

City of New Orleans

Steve Goodman

Key of C
150 BPM in 4/4

Verse 1:

C **G** **C**
RIDING ON THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS
A^m **F** **C** **G**
ILLINOIS CENTRAL MONDAY MORNING RAIL
C **G** **C**
FIFTEEN CARS AND FIFTEEN RESTLESS RIDERS
A^m **G** **C**
THREE CON-DUCTORS AND TWENTY-FIVE SACKS OF MAIL.
A^m
ALL A-LONG THE SOUTH BOUND ODYSSEY
E^m
THE TRAIN PULLS OUT OF KENKAKEE
G **D**
ROLLS ALONG PAST HOUSES, FARMS AND FIELDS
A^m
PASSING TRAINS THAT HAVE NO NAME
E^m
FREIGHT YARDS OF OLD BLACK MEN
G **G⁷** **C** **C⁷**
AND THE GRAVEYARDS OF RUSTED AUTOMO-BILES.

Chorus:

F **G** **C**
GOOD MORNING, AMERICA, HOW ARE YOU
A^m **F** **C** **G⁷**
SAYIN', DON'T YOU KNOW ME, I'M YOUR NATIVE SON
C **G** **A^m@5** **D⁷**
I'M THE TRAIN THEY CALL THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS
F **G@3** **C**
I'LL BE GONE FIVE HUNDRED MILES WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.

Verse 2:

C **G** **C**
DEALING CARD GAMES WITH THE OLD MEN IN THE CLUB CAR
A^m **F** **C** **G**
PENNY A POINT AIN'T NO ONE KEEPING SCORE

C G C
 PASS THE PAPER BAG BUT HOLD THE BOTTLE
 Am G C
 FEEL THE WHEELS RUMBLING 'NEATH THE FLOOR
 Am
 AND THE SONS OF PULLMAN PORTERS
 Em
 AND THE SONS OF ENGINEERS
 G D
 RIDE THEIR FATHER'S MAGIC CARPETS MADE OF STEEL
 Am Em
 MOTHERS WITH THEIR BABES ASLEEP ROCKING TO THE GENTLE BEAT
 G G7 C C7
 AND THE RHYTHM OF THE RAILS IS ALL THEY FEEL.

Chorus:

F G C
 GOOD MORNING, AMERICA, HOW ARE YOU
 Am F C G7
 SAYIN', DON'T YOU KNOW ME, I'M YOUR NATIVE SON
 C G Am@5 D7
 I'M THE TRAIN THEY CALL THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS
 F G@3 C
 I'LL BE GONE FIVE HUNDRED MILES WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.

Verse 3:

C G C
 NIGHT TIME ON THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS
 Am F C G
 CHANGING CARS IN MEMPHIS TENNES-SEE
 C G C
 HALFWAY HOME WE'LL BE THERE BY MORNING
 Am G C
 THROUGH THE MISSISSIPPI DARKNESS ROLLING DOWN TO THE SEA.
 Am
 BUT ALL THE TOWNS AND PEOPLE SEEM
 Em
 TO FADE INTO A BAD DREAM
 G D
 AND THE STEEL RAIL STILL AIN'T HEARD THE NEWS

THE CON-DUCTOR SINGS HIS SONGS AGAIN
THE PASSENGERS WILL PLEASE REFRAIN
THIS TRAIN GOT THE DISAPPEARING RAILROAD BLUES.

Chorus:

GOOD MORNING, AMERICA, HOW ARE YOU
SAYIN', DON'T YOU KNOW ME, I'M YOUR NATIVE SON
I'M THE TRAIN THEY CALL THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS
I'LL BE GONE FIVE HUNDRED MILES WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.

Tag:

I'LL BE GONE FIVE HUNDRED MILES WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.