

City of New Orleans [G]

key:G, writer:Steve Goodman

[G] [D] [G]  
Riding on the City of New Orleans,

[Em] [C] [G] [D]  
Illinois Central Monday morning rail

[G] [D] [G]  
There are fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,

[Em] [D] [G]  
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

[Em] [Bm]  
They're out on a southbound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee

[D] [A]  
Rolling past the houses, farms and fields.

[Em] [Bm]  
Passin' towns that have no names, and freight yards full of old black men

[D] [D7] [G]  
And the graveyards of rusted automobiles.

(CHORUS)

[C] [D] [G]  
Good morning America how are you?

[Em] [C] [G] [D]  
Say don't you know me I'm your native son

[G] [D] [Em] [A7]  
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,

[C] [D] [G]  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

[G] [D] [G]  
Dealin' cards with the old men in the club car.

[Em] [C] [G] [D]  
Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score.

[G] [D] [G]  
Won't you pass that paper bag that holds the bottle

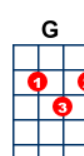
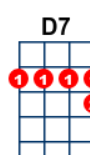
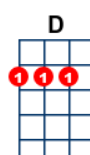
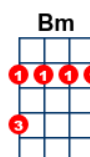
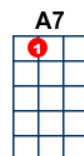
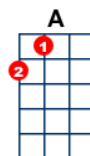
[Em] [D] [G]  
Yeah and feel the wheels a- rumblin' neath the floor.

[Em] [Bm]  
And the sons of pullman porters and the sons of engineers

[D] [A]  
All ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel.

[Em] [Bm]  
Mothers with their babes asleep, are rockin' to the gentle beat

[D] [D7] [G]  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.



(CHORUS)

[C] [D] [G]  
Good morning America how are you?

[Em] [C] [G] [D]  
Say don't you know me I'm your native son

[G] [D] [Em] [A7]  
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,

[C] [D] [G]  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

[G] [D] [G]  
Night-time on The City of New Orleans,

[Em] [C] [G] [D]  
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennes--see.

[G] [D] [G]  
Half way home, we'll be there by morning

[Em] [D] [G]  
Through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.

[Em] [Bm]  
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream

[D] [A]  
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news.

[Em] [Bm]  
The con--ductor sings his song again, the passengers will please refrain

[D] [D7] [G]  
This train has got them disappearing railroad blues.

(CHORUS)

[C] [D] [G]  
Good night America how are you?

[Em] [C] [G] [D]  
Say don't you know me? I'm your native son

[G] [D] [Em] [A7]  
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,

[C] [D] [G]  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

[C] [D] [G]  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.