

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

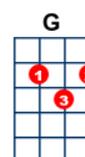
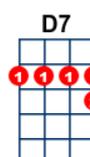
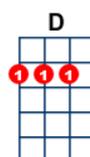
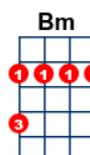
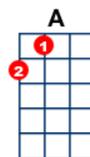
[Em] [D] [G]
Yeah and feel the wheels a-rumblin' neath the floor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(CHORUS)

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

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

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

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

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