

City Of New Orleans

(Steve Goodman, Arlo Guthrie)



C G C
Riding on the City of New Orleans,
Am F C
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail
C G C
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders
Am G
Three conductors, twenty-five sacks of
C
mail
Am Em
All along the southbound odyssey the train
pulls out of Kankakee
G D
Rolls along past houses, farms, and fields
Am Em
Passing towns that have no name freight
yards full of old Black men
G C
And the graveyards of rusted automobiles.

[CHORUS]

F G C
Good mornin' America, how are you?
Am F C -G
Don't you know me, I'm your native son?
C G
I'm the train they call the City of New
Am - D
Orleans,
Bb F G
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day
C
is done.

C G
Dealing card games with the old men in the
C
club car,
Am F C
penny a point, ain't no one keeping score.
C G C
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Am G C
Feel the wheels grumbling 'neath the floor.

Am Em
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons
of engineers
G D
Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel
Am Em
Mothers with their babes asleep, rockin' to
the gentle beat
G C
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

C G C
Night time on the City of New Orleans,
Am F C
changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee
C G
Halfway home now we'll be there by
C
morning
Am G
Through the Mississippi darkness rolling
C
down to the sea
Am Em
But all the towns and people seem to fade
into the same bad dream
G D
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
Am
The conductor sings his song again,
Em
"Passengers will please refrain"
G
This train has got the disappearing railroad
C
blues.

[REPEAT CHORUS - STARTS AS BELOW]

F G C
Good night America, how are you? . . .