City of New Orleans
by Steve Goodman (1970)

(sing g)
C    G    Am    F    Em    D    Bb

Riding on the City of New Orleans—
Am    F    C    G
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail——
.    C    G    C    .    .    .    .    .    .    .    .
There are fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders——
Am    G    C
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail——
.    Am    .    C    .    .    Em
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 graveyards of rusted automobiles——

Chorus: 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    .    .    .    .    .    .    .    C
I was dealin' cards with the old men in the club car——
Am    F    C    G
A 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 grumblin' thru 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 a-sleep, rocking to the gentle beat
G    F    C
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’,
thru the Mississippi darkness, rollin’ to the sea——
| Am . . . | Em . . .
And all the towns and people, seem to fade into a bad dream——
| G . . . | D . . .
The old steel rail still ain’t heard the news——
| Am . . . | Em . . .
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 . . G\ | C\}
I’ll be gone five hundred miles when day is done——

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v3 - 9/11/17)