

## City of New Orleans

Steve Goodman III-19

C *G* G *D* C *G* Am *Em* F *C* C *G* G *D*

Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central the Monday morning rail

C *G* G *D* C *G* Am *Em* G *D* C *G*

Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, Three conductors and 25 sacks of mail

Am *Em* Em *Bm*

All along the south-bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee

G *D* D *A* Am *Em*

Rolls along past houses, farms and fields. Passing trains that have no name,

Em *Bm* G *D* G7 *D7* C *G*

& the freight yards full of old black men, & the graveyards full of rusted automobiles

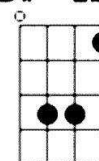
F G7 C C *D7* G  
**Chorus:** Good morning, America, how are you?

Am F C G7 Em C G D7  
 Say don't you know me, I'm your native son

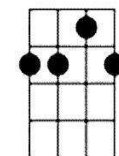
C G Am Am7 D7 G D Em Em7 A7  
 I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

Eb F G G9 C Bb C D D9 G  
 I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

D# = Eb



G9



Dealing card games with the old men in the club car C G C  
 It's a penny a point, ain't no-one keeping score Am F C G  
 Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle C G C  
 You can feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor Am G C  
 And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers Am Em  
 Ride their fathers' magic carpets made of steel G D  
 Mothers with their babes asleep are rocking to the gentle beat Am Em  
 The rhythm of the rails is all they feel G G7 C

### Chorus

Night time on the City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis Tennessee  
 Halfway 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,  
 the steel rail 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...