City Of New Orleans Willie Nelson [Verse] D Α D Ridin on the City of New Orleans Bm G D Illinois Central Monday mornin rail D Α D There s 15 cars, and 15 restless riders Bm D Α 3 conductors and 25 sacks of mail F#m Bm All along a southbound oddyssey, and the train pulls out of Kankakee E Α 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 Α A7 D The graveyards of the rusted automobiles

[Chorus]

A7 G р Good mornin America, how are you? Bm D A7 G Sayin don t you know me?, I m your native son D Bm A E7 Α I m the train they call the City of New Orleans С G D Α I ll be gone 500 miles when the day is done.

[Verse]

DADDealin' card games with the old men in the club car.BmGDDPenny a point, ain't no one keepin scoreDADDPass the paper bag that holds that bottle.BmAHear the wheels rumblin â€~neath the floor.

BmF#mAnd the sons of Pullman Porters, and the sons of engineersAE

Ride their father s magic carpet made of steel Bm F#m Mothers with their babes asleep are rockinâ \in ^M to the gentle beat A A7 D And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

[Chorus]

A7 G D Good mornin America, how are you? Bm G D A7 Sayin don t you know me?, I m your native son Bm A E7 D Α I m the train they call the City of New Orleans C G Α D I ll be gone 500 miles when the day is done.

[Verse]

D Α D Nighttime on the City of New Orleans. BmG D Changin' cars in Memphis, Tennessee D Α D Half way home, and we ll be there by mornin Bm Α D Through the Mississippi darkness rollin' down to the sea.

BmF#mAnd all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dreamAABmF#mThe conductor sings his songs again the passengers will please refrainAA7DThis train has got the disappearin' railroad blues

[Chorus]

G A7 D Good mornin America, how are you? \mathtt{Bm} G D A7 Sayin don t you know me?, I m your native son Bm A E7 D Α I m the train they call the City of New Orleans C G Α I ll be gone 500 miles when the day is done.