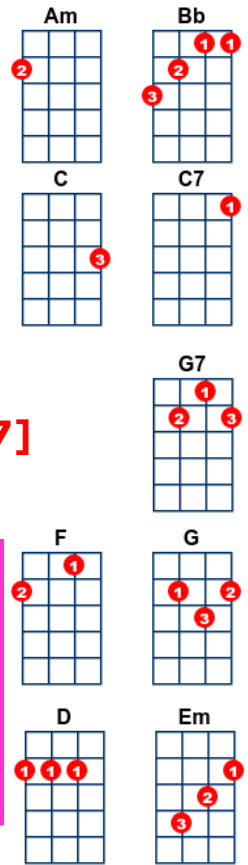


# City of New Orleans [C] key:C, by:Steve Goodman

[C] Riding on the [G] City of New [C] Orleans,  
[Am] Illinois Central [F] Monday morning [C] rail [G7]  
[C] There's fifteen cars and [G] fifteen restless [C] riders,  
[Am] Three conductors and [G] twenty-five sacks of [C] mail.  
All a-[Am]long the southbound odyssey, the [Em] train  
pulls out at Kankakee  
And [G] rolls past the houses, farms and [D] fields.  
[Am] Passin' towns that have no names, [Em] and freight  
yards full of old black men  
And the [G] graveyards of the [G7] rusted automo[C]biles [C7]



## Chorus

[F] Good morning [G] America how [C] are you?  
Say [Am] don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son  
[G] I'm -- the [C] train they call The [G] City of New  
[C] Or-[Am]-leans,  
I'll be [Bb] gone five hundred [F] miles when the day is [C]  
done. [G]

Dealin' [C] cards with the [G] old men in the [C] club car.  
[Am] Penny a point there ain't [F] no-one keepin' [C] score. [G7]  
[C] Pass that paper [G] bag that holds the [C] bottle, and  
[Am] Feel the wheels [G] rumblin' beneath the [C] floor.  
The [Am] sons of pullman porters and the [Em] sons of engineers Ride  
their [G] daddy's magic carpet made of [D] steel.  
[Am] Mothers with their babes asleep, go [Em] rockin' to the gentle beat  
And the [G] rhythm of the [G7] rails is all they [C] dream. [C7]

## Chorus

[C] Night-time on The [G] City of New [C] Orleans,  
[Am] Changing cars in [F] Memphis, Tennes-[C]-see. [G7]  
[C] Half way home and [G] we'll be there by [C] morning  
Through the [Am] Mississippi darkness [G] rolling to the [C] sea.  
But [Am] All the towns and people seem to [Em] fade into a bad dream  
And the [G] old steel rails still ain't heard the [D] news.  
The con-[Am]-ductor sings that song again, the [Em] passengers will please  
refrain  
This [G] train has got the [G7] disappearing railroad [C] blues. [C7]  
[F] Good night [G] America how [C] are you?  
Say [Am] don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son  
[G] I'm -- the [C] train they call The [G] City of New  
[C] Or-[Am]-leans  
I'll be [Bb] gone five hundred [F] miles when the day is [C] done.

X2