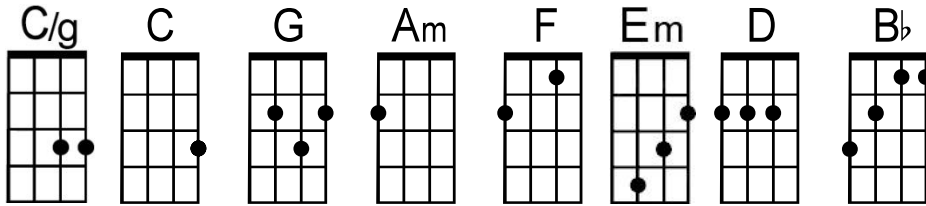


# City of New Orleans

by Steve Goodman (1970)



C/g . . . |

C . . . G . . . | C . . . . . |

Riding on the City of New Orleans—

Am . . . F . . . | C . . . G

Illinois Central, Monday morning rail—

. . . | C . . . G . . . | C . . . . . |

There are fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders—

Am . . . G . . . | C . . . . .

Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail—

. . . | Am . . . . . | Em . . . . .

They're all out on the southbound odyssey, as the train pulls out of Kankakee,

. . . | G . . . . . | D . . . . . |

And rolls past the houses, farms and fields—

Am . . . . . | Em . . . . .

Passing towns that have no name, and freight yards full of old black men

. . . | G . . . F . . . | C . . . . .

And the graveyards of rusted automobiles—

. . . | F . . . G . . . | C . . . . . |

**Chorus:** Singing Good morning, A-meri—ca, how are you—?

Am . . . F . . . | C . . . G

Don't you know me? I'm your native son—

. . . | C . . . G . . . | Am . . . F

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

. . . | Bb\ . . . F\ . . . G . . . | C . . . . .

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

. . . | C . . . G . . . | C . . . . .

I was dealin' cards with the old men in the club car—

. . . | Am . . . F . . . | C . . . G . . . |

A penny a point, ain't no one keepin' score—

C . . . G . . . | C . . . . . |

Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle—

Am . . . G . . . | C . . . . .

Feel the wheels grumblin' thru 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 a-sleep, rocking to the gentle beat

And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel—

**Chorus:** Singing Good morning, A-meri—ca, how are you—?

Am 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 day is done—

Night time on the City of New Orleans—

Am Changin' cars in Memphis, Tenne-ssee—

C Halfway home and we'll be there by mornin',

Am thru the Mississippi darkness, rollin' to the sea—

Am And all the towns and people, seem to fade in-to a bad dream—

G The old steel rail still ain't heard the news—

Am The con-ductor sings his song a-gain, "The passen-gers will please re-frain,

G This train's got the dis—appearin' railroad blues—"

**Ending:** F Good night, A-meri-ca, how are you—?

Am 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 day is done— just singin'

F Good night, A-meri-ca, how are you—?

Am 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 day is done— G\ C\