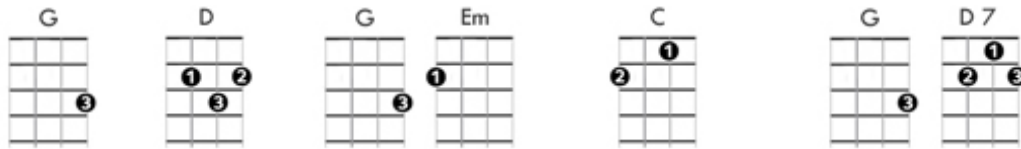
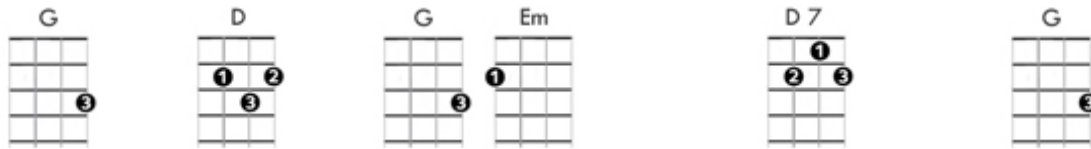


# City of New Orleans - Baritone Ukulele



Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central Monday morning rail



Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail

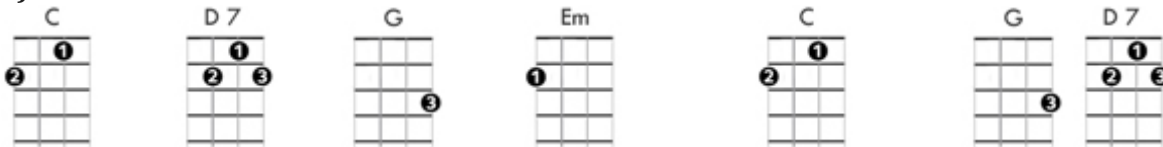


All along the Southbound odyssey the train pulls out of Kankakee, rolls along past houses farms and fields

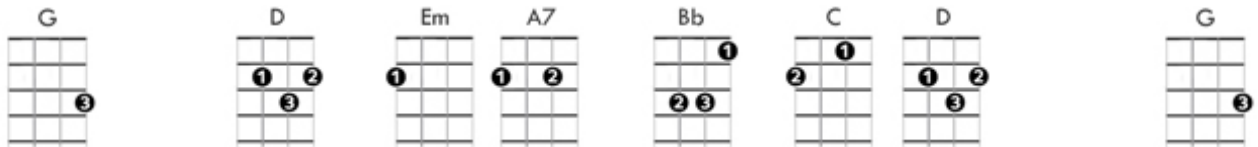


Passing trains that have no name, freight yards full of old black men and the graveyards full of rusted automobiles

## (CHORUS):

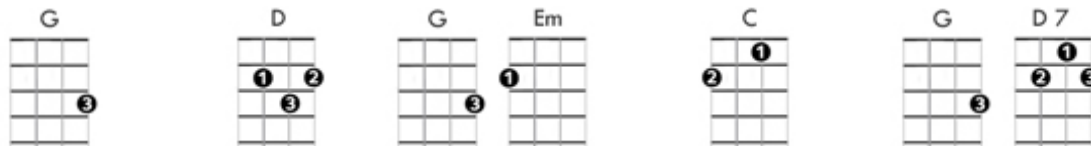


Good morning America, how are you? Say, don't you know me I'm your native son

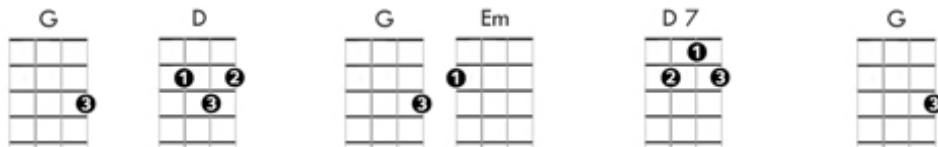


I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done



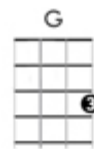
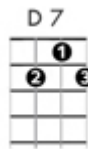
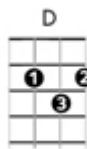
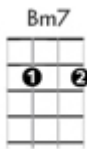
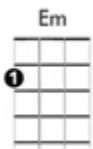
Dealing card games with the old me in the club car, penny a point ain't no one keeping score



Pass the paper bag but hold the bottle feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor

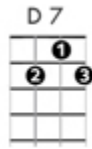
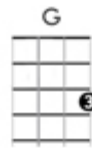
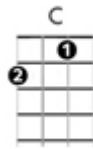
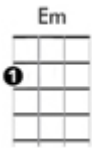
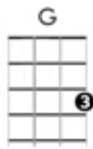
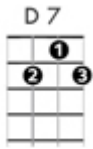
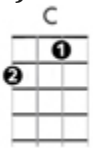


And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers ride their father's magic carpets made of steel

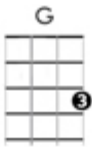
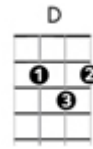
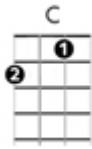
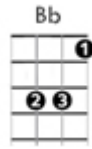
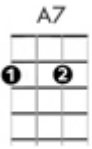
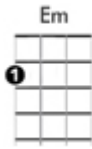
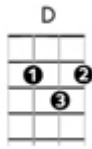
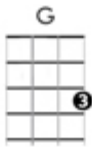


Mother with her babes asleep, rocking to the gentle beat, and the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

**(CHORUS):**

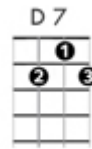
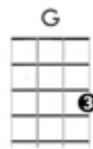
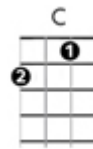
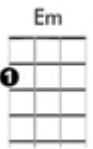
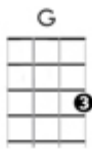
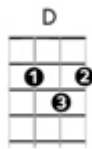
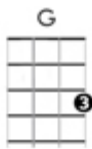


Good morning America, how are you? Say, don't you know me I'm your native son

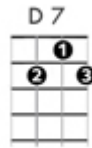
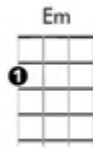
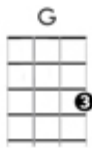
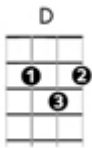
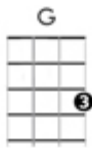


I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

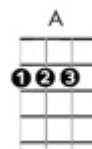
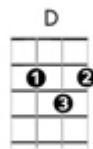
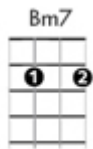
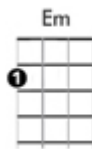
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done



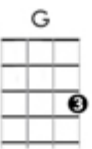
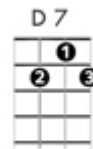
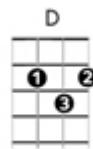
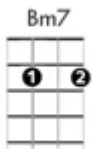
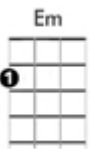
Nighttime on the City of New Orleans changing cars in Memphis Tennessee



Halfway home, we'll be there by morning, through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea

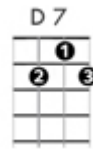
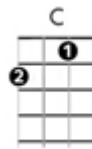
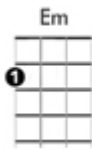
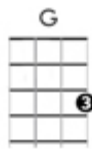
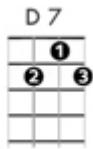
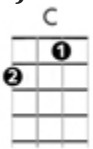


But all the towns and people seem to fade into a dark dream, and the steel rail still ain't heard the news

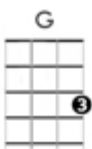
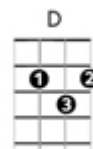
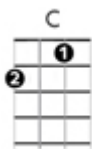
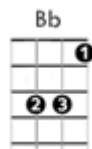
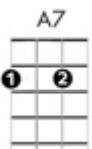
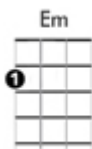
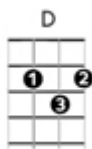
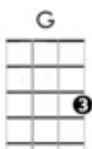


The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain, this train's got the disappearing Railroad blues

**(CHORUS):**



Good night America, how are you? Say, don't you know me I'm your native son



I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done