

## CITY OF NEW ORLEANS (STEVE GOODMAN, 1971) \*

<b>C</b>		<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>
Riding	on	the	City of New Orleans
Dealing	card games	with the old	men in the club car
Night	time	on	the City of New Orleans

Am	F	C	G	C	G	C
Illinois	Central	Monday morning rail		Fifteen cars and	fifteen	restless riders
Penny a point, ain't	no one	keeping score		Pass the paper	bag that holds	the bottle
Changing cars in	Memphis	Tennessee		Half way home, we'll be	there	by morning

Three Am G C  
conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.  
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor  
through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.

Am Em  
All a-long the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee  
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers  
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream

**G** **D**  
**And rolls along past houses farms and fields**  
**Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel**  
**And the steel rail still ain't heard the news**

**Am Em**  
**Passing trains that have no name, freight yards full of old black men**  
**Mothers with their babes asleep, are rocking to the gentle beat**  
**The conductor sings his songs again, passengers will please refrain**

G	G7	C
And the graveyards of the rusted	auto-mo-biles.	
And the rhythm of the rails is	all they feel.	
This train got the disappearing	railroad blues.	

**Chorus:**

**F** Good morning A-merica, how are you? **(After Verses 1 & 2)**  
**G7** night **(After Verse 3)**  
**C**

**Am F C G7**  
**Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.**

**C                      G                      Am                      D7**  
**I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans**

**B $\flat$           F          G                          G7    C**  
**I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.**

\* The songwriter royalties from this allowed Steve Goodman to further pursue his career in music.