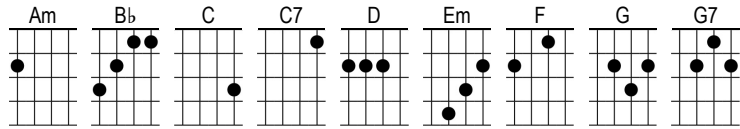


City Of New Orleans

Steve Goodman



C Ridin' on the **G** City of New **C** Orleans |
Am Illinois Central, **F** Monday mornin' **C** rail **G**
There are **C** fifteen cars and **G** fifteen restless **C** riders |
Am Three conductors and **G** twenty-five sacks of **C** mail |

They're all **Am** out on the south-bound | odyssey
And the **Em** train pulls out at | Kankakee
G Rolls past the | houses, farms and **D** fields |
Am Passin' towns that | have no name
And **Em** freight yards full of | old black men
And the **G** graveyards of **G7** rusted automo**C**biles

C7 Singin', **F** good mornin' **G** America, how **C** are ya? |
Sayin', **Am** don't you know me, **F** I'm your native **C** son **G7**
Yes, I'm the **C** train they call the **G** City of New **C** Orleans |
And I'll be **1/2Am** gone five **1/2F** hundred **1/2G** miles when **1/2G7** day is **C**
done

G And I was **C** dealin' cards with the **G** old men in the **C** club car |
And it's **Am** penny a point, there ain't **F** no one keepin' **C** score **G**
Oh, won't you **C** pass that paper **G** bag that holds that **C** bottle |
You can **Am** feel the wheels **G** grumblin' through the **C** floor |

And the **Am** sons of pullman | porters, the **Em** sons of engi|neers
They ride their **G** fathers' magic | carpet, made of **D** steam |
And **Am** mothers with their | babes asleep, go **Em** rockin' to the | gentle beat
The **G** rhythm of the **G7** rails is all they **C** dream

C7 Just a singin', **F** good mornin' **G** America, how **C** are ya? |
Sayin', **Am** don't you know me, **F** I'm your native **C** son **G7**
And I'm the **C** train they call the **G** City of New **C** Orleans |
And I'll be **1/2Am** gone five **1/2F** hundred **1/2G** miles when **1/2G7** day is **C**
done |

1/2Am 1/2F 1/2G 1/2G7 C |

C Night time on the **G** City of New **C** Orleans |
Am Changin' cars in **F** Memphis, Tennes**C**see **G7**
It's **C** half way home, we'll **G** be there by **C** mornin' |
Through the **Am** Mississippi darkness, **G** rollin' to the **C** sea |

And **Am** all the towns and | people they seem to **Em** fade into a bad | dream
The **G** old steel rail, it | ain't heard the **D** news |
The **Am** conductor sings, his | song began, it's **Em** passengers will | please
refrain
But **G** this train's got the **G7** disappearin' railroad **C** blues

C7 Just a singin', **F** good night **G** America, how **C** are ya? |
Sayin', **Am** don't you know me, **F** I'm your native **C** son **G7**
Yes, I'm the **C** train they call the **G** City of New **C** Orleans |
And I'll be **1/2Am** gone five **1/2F** hundred **1/2G** miles when **1/2G7** day is **C**
done

C7 Just a singin', **F** good night **G** America, how **C** are ya? |
Sayin', **Am** don't you know me, **F** I'm your native **C** son **G7**
Yes, I'm the **C** train they call the **G** City of New **C** Orleans |
And I'll be **1/2Am** gone a **1/2F** long, long **1/2G** time when **1/2G7** day is **C** done
Bb C↓