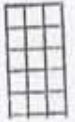


City Of New Orleans – Steve Goodman/Arlo Guthrie

<http://www.kno2radio.com/vrics.html>

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



Chorus

[F]Good morning A[G]merica, how [C]are you?
 Say [Am]don't you know me, [F]I'm your native [C]son [G]
 I'm the [C]train they call the [G]City of New [Am]Orleans [D7]
 I'll be [F]gone five hundred [G]miles when the day is [C]done *Tag*

[C]Dealing card games with the [G]old men in the club [C]car
 [Am]penny a point, ain't [F]no one keeping [C]score [G]
 [C]Pass the paper [G]bag that holds the [C]bottle,
 [Am]Feel the wheels' [G]rumbling 'neath the [C]floor
 And the [Am]sons of Pullman porters
 And the [Em]sons of engineers
 Ride their [G]fathers' magic carpet made of [D]steel
 [Am]Mothers with their babes asleep
 [Em]Rocking to the gentle beat
 And the [G]rhythm of the [F]rails is all they [C]feel



(Chorus)

[C]Nighttime on the [G]City of New [C]Orleans,
 [Am]Changing cars in [F]Memphis, Tennes[C]see [G]
 [C]Halfway home, and [G]we'll be there by mor[C]ning
 Through the [Am]Mississippi darkness, [G]rolling down to the [C]sea
 But [Am]all the towns and people seem
 To [Em]fade into a bad dream
 The [G]steel rail still ain't heard the [D]news
 The [Am]conductor sings his songs again
 The [Em]passengers will please refrain
 This [G]train's got the disap[F]pearing railroad [C]blues

(Chorus) *Replace morning with night*

