City of New Orleans
by Steve Goodman (1970)

\[C/g\] \[C\] \[G\] \[Am\] \[F\] \[Em\] \[D\] \[Bb\]


Riding on the City of New Orleans——


Illinois Central, Monday morning rail——|

There are fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders——|


Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail——|

They’re all out on the southbound odyssey, 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 automobiles——


Chorus: Singing Good morning, A-merica, how are you———?


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———

G . . . . | C . . . . |

I was dealin’ cards with the old men in the club car———


A penny a point, ain’t no one keepin’ score———


Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle———


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
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel———

Chorus: Singing Good morning, A-meri-ca, how are you———?
  | Am . F . | C . G |
Don’t you know me? I’m your native son———
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———

Night time on the City of New Orleans——
Changin’ cars in Memphis, Tenne-ssee——
Halfway home and we’ll be there by mornin’,
  | . . . . . . . . | Em . . . . . . . |
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 conductor sings his song a-gain, “The passengers will please re-frain,
This train’s got the dis—appearin’ railroad blues———

Ending: Good night, A-meri-ca, how are you———?
  | Am . F . | C . G |
Don’t you know me? I’m your native son———
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’
Good night, A-meri-ca, how are you———?
  | Am . F . | C . G |
Don’t you know me? I’m your native son———
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———
  | G\ C\ . . . . . . |