

# City of New Orleans by Steve Goodman

Arr. 1/10/06

Intro: C C

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 C  
 Three conductors, twenty-five sacks of mail.

Am Am (Ahs)  
 All along the southbound odyssey  
 Em Em  
 The train pulls out of Kankakee  
 G G D D  
 Rolls along past houses, farms and fields.  
 Am Am  
 Passin' towns that have no names,  
 Em Em  
 Freight yards full of old black men  
 G G7 C  
 And the graveyards of rusted automobiles.

### CHORUS:

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

Dealin' card games with the old men in the club car.  
 Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score.  
 Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle  
 Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.

And the sons of pullman porters, and the sons of engineers  
 Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel.  
 Mothers with their babes asleep, rockin' to the gentle beat  
 And the rhythm of the rails is all they dream.

### CHORUS

Nighttime on The City of New Orleans, Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.  
 Half way home, and we'll be there by morning  
 Through the Mississippi darkness, Rolling down to the sea.

But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream  
 And the steel rails still ain't heard the news.  
 The conductor sings his song again, the passengers will please refrain  
 This train's got the disappearing railroad blues.

CHORUS (Good night, America, how are you?...) C C C

P: G F E  
 B: B B C