

# City Of New Orleans

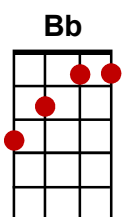
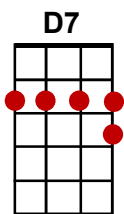
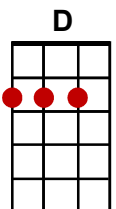
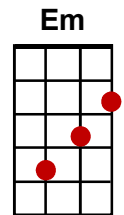
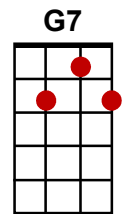
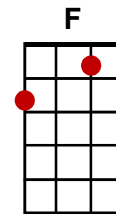
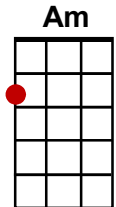
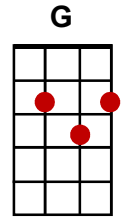
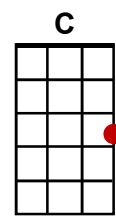
(Steve Goodman, Arlo Guthrie)

INTRO: C (x4)

C G C  
Ridin' on the City of New Orleans,  
Am F C G7  
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail,  
C G C  
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,  
Am G C  
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail,  
Am Em  
All along the south-bound odyssey, the train pulls out at Kankakee,  
G D  
And rolls along past houses, farms and fields,  
Am  
Passing trains that have no name,  
Em  
Freight yards full of old, black men,  
G G7 C  
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles.

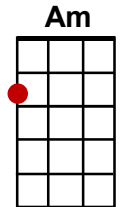
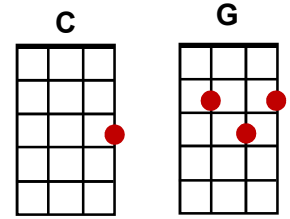
CHORUS: F G C  
Good morning America, how are you?  
Am F C  
Say don't you know me, I'm your native son,  
G7 C G Am D7  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,  
Bb F G C C  
I'll be gone five-hundred miles when the day is done.

C G C  
Dealin' cards with the old men in the club car,  
Am F C G7  
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 a-grumblin' neath 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 asleep, are rockin' to the gentle beat,  
G G7 C  
And the rhythm of the rail is all they feel.

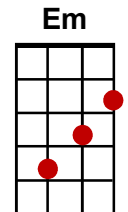
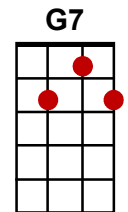
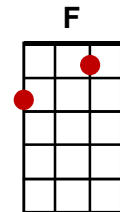


# City Of New Orleans (Cont'd)

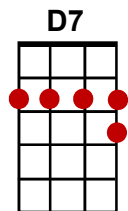
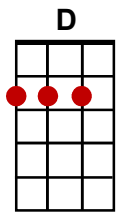
**CHORUS:** <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Good morning America, how are you?  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Say don't you know me, I'm your native son,  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
 I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,  
<sup>Bb</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 I'll be gone five-hundred miles when the day is done.



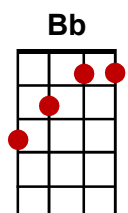
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Night time on the City of New Orleans,  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
 Changin' cars in Memphis, Tennessee,  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Halfway home, and we'll be there by morning,  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Through the Mississippi darkness, rollin' down to the sea,  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
 But all the towns and people seem, to fade into a bad dream,  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 And the steel rail still ain't heard the news,  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>Em</sup>  
 The conductor sings his song again, "The passengers will please refrain",  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 This train's got the disappearin' railroad blues.



**CHORUS:** <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Good-night America, how are you?  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Say don't you know me, I'm your native son,  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
 I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,  
<sup>Bb</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>C7</sup>  
 I'll be gone five-hundred miles when the day is done,



<sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Good-night America, how are you?  
<sup>Am</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Say don't you know me, I'm your native son,  
<sup>G7</sup> <sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
 I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,  
<sup>Bb</sup> <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 I'll be gone five-hundred miles when the day is done.



Slow  
Down  
Here