

City of New Orleans

Written by Steve Goodman, Performed by Arlo Guthrie

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Introduction ^{G 2 3 4} ^{G 2 3 4}

^GRiding on the ^DCity of New ^GOrleans,
^{Em}Illinois Central, ^CMonday morning ^Grail,
^GFifteen cars and ^Dfifteen restless ^Griders,
Three con ^{Em}ductors, and ^Dtwenty-five sacks of ^Gmail.

All a ^{Em}long the southbound odyssey,
The ^{Bm}train pulls out of Kankakee,
And ^Drolls along past houses, farms and ^Afields.

^{Em}Passing trains that have no name,
And ^{Bm}freight yards full of old black men,
And ^Dgraveyards of ^{D7}rusted automo ^Gbiles.

Chorus ^CGood morning A ^{D7}merica, how ^Gare you?
Say ^{Em}don't you know me, ^CI'm your native ^Gson.
^{D7}I'm ^{D9}the ^Gtrain they call the ^DCity of New ^{Em}Orleans,
^{Em7}I'll ^{A7}be ^{Bb}gone five ^Chundred ^Dmiles when the ^{D9}day is ^Gdone.

^GDealing card games with the ^Dold men in the ^Gclub car,
^{Em}Penny a point, ain't ^Cno one keeping ^Gscore.
^GPass the paper ^Dbag that holds the ^Gbottle,
^{Em}Feel the wheels ^Drumbling 'neath the ^Gfloor.

And the ^{Em}sons of Pullman porters,
And the ^{Bm}sons of engineers,
Ride their ^Dfathers' magic carpet made of ^Asteel.

^{Em} Mothers with their babes asleep,
^{Bm} Rocking to the gentle beat,
And the ^D rhythm of the ^{D7} rails is all they ^G feel.

Chorus

^C Good morning A ^{D7} merica, how ^G are you?
Say ^{Em} don't you know me, ^C I'm your native ^G son.
^{D7} I'm ^{D9} the ^G train they call the ^D City of New ^{Em} Orleans,
^{Em7} I'll ^{A7} be ^{Bb} gone five ^C hundred ^D miles when the ^{D9} day is ^G done.

^G Nighttime on the ^D City of New ^G Orleans,
^{Em} Changing cars in ^C Memphis, Tenne ^G ssee.
^G Halfway home we'll ^D be there by ^G morning,
Through the ^{Em} Mississippi darkness, ^D rolling down to the ^G sea.

But ^{Em} all the towns and people seem
To ^{Bm} fade into a bad dream,
The ^D steel rail still ain't heard the ^A news.

The con ^{Em} ductor sings his songs again,
The ^{Bm} passengers will please refrain,
This ^D train's got the disap ^{D7} pearing railroad ^G blues.

Chorus

^C Good morning A ^{D7} merica, how ^G are you?
Say ^{Em} don't you know me, ^C I'm your native ^G son.
^{D7} I'm ^{D9} the ^G train they call the ^D City of New ^{Em} Orleans,
^{Em7} I'll ^{A7} be ^{Bb} gone five ^C hundred ^D miles when the ^{D9} day is ^G done.

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