

<b>Bm</b>	<b>F#m</b>
And the sons of Pullman Porters, and the sons of engineers	
<b>A</b>	<b>E</b>

Ride their father s magic carpet made of steel

**Bm** **F#m**  
Mothers with their babes asleep are rockin'™ to the gentle beat  
**A** **A7** **D**  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

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

**Bm** **F#m**  
And all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream  
**A** **E**  
And the steel rails still ain t heard the news  
**Bm** **F#m**  
The conductor sings his songs again the passengers will please refrain  
**A** **A7** **D**  
This train has got the disappearin'™ railroad blues

[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 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.