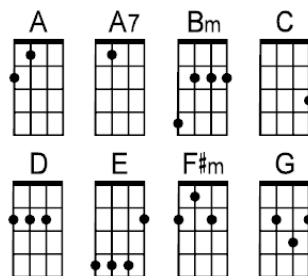


City of New Orleans

Steve Goodman

D A D D Bm G D D
 Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central Monday morning rail
 D A D D Bm A D D
 Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, three conductors, twenty-five sacks of mail
 Bm Bm F#m F#m
 All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out a Kankakee
 A A E E
 Rolls along past houses, farms, and fields
 Bm Bm F#m F#m
 Passing trains that have no name, freight yards full of old black men
 A A7 D D
 And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles



G A7 D D Bm G D A7
 Good morning America how are you? Don't you know me, I'm your native son?
 D A Bm E7
 I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
 C// Bm// A// A7// D D
 I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

D A D D Bm G D D
 Dealing card games with the old men in the club car, penny a point ain't no one keepin' score
 D A D D Bm A D D
 Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle. Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor
 Bm Bm F#m F#m
 And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers
 A A E E
 Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel
 Bm Bm F#m F#m
 Mother with her babes asleep, rocking to the gentle beat
 A A7 D D
 And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

Associated with Arlo Guthrie, this song has the feel of '40s or '50s Americana/hobo music, but it was written in 1971.

<chorus>

D A D D Bm G D D
 Nighttime on the City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis Tennessee
 D A D D Bm A D D
 Halfway home and we'll be there by morning, through the Mississippi darkness rollin' down to the sea
 Bm Bm F#m F#m
 But all the towns and people seem to fade into a dark dream
 A A E E
 And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
 Bm Bm F#m F#m
 The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain
 A A7 D D
 This train has got the disappearing railroad blues