## City of New Orleans (Steve Goodman, ca. 1971) (D) Version of <u>City of New Orleans</u> by Willie Nelson (D @ 152)

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

## <mark>Intro</mark>

A | A | A | A |

A | A Α E Α | **A** | F#m D Ridin' on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central Monday mornin' rail. F#m A | A E Α E Fifteen cars and fif-teen restless riders. three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail. F#m C#m All a-long the southbound Odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee, Ε В | B | F#m And rolls along past houses, farms, and fields. Passing trains that have no names, C#m **E7** Α And freight yards full of old black men, and the graveyards of the rusted auto-mobiles. Chorus Ε D A | A | F#m D Good morning A-merica how are ya? Say don't you know me I'm your native son? Ε Ε F#m F#m7 B7 I'm the train they call the "City of New Orleans," Gmai7 E G And I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done. | A Ε | A | F#m D Α Dealing cards with the old man in the club car. Penny a point ain't no one keeping score. A | A | F#m E Ε Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle, feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor. F#m C#m And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers B | B | F#m Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel. Mothers with their babes a-sleep, C#m E7 AIAI E Rocking to the gentle beat, and the rhythm of the rails is all they feel. Chorus **Optional Instrumental Chorus** | A | F#m Ε D | A Α Α Nighttime on the City of New Orleans. Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee. F#m Ε Α Halfway home and we'll be there by mornin', through the Mississippi darkness E F#m A | A | Rollin' down to the sea. But all the towns and people seem C#m | B Ε В To fade into a bad dream, and the steel rail still ain't heard the news F#m C#m The con-ductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain. **E7** Α | A This train has got the disap-pearin' railroad blues. Chorus

**Optional Instrumental Verse (to fade)** 

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DID D D | D | Bm G Ridin' on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central Monday mornin' rail. Bm Α D Α Fifteen cars and fif-teen restless riders, three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail. F#m Bm All a-long the southbound Odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee, | E | Bm Α Ε And rolls along past houses, farms, and fields. Passing trains that have no names, F#m A7 D I D And freight yards full of old black men, and the graveyards of the rusted auto-mobiles. Chorus G Α Bm G Say don't you know me I'm your native son? Good morning A-merica how are ya? Α Bm Bm7 E7 Α I'm the train they call the "City of New Orleans," Cmai7 A D And I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done. | D | Bm G I D Α D D Dealing cards with the old man in the club car. Penny a point ain't no one keeping score. D | D | Bm Α Α feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor. Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle, Bm F#m And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers E | E | Bm Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel. Mothers with their babes a-sleep, F#m A7 Rocking to the gentle beat, and the rhythm of the rails is all they feel. Chorus **Optional Instrumental Chorus** D | D | Bm G D Nighttime on the City of New Orleans. Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee. Α D Bm Halfway home and we'll be there by mornin', through the Mississippi darkness Bm Α D But all the towns and people seem Rollin' down to the sea. | E F#m Ε Α To fade into a bad dream, and the steel rail still ain't heard the news Bm F#m The con-ductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain. A7 D I D This train has got the disap-pearin' railroad blues. Chorus

**Optional Instrumental Verse (to fade)**