

Steve Goodman, 1971

Intro: C G C x2

C G C Am F C G
Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central Monday morning rail
C G C Am G7
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, three con-ductors, and twenty-five sacs
of (C) mail

Am Em
All a-long the southbound odyssey the train pulls out of Kankakee
G D
And rolls along past houses, farms and fi-elds.
Am Em
Passin' trains that have no names, freight yards full of old black men
G G7 C C7
And the graveyards of the rusted automo-biles.

CHORUS:

F G7 C Am F
Good morning America how are ya? Don't ya know me I'm your, native
(C)son, (1,2,3,4,1)
G7/tacit C G Am 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.

Verse 2

C G C Am F
Dealin' cards with the old men in the club car. Penny a point ain't no one
keepin' (C) score. G
C G C Am G7
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle. Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the
(C) floor.

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Am Em
And the son's of pullman porters, and the sons of engineers
G D
Ride their father's magic carpets, made of ste-el.
Am Em
Mother's with their babes asleep are rockin' to the gentle beat
G G7 C C7
And the rhythm of the rails, is all they feel CHORUS

Verse 3

C G C Am F C
Nighttime on the City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis, Tennes-see
C G C Am
Half way home, and we'll be there by morning, through the Mississippi
G7 C
darkness, Rolling down to the sea
Am Em
And all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream
G D
And the steel rails, still ain't heard the ne-ws.
Am Em
The con-ductor sings his song again, the passengers will please refrain
G G7 C C7
This train's got the disap-pearin railroad blues.

F G7 C Am F 1,2,3,4,1
Good night, A-merica how are ya? Don't ya know me I'm your native (C)son,
G7/tacit C G Am D7
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
Bb/ F/ G/ C to end (4) (1,2 &3)
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done. Tag 2x and fade