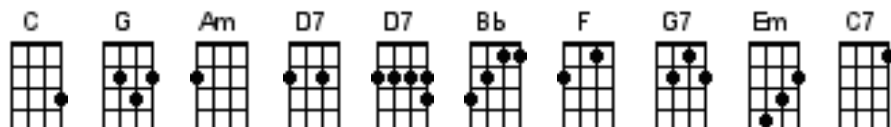


City of New Orleans. 1971. Steve Goodman, Arlo Guthrie, Willie Nelson.



4/4 time. Intro: 1, 2, 1 2 3 4 [C] [G] [Am] [D7] [Bb/] [F/] [G] [C]

[C] Riding on the [G] City of New [C] Orleans [C],
[Am] Illinois Central [F] Monday morning [C] rail [G7]
[C] Fifteen cars and [G] fifteen restless [C] riders [C]
[Am] Three conductors and [G] twenty-five sacks of [C] mail [C]
All a-[Am]-long the southbound [Am] odyssey, the [Em] train pulls out at [Em] Kankakee
[G] Rolls along past houses, [G] farms and [D] fields, [D]
[Am] Passing trains that [Am] have no name, [Em] freight yards full of [Em] old black men
and the [G] graveyards of the [G7] rusted autom-[C]-biles [C]

Chorus:

Good [F] morning A-[G]-merica how [C] are you? [C]
[Am] Don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son
[G7] __ I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New [Am] Orleans [D7]
And I'll be [Bb/] gone five [F/] hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done [C]

[C] Dealin' cards with the [G] old men in the [C] club car [C]
[Am] Penny a point, ain't [F] no one keepin' [C] score [G7]
[C] Pass the paper [G] bag that holds the [C] bottle [C]
[Am] Feel the wheels a [G] grumbling 'neath the [C] floor [C]
And the [Am] sons of Pullman [Am] porters and the [Em] sons of engin-[Em]-eers
Ride their [G] father's magic [G] carpet made of [D] steel [D]
[Am] Mothers with their [Am] babes asleep, a-[Em]-rockin' to the [Em] gentle beat
And the [G] rhythm of the [G7] rail is all they [C] feel [C]

Chorus

[C] Night time on The [G] City of New [C] Orleans [C]
[Am] Changing cars in [F] Memphis, Tennes-[C]-see [G7]
[C] Half way home, [G] we'll be there by [C] morning [C]
Through the [Am] Mississippi darkness [G] rolling down to the [C] sea [C]
And [Am] all the towns and [Am] people seem to [Em] fade into a [Em] bad dream
And the [G] steel rail [G] still ain't heard the [D] news. [D]
The con-[Am]-ductor sings his [Am] songs again the [Em] passengers will [Em] please refrain
[G] This train's got the [G7] disappearin' railroad [C] blues [C]

Chorus:

Final Chorus

[C7] [F] Good morning A-[G]-merica how [C] are you? [C]
[Am] Don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son [G7/]
[G7/] I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New [Am] Orleans
[D7] And I'll be [Bb/] *slow* gone five [F/] hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done [C]