

## City Of New Orleans by 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 odyssey, and the train pulls out of Kankakee  
A    E  
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 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  
Dealin' card games with the old men in the club car.  
Bm                                  G                                  D  
Penny a point, ain't no one keepin' score  
D                                  A                                  D  
Pass the paper bag that holds that bottle.  
Bm                                  A                                  D  
Hear the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.

Bm F#m  
 And the sons of Pullman Porters, and the sons of engineers  
 A E  
 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.

[Break]

G A7 D Bm G D A7 D A Bm A E7 C G A D

[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

[Outro]

         C           G    A                    D  
I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done  
         C           G    A                    D  
I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done  
         C           G    A                    D  
I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done