**City of New Orleans (Steve Goodman, ca. 1971) (C)**

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| **C G7 C**Riding on the city of New Orleans,**Am F C**Illinois Central Monday morning rail. **G7 C**Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, **Am G7 C**Three con-ductors and twenty five sacks of mail. **Am**All a-long the southbound Odyssey, **Em**The train pulls out of Kankakee, **G7 D7**And rolls along past houses farms and fields.**Am**Passing towns that have no name, **Em**And freight yards full of old black men, **G7 C C7**And the graveyards of the rusted auto-mobiles.**Chorus****F G7 C**Good morning America how are you? **Am F C G7**Say don't you know me I'm your native son? **C G7 Am**I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans. **Bb G7 C**I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done. **G7 C**Dealing card game with the old men in the club car.**Am F C**Penny a point ain't no one keeping score. **G7 C**Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,**Am G7 C**Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor. |  **Am**And the sons of Pullman porters **Em**And the sons of engineers, **G7 D7**Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel.**Am**Mothers with their babes a sleep,**Em**Rocking to the gentle beat, **G7 C C7**And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel. **Chorus** **G7 C**Nighttime on the City of New Orleans,**Am F C**Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee. **G7 C**Halfway home and we'll be there by morning,**Am**Through the Mississippi darkness, **G7 C**Rolling down to the sea. **Am**And all the towns and people seem **Em**To fade into a bad dream, **G7 D7**And the steel rail still ain't heard the news. **Am**The conductor sings his songs again, **Em**The passengers will please refrain. **G7 C C7**This train got the disappearing railroad blues.**(Chorus) (*GOOD NIGHT*) (Repeat last line to end)** |
|  | **GCEA** |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | **DGBE** |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

**City of New Orleans (Steve Goodman, ca. 1971) (G)**

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| **G D7 G**Riding on the city of New Orleans,**Em C G**Illinois Central Monday morning rail. **D7 G**Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, **Em D7 G**Three con-ductors and twenty five sacks of mail. **Em**All a-long the southbound Odyssey, **Bm**The train pulls out of Kankakee, **D7 A7**And rolls along past houses farms and fields.**Em**Passing towns that have no name, **Bm**And freight yards full of old black men, **D7 G G7**And the graveyards of the rusted auto-mobiles.**Chorus:****C D7 G**Good morning America how are you? **Em C G D7**Say don't you know me I'm your native son? **G D7 Em**I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans. **F D7 G**I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done. **D7 G**Dealing card game with the old men in the club car,**Em C G**Penny a point ain't no one keeping score. **D7 G**Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,**Em D7 G**Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor. |  **Em**And the sons of Pullman porters **Bm**And the sons of engineers, **D7 A7**Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel.**Em**Mothers with their babes a sleep,**Bm**Rocking to the gentle beat, **D7 G G7**And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel. **Chorus** **D7 G**Nighttime on the City of New Orleans,**Em C G**Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee. **D7 G**Halfway home and we'll be there by morning,**Em** Through the Mississippi darkness **D7 G**Rolling down to the sea. **Em**And all the towns and people seem **Bm**To fade into a bad dream, **D7 A7**And the steel rail still ain't heard the news. **Em**The conductor sings his songs again, **Bm**The passengers will please refrain. **D7 G G7**This train got the disappearing railroad blues.**(Chorus) (*GOOD NIGHT*) (Repeat last line to end)** |
|  | **GCEA** |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | **DGBE** |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |