City Of New Orleans Willie Nelson

[Verse]

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

And rolls along past the houses, farms and fields

Bm F#m

Passin trains that have no name, and freightyards full of old black men

A A7 D

The graveyards of the rusted automobiles

[Chorus]

G A7 D

Good mornin America, how are you?

Bm G D A7

Sayin don t you know me?, I m your native son

D A Bm A E

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 1

Dealinâ€[™] card games with the old men in the club car.

Bm G I

Penny a point, ain't no one keepin score

ם ב ח

Pass the paper bag that holds that bottle.

Bm A D

Hear the wheels rumblin â€~neath the floor.

Bm F#m

And the sons of Pullman Porters, and the sons of engineers

A E

F#m Mothers with their babes asleep are rockin' to the gentle beat And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel. [Chorus] **A**7 Good mornin America, how are you? G **A**7 Sayin don t you know me?, I m your native son I m the train they call the City of New Orleans G I ll be gone 500 miles when the day is done. [Verse] Nighttime on the City of New Orleans. Changin' cars in Memphis, Tennessee Half way home, and we ll be there by mornin Through the Mississippi darkness rollin' down to the sea. BmF#m And all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream And the steel rails still ain t heard the news F#m The conductor sings his songs again the passengers will please refrain This train has got the disappearin' railroad blues [Chorus] Α7 Good mornin America, how are you? Α7 Sayin don t you know me?, I m your native son I m the train they call the City of New Orleans I ll be gone 500 miles when the day is done.

Ride their father s magic carpet made of steel