

Johnny Cash - City Of New Orleans

Tom: F

here are the bar chords (i think, i am still learning)if you don't feel like messing a capo:

Bb **F** **Bb**
Riding on the City of New Orleans

Gm **Eb** **Bb**
Illinois Central Monday morning rail

Bb **F** **Bb**
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders

Gm **F** **Bb**
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

Gm **Dm**
All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kenkakee

F **C**
Rolls along past houses farms and fields

Gm **Dm**
Passing trains that have no name, freight yards of old black men

F **F7** **Bb**
And graveyards of rusted automobiles.

Chorus:

Eb **F** **Bb**
Good morning America, how are you?

Gm **Eb** **Bb**
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.

Bb **F** **Gm** **G7**
I'm a train they call the City of New Orleans

Eb **F** **Bb**
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

Verse:

Bb **F** **Bb**
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car

Gm **Eb** **Bb**
Penny a point ain't noone keeping score

Bb **F** **Bb**
Pass the paper bag but hold the bottle

Gm **F** **Bb**
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor

Gm **Dm**
And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers

F **C**
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel

Gm **Dm**
Mother with her babes asleep, rocking to the gentle beat

F **F7** **Bb**
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

::Chorus::

Bb **F** **Bb**
Nighttime on the City of New Orleans

Gm **Eb** **Bb**
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee
Bb **F** **Bb**
Half way home we'll be there by morning

Gm **F** **Bb**
through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.

Gm **Dm**
and all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream

F **C**
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news

Gm **Dm**
The conductor sings his songs again, the passagers will please refrain

F **F7** **Bb**
This train got the disappearing railroad blues.

Chorus:

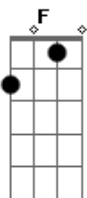
Eb **F** **Bb**
Good night America, How are you?

Gm **Eb** **Bb**
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.

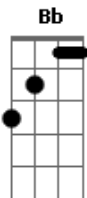
Bb **F** **Gm** **G7**
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

Eb **F** **Bb**
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

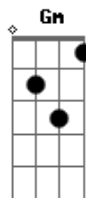
Acordes



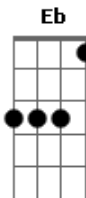
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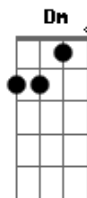
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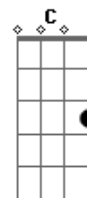
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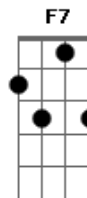
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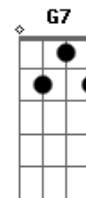
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