

# City of New Orleans [C]

key:C, artist:Steve Goodman writer:Steve Goodman

Steve Goodman: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=W4-smXOniqk>

[C] Riding on the [G] City of New [C] Orleans,  
[Am] Illinois Central [F] Monday morning [C] rail [G]  
[C] There's fifteen cars and [G] fifteen restless [Am] riders,  
[F] Three conductors and [G] twenty-five sacks of [C] mail.  
They're out [Am] on the southbound odyssey and the [Em] train  
pulls out at Kankakee  
[G] Rolls past the houses, farms and [D] fields.  
[Am] Passin' towns that have no names, [Em] and freight yards  
full of old black men  
And the [G] graveyards of the [G7] rusted automo[C]biles [C7]

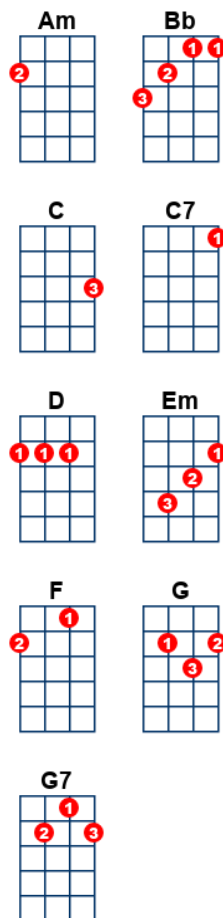
Singing [F] Good morning [G] America how [C] are you?  
[Am] And don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son [G]  
I'm just the [C] train they call The [G] City of New [C] Orleans,  
[Am]  
I'll be [Bb] gone five hundred [G] miles when the day is [C]  
done. [G]

I was dealin' [C] cards with the [G] old men in the [C] club car.  
[Am] And it's penny a point there ain't [F] nobody keepin' [C]  
score. [G]  
[C] Won't you pass that paper [G] bag that holds the [Am] tequila  
[F] You can feel the wheels [G] rumblin' beneath the [C] floor.

The [Am] sons of pullman porters and the [Em] sons of engineers  
All ride their [G] daddy's magic carpet – it's made of [D] steel.  
[Am] Mothers with their babes asleep, go [Em] rockin' to the gentle beat  
And the [G] rhythm of the [G7] rails is all they [C] dream. [C7]

Singing [F] Good morning [G] America how [C] are you?  
[Am] And don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son [G]  
I'm just the [C] train they call The [G] City of New [C] Orleans, [Am]  
I'll be [Bb] gone five hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done. [G]

[C] It's night-time on The [G] City of New [C] Orleans,  
[Am] And we're changing cars in [F] Memphis, Tennes-[C]-see. [G]  
[C] Half way home, [G] we'll be there by [Am] morning  
Through the [F] Mississippi darkness [G] rolling to the [C] sea.



**[Am]** All the towns and people seem to **[Em]** fade into a bad dream  
And the **[G]** old steel rails still ain't heard the **[D]** news.  
The con-**[Am]**-ductor sings that song again, the **[Em]** passengers will please  
refrain  
**[G]** This train has got the **[G7]** disappearing railroad **[C]** blues. **[C7]**

Singing **[F]** Good night **[G]** America how **[C]** are you?  
**[Am]** And don't you know me **[F]** I'm your native **[C]** son **[G]**  
I'm just the **[C]** train they call The **[G]** City of New **[C]** Orleans, **[Am]**  
I'll be **[Bb]** gone five hundred **[G]** miles when the day is **[C]** done. **[G]**

Singing **[F]** Good morning **[G]** America how **[C]** are you?  
**[Am]** And don't you know me **[F]** I'm your native **[C]** son **[G]**  
I'm just the **[C]** train they call The **[G]** City of New **[C]** Orleans, **[Am]**  
I'll be **[Bb]** gone five hundred **[G]** miles when the day is **[C]** done. **[G]**

**[F] [G] [C]**