City of New Orleans

by Steve Goodman (1970)

C/g C G Am F Em D Bb

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 C

Feel the wheels grumblin' thru the floor——
Am Em

And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engin-eers,
G D C

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——

Riding on the City of New Orleans——
Am F C G

Illinois Central, Monday morning rail——

There are fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders——
Am G C

Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail——

They're all out on the southbound odyssey, as the train pulls out of Kanka-kee,

And rolls past the houses, farms and fields——
Am G F C

And the graveyards of rusted automobiles——

Chorus: Singing Good morning, A-merica, 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——

I'll be gone five hundred miles when day is done——

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 C

Feel the wheels grumblin' thru the floor——
Am Em

And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engin-eers,
G D C

Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel——
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Mothers with their babes a-sleep, rocking to the gentle beat
G F C

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

Am 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——
. | 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——

Night time on the City of New Orleans——
Changin’ cars in Memphis, Tenne-ssee——
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 into a bad dream——
| G . . . . | D . . . .
The old steel rail still ain’t heard the news——
| Am . . . . | Em . . . .
The conductor sings his song again, “The passen-gers 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——
. | 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’
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——