

city of new orleans ( steve goodman )

C G<sup>1</sup> C a F C G<sup>7</sup>

Riding on the city of New Orleans, Illinois Central, Monday morning rail,

C G C a G<sup>1</sup>  
fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, three conductors, twenty-five sacks

C  
of mail.

a e  
All along the south-bound Odyssey the train pulls out of Kankakee and

G<sup>1</sup> D  
rolls along the houses, farms and fields

a e  
passing towns that had no names and freight yards full of old black men

G<sup>1</sup> G<sup>7</sup> C  
and the grave-yards of the rusted automobiles.

F G<sup>1</sup> C  
Refrain: Good morning Amerika, how are you?

a F C G  
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.

C G<sup>1</sup> a  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,

D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>1</sup> C  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

C G<sup>1</sup> C a F  
Dealing cards to the old men in the club car penny a point and no one's

C G<sup>7</sup>  
keepin' score

C G<sup>1</sup> C a  
pass the paper bag that holds the bottle you can feed the wheels

G<sup>1</sup> C  
grumbling neath the floor.

a e G'  
The sons of Pullman Porter and the sons of engineers ride their father's  
D  
magic carpet made of stream

a e  
and mothers with their babes asleep are rocking to the gentle beat the  
G G7 C  
rhythm of the rails is all they dream.

Refrain: .....

C G C a F  
Nighttime on the City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis,  
C G7  
Tennessee

C G' C a  
halfway home and we'll be there by morning through the Mississippi  
G C  
darkness rollin' to the sea.

a e G'  
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream the steel rail  
D  
hasn't heard the news

a e  
The conductor sings his song again, its passengers will please refrain  
G' G7 C  
this train's got the disappearing railroad blues.

Refrain: .....