



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

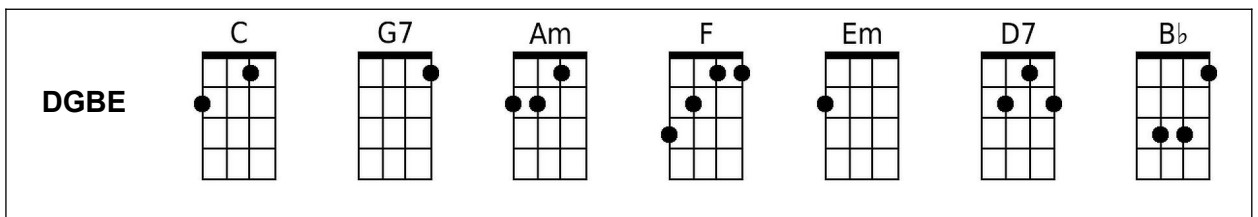
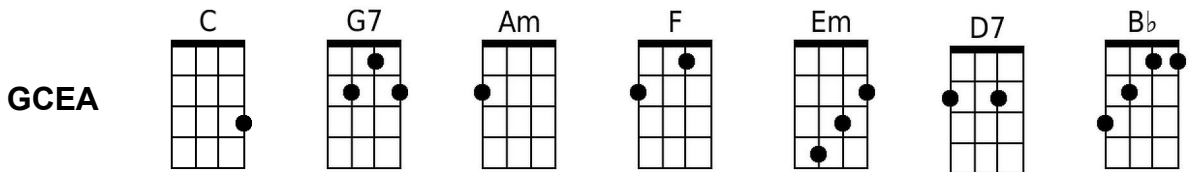
C **G7** **C**
Riding on the city of New Orleans,
Am **F** **C**
Illinois Central Monday morning rail.
G7 **C**
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,
Am **G7** **C**
Three con-ductors and twenty five sacks of mail.
Am
All a-long the southbound Odyssey,
Em
The train pulls out of Kankakee,
G7 **D7**
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)



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

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)

