City of New Orleans (Steve Goodman)

С **G7** С Riding on the city of New Orleans Am С Illinois Central Monday morning rail **G7** С Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders Am **G7** С Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail Am All along the southbound Odyssey Em The train pulls out of Kankakee **D7** G7 And rolls along past houses farms and fields Am Passing trains that have no name Em And freight yards full of old black men **G7** And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles

Chorus:

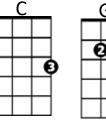
FG7CGood morning America how are youAmFCSay don't you know me I'm your native sonG7CG7AmI'm the train they call the city of New OrleansBbG7CI'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

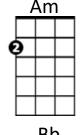
G7 С Dealing card game with the old men in the club car Am С Penny a point ain't no one keeping score **G7** Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle Am **G7** Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor Am And the sons of Pullman porters Em And the sons of engineers **D7 G7** Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel Am Mothers with their babes a sleep Em Rocking to the gentle beat **G7** And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

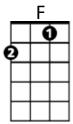
G7 С Nighttime on the city of New Orleans Am С Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee **G7** С Halfway home and we'll be there by morning С Am **G7** Through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea Am And all the towns and people seem Em To fade into a bad dream **D7 G7** And the steel rail still ain't heard the news Am The conductor sings his songs again Em The passengers will please refrain С **G7** This train got the disappearing railroad blues

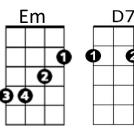
(Chorus) (GOOD NIGHT)

G7









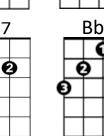
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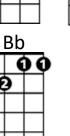
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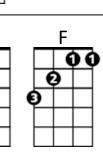
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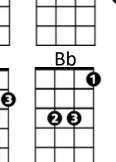
G7

D7

2







Am

06

