

City Of New Orleans – Steve Goodman/Arlo Guthrie

<http://www.kanikapila.us/lyrics.html>

[C]Riding on the [G]City of New [C]Orleans,
[Am]Illinois Central, [F]Monday morning [C]rail, [G]
[C]Fifteen cars and [G]fifteen restless [C]riders,
Three [Am]conductors, and [G]twenty five sacks of [C]mail
All along [Am]the southbound odyssey,
The [Em]train pulls out of Kankakee,
And [G]rolls along past houses, farms and [D]fields
[Am]Passing trains that have no name,
And [Em]freight yards full of old black men,
And [G]graveyards of the [F]rusted automo[C]biles

Chorus

[F]Good morning A[G]merica, how [C]are you?
Say [Am]don't you know me, [F]I'm your native [C]son [G]
I'm the [C]train they call the [G]City of New [Am]Orleans [D7]
I'll be [F]gone five hundred [G]miles when the day is [C]done

[C]Dealing card games with the [G]old men in the club [C]car
[Am]penny a point, ain't [F]no one keeping [C]score [G]
[C]Pass the paper [G]bag that holds the [C]bottle,
[Am]Feel the wheels [G]rumbling 'neath the [C]floor
And the [Am]sons of Pullman porters
And the [Em]sons of engineers
Ride their [G]fathers' magic carpet made of [D]steel
[Am]Mothers with their babes asleep
[Em]Rocking to the gentle beat
And the [G]rhythm of the [F]rails is all they [C]feel

(Chorus)

[C]Nighttime on the [G]City of New [C]Orleans,
[Am]Changing cars in [F]Memphis, Tennes[C]see [G]
[C]Halfway home, and [G]we'll be there by mor[C]ning
Through the [Am]Mississippi darkness, [G]rolling down to the [C]sea
But [Am]all the towns and people seem
To [Em]fade into a bad dream
The [G]steel rail still ain't heard the [D]news
The [Am]conductor sings his songs again
The [Em]passengers will please refrain
This [G]train's got the disap[F]pearing' railroad [C]blues

(Chorus) Replace morning with night

