

City of New Orleans

(Steve Goodman, Arlo Guthrie)



C G C
Riding on the City of New Orleans,
Am F C
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail
C G C
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders
Am G C
Three conductors, twenty-five sacks of mail
Am Em
All along the southbound odyssey the train pulls out
of Kankakee
G D
Rolls along past houses, farms, and fields
Am Em
Passing trains that have no name freight yards full of
old Black men
G C
And the graveyards of rusted automobiles.

[FIRST CHORUS]

F G C
Good mornin' America, how are you?
Am F C -G
Don't you know me, I'm your native son?
C G Am - D
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,
Bb F G C
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

C G C
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car,
Am F C
penny a point, ain't no one keeping score.
C G C
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Am G C
Feel the wheels grumbling 'neath 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 asleep, rockin' to the gentle
beat
G C
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

[REPEAT FIRST CHORUS]

C G C
Night time on the City of New Orleans,
Am F C
changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee
C G C
Halfway home and we'll be there by morning
Am G
Through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the
C
sea
Am Em
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad
dream
G D
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
Am Em
The conductor sings his song again, "Passengers will
please refrain"
G C
This train has got the disappearing railroad blues.

[SECOND CHORUS]

F G C
Goodnight America, how are you? . . .
Am F C - G
Don't you know me, I'm your native son?
C G Am - D
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,
Bb F G C
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.