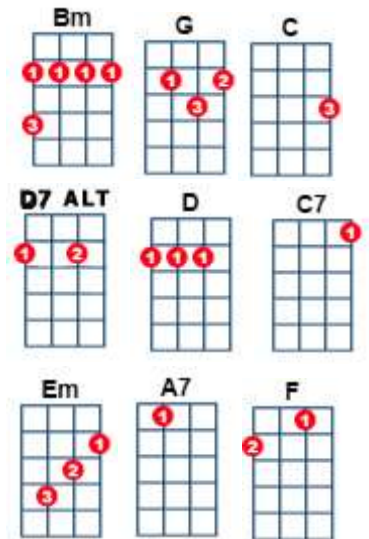


CITY of NEW ORLEANS [G] Steve Goodman – Arto Guthrie

[G] Riding on the [D] City of New [G] Orleans, [G]
[Em] Illinois Central [C] Monday morning [G] rail [D]
[G] Fifteen cars and [D] fifteen restless [G] riders, [G]
[Em] Three conductors and [D] twenty-five sacks of [G] mail. [G]



All al[Em]ong the southbound odyssey
The [Bm] train pulls out from Kankakee
[D] Rolls along past . . houses, farms and [A] fields. [A]
[Em] Passin' trains . . . that have no names,
[Bm] Freight yards full of . . old black men
And the [D] graveyards of the [D7] rusted automo[G]biles. [G7]

Chorus
[C] Good morning [D7] America how [G] are you? [G]
Say [Em] don't you know me [C] I'm your native [G] son [D]_ _
I'm the [G] train they call The [D] City of New [Em] Orleans, [A]
I'll be [F] // gone five [C] // hundred [D] miles when the day is [G] done. [G] (use line as intro)

Dealin' [G] cards with the [D] old men in the [G] club car. [G]
[Em] Penny a point there ain't [C] no one keepin' [G] score. [D]
[G] Pass the paper [D] bag that holds the [G] bottle [G]
[Em] Feel the wheels [D] rumblin' 'neath the [G] floor. [G]

And the [Em] sons of pullman . . porters and the [Bm] sons of engineers
Ride their [D] father's . . magic carpets made of [A7] steel.
[Em] And mothers with their . . babes asleep, [Bm] rockin' to the gentle beat
And the [D] rhythm of the [D7] rails is all they [G] feel. [G7]

Chorus
[C] Good morning [D7] America how [G] are you? [G]
Say [Em] don't you know me [C] I'm your native [G] son [D]_ _
I'm the [G] train they call The [D] City of New [Em] Orleans, [A]
I'll be [F] // gone five [C] // hundred [D] miles when the day is [G] done. [G]

[G] Night-time on The [D] City of New [G] Orleans, [G]
[Em] Changing cars in [C] Memphis, Tennes-[G]-see. [D]
[G] Half way home, [D] we'll be there by [G] morning [G]
Through the [Em] Mississippi darkness [D] rolling to the [G] sea. [G]

[Em] All the towns and . . . people seem to [Bm] fade into a . . bad dream
And the [D] steel rails . . still ain't heard the [A] news. [A]
The con-[Em]-ductor sings his . . song again, the [Bm] passengers will please refrain
[D] This train's got the disap-[D7]pearing railroad [G] blues. [G7]

Chorus
[C] Good morning [D7] America how [G] are you? [G]
Say [Em] don't you know me [C] I'm your native [G] son [D]_ _
I'm the [G] train they call The [D] City of New [Em] Orleans, [A]
I'll be [F] // gone five [C] // hundred [D] miles when the day is [G] done. [G] x 2