City of New Orleans
(Steve Goodman)

C    G    C
Ridin’ on the City of New Orleans
Am      F    C
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail
G    C
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders
Am    G    C    C    C
Three conductors, twenty-five sacks of mail
Am
All along the southbound odyssey
Em
The train pulls out of Kankakee
G    D
An’ rolls along past houses, farms, and fields
Am
Passin’ trains that have no name
Em
An’ freight yards full of old black men
G    G7    C    C    C
And the grave—yards of the rusted automobiles
F    G    C
Good mornin’, America, how are you?
Am      F    C    C
Say, don’t you know me? I’m your native son
G    C    G    Am    C6    D7
I’m— the train they call the City of New Orleans
G    Bb    F    G    C    C    C    C
I’ll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

C    G    C
Dealin’ card games with the old man in the club car
Am    F    C
Penny a point, ain’t no one keepin’ score
G    C
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Am    G    C    C    C
Feel the wheels rumblin’ ‘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
An’ mothers with their babes asleep
Em
Are rockin’ to the gentle beat
G    G7    C    C    C    C
An’ the rhythm of the rails is all— they feel
G    F        C
Good mornin’, America, how are you?
        Am  F    C / / / / /say, don’t you know me? I’m your native son
        G / / C    G  Am C6 / D7 / /I’m— the train they call the City of New Orleans
        /  Bb  F G   C / / / / / / / / / / / / / / /I’ll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done
C    G        C
Night time on the City of New Orleans
        Am  F    C
Changin’ cars in Memphis Tennessee
        G    C
Halfway home, we’ll be there by mornin’
        Am  G    C / / / / / / /Through the Mississippi darkness, rollin’ 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
        Am
The conductor sings his songs again
        Em
The passengers will please refrain
        G    G7    C / / / / / / /This train got the disappearin’ railroad blues
F    G        C
Good mornin’, America, how are you?
        Am  F    C / / / / /say, don’t you know me? I’m your native son
        G / / C    G  Am C6 / D7 / /I’m— the train they call the City of New Orleans
        /  Bb  F G   C / / / / / / / / / / / / / /C—I’ll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done