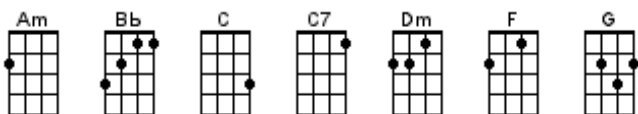


# City of New Orleans

Steve Goodman



Intro: [Bb] [C] [F] [C] (last line of chorus)

[F] Riding on the [C] City of New [F] Orleans,  
[Dm] Illinois Central [Bb] Monday morning [F] rail [C]  
[F] Fifteen cars and [C] fifteen restless [Dm] riders,  
[Bb] Three conductors and [C] twenty-five sacks of [F] mail.  
Out [Dm] on the southbound odyssey  
The [Am] train pulls out at Kankakee  
[C] Rolls along past houses, farms and [G] fields.  
[Dm] Passin' towns that have no names,  
[Am] And freight yards full of old black men  
And the [C] graveyards of the [C7] rusted automo-[F]-biles.

[Bb] Good morning [C] America how [F] are you?  
[Dm] Don't you know me [Bb] I'm your native [F] son [C]  
I'm the [F] train they call The [C] City of New [F] Orleans, [Dm]  
I'll be [Bb] gone five hundred [C] miles when the day is [F] done. [C]

Dealin' [F] cards with the [C] old men in the [F] club car.  
[Dm] Penny a point ain't [Bb] no one keepin' [F] score. [C]  
[F] Pass that paper [C] bag that holds the [Dm] bottle  
[Bb] Feel the wheels [C] rumblin' 'neath the [F] floor.

And the [Dm] sons of pullman porters  
And the [Am] sons of engineers  
Ride their [C] father's magic carpets made of [G] steel.  
[Dm] Mothers with their babes asleep,  
Go [Am] rockin' to the gentle beat  
And the [C] rhythm of the [C7] rails is all they [F] feel.

[Bb] Good morning [C] America how [F] are you?  
[Dm] Don't you know me [Bb] I'm your native [F] son [C]  
I'm the [F] train they call The [C] City of New [F] Orleans, [Dm]  
I'll be [Bb] gone five hundred [C] miles when the day is [F] done. [C]

Continued...

