

City Of New Orleans
Johnny Cash

here are the bar chords (i think, i am still learning)if you don t feel like
messing
a capo:

	Bb	F	Gm	D#	Dm	C	F7	G7	F (?)
e	-----1-----3-----5-----1-----3-----								
B	-3-----1-----3-----8-----6-----5-----4-----6-----10-----								
G	-3-----2-----3-----8-----7-----5-----2-----4-----10-----								
D	-3-----3-----5-----8-----7-----5-----1-----3-----10-----								
A	-1-----3-----5-----6-----5-----3-----3-----5-----8-----								
E	-----1-----3-----						-----1-----3-----		

Bb F Bb
Riding on the City of New Orleans

Gm D# Bb
Illinois Central Monday morning rail

Bb F Bb
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders

Gm F Bb
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

Gm Dm
All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kenkakee

F C
Rolls along past houses farms and fields

Gm Dm
Passing trains that have no name, freight yards of old black men

F F7 Bb
And graveyards of rusted automobiles.

Chorus:

D# F Bb
Good morning America, how are you?

Gm D# Bb
Say, don t you know me, I m your native son.

Bb F Gm G7
I m a train they call the City of New Orleans

D# F Bb
I ll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

Verse:

Bb F Bb
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car

Gm D# Bb
Penny a point ain t noone keeping score

Bb F Bb
Pass the paper bag but hold the bottle

Gm F Bb
Feel the wheels rumbling neath the floor

Gm Dm
And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers

F C
Ride their father s magic carpets made of steel

Gm Dm
Mother with her babes asleep, rocking to the gentle beat

F F7 Bb
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

::Chorus::

Bb F Bb
Nighttime on the City of New Orleans

Gm D# Bb
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee

Bb F Bb
Half way home we ll be there by morning

Gm F Bb
through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.

Gm Dm
and all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream

F C
And the steel rail still ain t heard the news

Gm Dm
The conductor sings his songs again, the passagers will please refrain

F F7 Bb
This train got the disappearing railroad blues.

Chorus:

D# F Bb
Good night America, How are you?

Gm D# Bb
Say, don t you know me, I m your native son.

Bb F Gm G7
I m the train they call the City of New Orleans

 D# F Bb
I ll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.