

And the sons of Pullman porters,
And the sons of engineers,
Ride their fathers magic carpet made of steam.

Mothers with their babes asleep,
Rocking to the gentle beat,
And the rhythm of the rails is all they dream.

[Chorus]

C **D** **G**
Good morning America, how are you?
Em **C** **G**
Say don t you know me, I m your native son.
D **G** **D** **Em**
I m the train they call the City of New Orleans,
F **C** **D** **G**
I ll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

[Verse 3]

Nighttime on the City of New Orleans,
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.
Halfway home, and we ll be there by morning,
Through the Misissippi darkness, rolling down to the sea.

But all the towns and people seem
To fade into a bad dream,
The steel rail still ain t heard the news.

The conductor sings his songs again,
The passengers will please refrain,
This train s got the disappearin railroad blues.

[Chorus]

C **D** **G**
Goodnight America, how are you?
Em **C** **G**
Say don t you know me, I m your native son.
D **G** **D** **Em**
I m the train they call the City of New Orleans,
F **C** **D** **G**
I ll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.