

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

Version of [City of New Orleans](#) by Willie Nelson (D @ 152)

[The Highwaymen](#) (D @ 151) – [Arlo Guthrie](#) (C# @ 146)

Arrangement by William Heney

Moderate Fast 4/4 Time

C **G** **C** | **C** | **Am** **F** **C** | **G7**
Ridin' on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central Monday mornin' rail.
C **G** **C** | **C** **Am** **G** **C** | **C**
Fifteen cars and fif-teen restless riders, three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.
Am **Em**
All a-long the southbound Odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee,
G **D** | **D** | **Am**
And rolls along past houses, farms, and fields. Passing trains that have no names,
Em **G** **G7** **C** | **C**
Freight yards full of old black men, and the graveyards of the rusted auto-mobiles.

Chorus

Dm **Em** **F** **G** **C** | **C**
Good morning A-merica how are you?
Am **F** **C** | **G7**
Say don't you know me I'm your native son?
C **G** **Am** **Am7** **D7**
I'm the train they call the "City of New Or - leans,"
Eb **F** **G7** **C** | **C**
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

C **G** **C** | **C** | **Am** **F** **C** | **G7**
Dealing cards with the old men in the club car. Penny a point ain't no one keeping score.
C **G** **C** | **C** | **Am** **G** **C** | **C**
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle, feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.
Am **Em**
And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers
G **D** | **D** | **Am**
Ride their fathers' magic carpets made of steel. Mothers with their babes a-sleep,
Em **G** **G7** **C** | **C** | **Chorus**
Rocking to the gentle beat, and the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

C **G** **C** | **C** | **Am** **F** **C** | **C**
Nighttime on the City of New Orleans. Changing cars in Memphis, Tennes-see.
C **G** **C** | **C** **Am**
Halfway home, we'll be there by mornin', through the Mississippi darkness
G **C** | **C** | **Am**
Rollin' down to the sea. But all the towns and people seem
Em **G** **D** | **D**
To fade into a bad dream, and the steel rail still ain't heard the news
Am **Em**
The con-ductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain.
G **G7** **C** | **C**
This train has got the disap-pearin' railroad blues. **Chorus (2x)**

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G **D** **G** | **G** | **Em** **C** **G** | **D7**
Ridin' on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central Monday mornin' rail.
G **D** **G** | **G** **Em** **D** **G** | **G**
Fifteen cars and fif-teen restless riders, three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.
Em **Bm**
All a-long the southbound Odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee,
D **A** | **A** | **Em**
And rolls along past houses, farms, and fields. Passing trains that have no names,
Bm **D** **D7** **G** | **G**
Freight yards full of old black men, and the graveyards of the rusted auto-mobiles.

Chorus

Am Bm C **D** **G** | **G**
Good morning A-merica how are you?
Em **C** **G** | **D7**
Say don't you know me I'm your native son?
G **D** **Em Em7 A7**
I'm the train they call the "City of New Or - leans,"
Bb **C** **D7** **G** | **G**
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

G **D** **G** | **G** | **Em** **C** **G** | **D7**
Dealing cards with the old men in the club car. Penny a point ain't no one keeping score.
G **D** **G** | **G** | **Em** **D** **G** | **G**
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle, feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.
Em **Bm**
And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers
D **A** | **A** | **Em**
Ride their fathers' magic carpets made of steel. Mothers with their babes a-sleep,
Bm **D** **D7** **G** | **G** | **Chorus**
Rocking to the gentle beat, and the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

G **D** **G** | **G** | **Em** **C** **G** | **G**
Nighttime on the City of New Orleans. Changing cars in Memphis, Tennes-see.
G **D** **G** | **G** **Em**
Halfway home, we'll be there by mornin', through the Mississippi darkness
D **G** | **G** | **Em**
Rollin' down to the sea. But all the towns and people seem
Bm **D** **A** | **A**
To fade into a bad dream, and the steel rail still ain't heard the news
Em **Bm**
The con-ductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain.
D **D7** **G** | **G**
This train has got the disap-pearin' railroad blues. **Chorus (2x)**