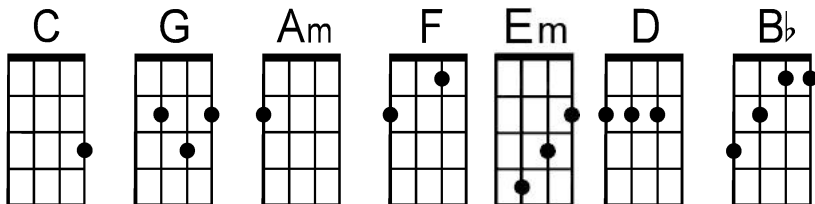


# City of New Orleans

by Steve Goodman (1970)



C . G | C . . . | Am . F | C . G  
Riding on the City of New Orleans—, Illinois Central, Monday morning rail—

. | C . G . . | C . . . |  
There are fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders—

Am . G | C . . .  
Three con-ductors and twenty-five sacks of mail—

. | Am . . . | Em . . .  
They're all out on the southbound odys-sey, as the train pulls out of Kanka-kee,

. | G . . . | D . . . |  
And rolls past the houses, farms and fields—

Am . . . | Em . . .  
Passing towns that have no name, and freight yards full of old black men

. | G . F . | C . . .  
And the grave-yards of rusted automo-biles—

**Chorus:** . | F . G . | C . . . ?  
Singing Good morning, A-meri-ca, how are you—?

Am . F | C . G  
Don't you know me? I'm your native son—

. | C . G . | Am . F .  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans—

. | Bb\ F\ G . | C . . .  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when day is done—

. | C . G . | C . . . | Am . F . | C . G . |  
I was dealin' cards with the old men in the club car, a penny a point, ain't no one keepin' score—

C . G . | C . . . | Am . G . | C . . .  
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle—, feel the wheels grumblin' through the floor—

. | Am . . . | Em . . .  
And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engin-eers,

. | G . . . | D . . . |  
Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel—

Am . . . | Em . . .  
Mothers with their babes a-sleep, rocking to the gentle beat

. | G . F . | C . . .  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel—

**Chorus:** . | F . G . | C . . . ?  
Singing Good morning, A-meri-ca, how are you—?

Am . F | C . G  
Don't you know me? I'm your native son—

. | C . G . | Am . F .  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans—

. | Bb\ F\ G . | C . . . |  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when day is done—

C . G . | C . . . | Am . F . | C . G . |  
Night time on the City of New Orleans——, changin' cars in Memphis, Tenne-ssee——  
C . G . | C . . . | Am . G . C . . .  
Halfway home and we'll be there by mornin', through the Mississippi darkness, rollin' to the sea——

| Am . . . | Em . . .  
And all the towns and people, seem to fade in-to a bad dream

| G . . . | D . . .  
The old steel rail still ain't heard the news——

| Am . . . | Em . . . |  
The con-ductor sings his song a-gain, "The passen-gers will please re-frain,

G . F . | C . . . |  
This train's got the disappearin' railroad blues——"

**Ending:** F . G . | C . . . |  
Good night, A-meri-ca, how are you——?

Am . F . | C . G .  
Don't you know me? I'm your native son——

. | C . G . | Am . F .  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans——

. | Bb\ F\ G . | C . . . |  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when day is done—— just singin'

F . G . | C . . . |  
Good night, A-meri-ca, how are you——?

Am . F . | C . G .  
Don't you know me? I'm your native son——

. | C . G . | Am . F .  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans——

. | Bb\ F\ G . | C . . G\ C\ |  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when day is done——

**San Jose Ukulele Club**

(v2a - 4/19/16)