **D** **A** **Bm** **E7**  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
**C** **G** **A** **D**  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

[Verse 3]

**D** **A** **D**  
Night time on the City of New Orleans  
**Bm** **G** **D** **A**  
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee  
**D** **A** **D**  
Halfway home, we'll be there by morning  
**Bm** **A** **D**  
through the Mississippi darkness rolling 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 rail still ain't heard the news  
**Bm** **F#m**  
The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain  
**A** **A7** **D**  
This train got the disappearing railroad blues.

[Chorus]

**G** **A** **D**  
Good night America, how are you?

**Bm** **G** **D**  
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.

**A7**            **D**                            **A**            **Bm**            **E7**  
I m the train they call the City of New Orleans  
                  **C**            **G**            **A**    **D**  
I ll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

\* Alternate:

Capo I

**D** = **F**  
**A** = **C**  
**Bm** = **Dm**  
**G** = **Bb**  
**F#m** = **Am**  
**C** = **Eb**  
**E** = **G**  
**A** = **C**  
**E7** = **G7**  
**A7** = **C7**

Set8

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