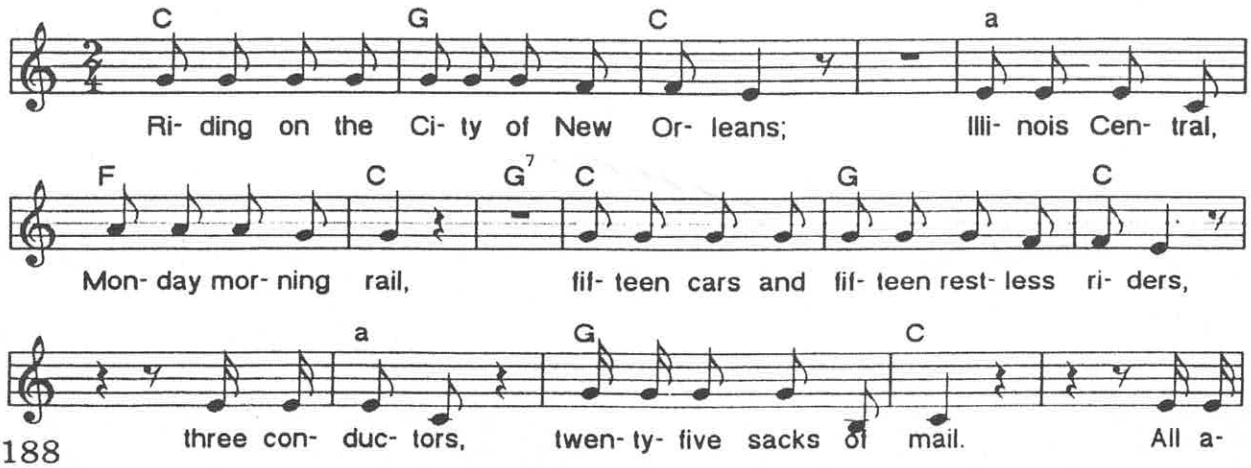
CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

GLS S. 115

1. C Riding in the G City of New C Orleans; a Illinois Central, F Monday morning C rail, G7
C fifteen cars and fifteen G restless C riders,
a three conductors, G twenty-five C sacks of mail.
a All along the south-bound Odyssey the e train pulls out of Kankakee
G and rolls along past houses, farms and D fields,
a passing towns that had no names and e freight yards full of
old black men and the G grave-yards G7 of the C rusted automobiles.
Ref.: F Good morning G America, how C are you?
a Say, don´t you know me, F I´m your native C son.
G -- I´m the C train they call the G City of New a Orleans, D7
B I´ll be gone five hundred G miles when the day is C done.

2. C Dealin´ cards to the G old men in the C club car
a penny a point and F no one´s keeping G score,
C pass the paper G bag that holds the C bottle
a you can feel the wheels G grumblin´ neath the C floor.
a The sons of Pullman porters and the e sons of engineers
G ride their fathers´ magic carpets made of D steal
a and mothers with their babes asleep are e rockin´ to the
G gentle beat and the G7 rhythm of the C rails is all they feel.

3. C Nighttime on the G City of New C Orleans
a changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee, F G
C halfway home and we'll be there by morning G C
a through the Mississippi darkness rollin' to the sea. G C
a But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream e
G the steel rail still ain't heard the news D
a the conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will e
G please refrain. This train's got the disappearin' railroad blues. G7 C