

## The City Of New Orleans

John Denver

NOTE: This is John Denver s version of this classic american song most known by Arlo Guthrie.

The lyrics are slightly different than Arlos version. However, I prefer these ones.

Also you can watch Fretkillr s cover of this on Youtube to help you playin. He s the

one I ve seen on youtube playin with these same chords and lyrics.

By the way, this is the only tab I ve seen on the web with these chords (that I think better) so I decided to send it.

[Intro]

**D** **A** **D**  
Ridin on the City of New Orleans

**Bm** **G** **D**  
Illinois Central Monday mornin rail

**D** **A** **D**  
There s 15 cars, and 15 restless riders

**Bm** **A** **D**  
3 conductors and 25 sacks of mail

**Bm** **F#m**  
All along a southbound oddyssey, and the train pulls out of Kankakee

**A** **E**  
And rolls along past the houses, farms and fields

**Bm** **F#m**  
Passin towns that have no name, and freightyards full of old grey men

**A** **A7** **D**  
The graveyards of the rusted automobiles

[Chorus]

**G** **A7** **D** **A7**  
Singin good mornin America, how are you?  
**Bm** **G** **D** **A7**

Sayin don t you know me?, I m your native son  
**D** **A** **Bm-Bm7-E7**

I m the train they call the City of New Orleans  
**C** **G** **A** **D**

I ll be gone 500 miles when the day is done.

[Verse]

**D** **A** **D**  
I was playin cards with the old men in the club car.

**Bm** **G** **D**  
Penny a point, ain't no one keepin score

**D** **A** **D**  
Pass the paper bag that holds that bottle.

**Bm** **A** **D**  
I can hear the wheels rumblin thru the floor.

**Bm** **F#m**  
And the sons of Pullman Porters, and the sons of engineers

**A** **E**  
Ride their father s magic carpet made of steel

**Bm** **F#m**  
And their days are full of restless, and their dreams are full of mem ries

**A** **A7** **D**  
And the echos of the freight train whistle's clear

[Chorus]

**G** **A7** **D**  
Singin good mornin America, how are you?

**Bm** **G** **D** **A7**  
Sayin don t you know me?, I m your native son

**D** **A** **Bm-Bm7-E7**  
I m the train they call the City of New Orleans

**C** **G** **A** **D**  
I ll be gone 500 miles when the day is done.

[Verse]

**D** **A** **D**  
And its twilight on the City of New Orleans.

**Bm** **G** **D**  
Talk about your pocket full of friends

**D** **A** **D**  
Half way home, and we ll be there by mornin

**Bm** **A** **D**  
With no tomorrow waiting 'round the bend

[Chorus]

**G** **A7** **D**  
Good night America, how are you?

**Bm** **G** **D** **A7**  
Sayin don t you know me?, I m your native son

**D** **A** **Bm-Bm7-E7**  
I m the train they call the City of New Orleans

**C G A D**  
I ll be gone 500 miles when the day is done.

**G A7 D**  
Singin good mornin America, how are you?

**Bm G D A7**  
Sayin don t you know me?, I m your native son

**D A Bm-Bm7-E7**  
I m the train they call the City of New Orleans

**C G A D**  
I ll be gone 500 miles when the day is done.

Tabbed by ear by Migue, with the help of Fretkillr s video ;)