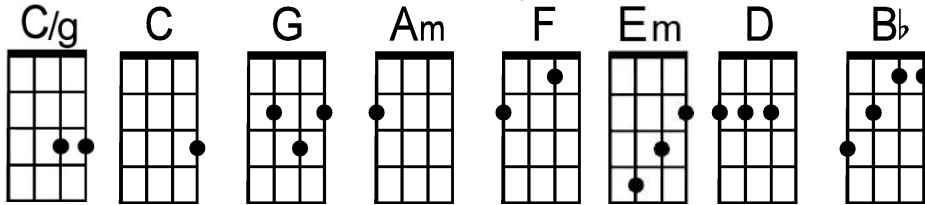


City of New Orleans

by Steve Goodman (1970)



C/g . . . |

C . . . | C . . . |
Riding on the City of New Orleans—

Am . . . | C . . . |
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail—

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

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

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

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

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

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

. . . | C . . . | C . . . |
I was dealin' cards with the old men in the club car—

. . . | Am . . . | C . . . |
A penny a point, ain't no one keepin' score—

C . . . | C . . . |
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle—

Am . . . | C . . . |
Feel the wheels grumblin' thru 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 . . . | C . . . |
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel—

Chorus: Singing | F . . . G . . . | C |
 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 |
 Night time on the City of New Orleans— |
 Am . . . F . . . | C . . G . . |
 Changin' cars in Memphis, Tenne-ssee— |
 C G . . . | C |
 Halfway home and we'll be there by mornin', |
 . | Am . . . G . . . | C |
 thru 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 dis—appearin' 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— |