

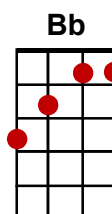
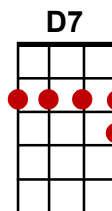
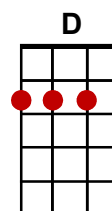
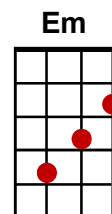
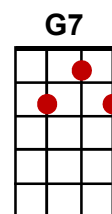
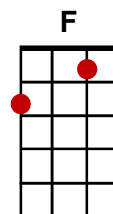
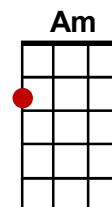
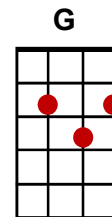
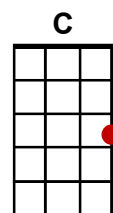


City Of New Orleans

(Steve Goodman, Arlo Guthrie)

Intro: **C (x4)**

C **G** **C**
Ridin' on the City of New Orleans,
Am **F** **C** **G7**
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail,
C **G** **C**
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,
Am **G** **C**
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail,
Am **Em**
All along the south-bound odyssey, the train pulls out at Kankakee,
G **D**
And rolls along past houses, farms and fields,
Am
Passing trains that have no name,
Em
Freight yards full of old, black men,
G **G7** **C**
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles.



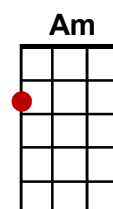
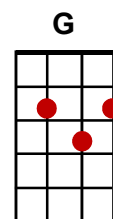
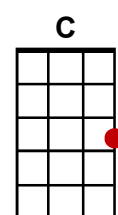
Chorus: **F** **G** **C**
Good morning America, how are you?
Am **F** **C**
Say don't you know me, I'm your native son,
G7 **C** **G** **Am** **D7**
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,
Bb **F** **G** **C** **C**
I'll be gone five-hundred miles when the day is done.

C **G** **C**
Dealin' cards with the old men in the club car,
Am **F** **C** **G7**
Penny-a-point, ain't no-one keepin' score,
C **G** **C**
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,
Am **G** **C**
Feel the wheels a-grumblin' neath the floor,
Am **Em**
And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers,
G **D**
Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel,
Am **Em**
Mothers with their babes asleep, are rockin' to the gentle beat,
G **G7** **C**
And the rhythm of the rail is all they feel.

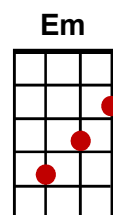
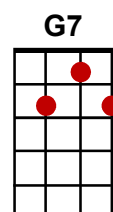
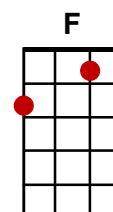
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City Of New Orleans (Cont'd)

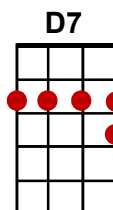
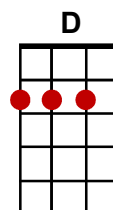
Chorus: ^F Good ^G morning ^C America, how are you?
^{Am} Say ^F don't you know me, I'm your native son,
^{G7} ^C I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,
^{Bb} ^F I'll be gone ^G five-hundred miles ^C when the day ^C is done.



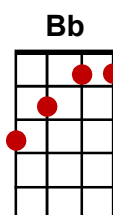
^C Night time on the City of New Orleans,
^{Am} ^F Changin' cars in Memphis, Tennessee,
^C ^G Halfway home, and we'll be there by morning,
^{Am} ^G Through the Mississippi darkness, rollin' down to the sea,
^{Am} ^{Em} But all the towns and people seem, to fade into a bad dream,
^G ^D And the steel rail still ain't heard the news,
^{Am} ^{Em} The conductor sings his song again, "The passengers will please refrain",
^G ^{G7} ^C This train's got the disappearin' railroad blues.



Chorus: ^F Good ^G night ^C America, how are you?
^{Am} Say ^F don't you know me, I'm your native son,
^{G7} ^C I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,
^{Bb} ^F I'll be gone ^G five-hundred miles ^C when the day ^{C7} is done,



^F Good ^G night ^C America, how are you?
^{Am} Say ^F don't you know me, I'm your native son,
^{G7} ^C I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,
^{Bb} ^F I'll be gone ^G five-hundred miles ^C when the day is done.



Slow
Down
Here