

City of New Orleans by Steve Goldman

Intro:

G /// | G /// |

G / D / G / G /

Riding on the City of New Orleans

Em / C / G / D D7

Illinois Central Monday morning rail

G / D / G / G /

Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders

Em / D / G / G /

Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

Em / Em / Bm / D /

All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee

D / D / A / A /

And rolls along past houses farms and fields

Em / Em / Bm / Bm /

Passing trains that have no name, freight yards full of old black men

D / D7 / G / G /

And graveyards of rusted automobiles.

Chorus:

C / D7 / G / G /

Good morning America, how are you?

Em / C / G / D D7 (use D9 for a train sound)

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 Orleans

Bb C D D7 G / G /

I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

G / D / G / G /

Dealing card games with the old men in the club car

Em / C / G / D D7

Penny a point ain't no one keeping score

G / D / G / G /

Pass the paper bag but hold the bottle

Em / D / G / G /

Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor

Em / Em / Bm / D /
 And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers
 D / D / A / A /
 Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel
 Em / Em / Bm / Bm /
 Mothers with their babes asleep rocking to the gentle beat
 D / D7 / G / G /
 And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

Chorus.

G / D / G / G /
 Night time on the City of New Orleans
 Em / C / G / D D7
 Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee
 G / D / G / G /
 Half way home and we'll be there by morning
 Em / D / G / G /
 through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.

Em / Em / Bm / D /
 But all the towns and people seem to fade into a dark dream
 D / D / / A / A /
 And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
 Em / Em / Bm / Bm /
 The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain
 D / D7 / G / G /
 This train's got the disappearing railroad blues.

Chorus:

C / D7 / G / G /
 Good morning America, how are you?
 Em / C / G / D D7 (use D9 for a train sound)
 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 Orleans
 Bb C D D7 G / G /
 I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.