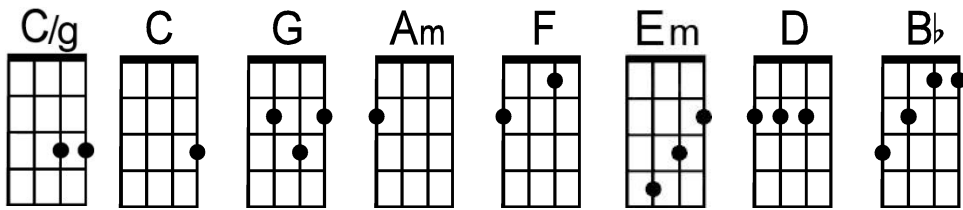


# City of New Orleans

by Steve Goodman (1970)



*(sing g)*

**C/g** . . . |  
**C** . . . **G** . . . | **C** . . . . . |  
 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 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** . . . **F** . . . | **C** . . . . . |  
 And the grave-yards of rusted automo—biles—

**Chorus:** . . . | **F** . . . **G** . . . | **C** . . . . . |  
 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** . . . **G** . . . | **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 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** . . . . | **F** . . . . | **C** . . . .  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel————

**Chorus:** . . . | **F** . . . . | **G** . . . . | **C** . . . . |  
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** . . . . | **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———