

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