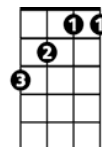


City of New Orleans

Steve Goodman

Bb

Bb///|F///|G7///|C///



[C] Riding on the [G] city of New Or-[C]-leans,
 [Am] Illinois central [F] Monday morning [C] rail
 [C] Fifteen cars and fif-[G]-teen restless [C] riders
 Three con-[Am]-ductors and [G7] twenty-five sacks of [C] mail
 All al-[Am]-long the southbound odyssey
 the [Em] train pulls out of Kankakee
 And [G] rolls along past houses, farms and [D] fields
 [Am] Passin' trains that have no names,
 [Em] freight yards full of old black men
 And the grave-[G]-yards of the [G7] rusted automo-[C]-biles [C7]

[F] Good morning A-[G7]-merica how [C] are you
 [Am] Don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son
 [G7] I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New Or-[Am]-leans
 [Am7///|D7///]
 I'll be [Bb] gone five [F] hundred [G7] miles when day is [C] done

Dealin' [C] card games with the [G] young man in the [C] club car
 [Am] Penny a point ain't [F] no one keepin' [C] score
 [C] Pass the paper [G] bag that holds the [C] bottle
 [Am] Feel the wheels [G7] rumblin' 'neath the [C] floor

And the [Am] sons of pulman porters
 and the [Em] sons of the engineers
 Ride their [G] father's magic carpet made of [D] steel
 [Am] Mothers with their babes asleep
 are [Em] rockin' to the gentle beat
 And the [G] rhythm of the [G7] rails is all they [C] feel [C]

[F] Good morning A-[G7]-merica how [C] are you
 [Am] Don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son
 [G7] I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New Or-[Am]-leans
 [Am7///|D7///]
 I'll be [Bb] gone five [F] hundred [G7] miles when day is [C] done

[C] Nighttime on the [G] city of new Or-[C]-leans
 [Am] Changing cars in [F] Memphis Tenne-[C]-see
 [C] Half way home and [G] we'll be there by [C] morning
 Through the [Am] Mississippi darkness
 [G7] Rolling to the [C] sea
 And [Am] all the towns and people seem to [Em] fade into a bad dream
 And the [G] steel rails still ain't heard the [D] news
 The con-[Am]-ductor sings his song again
 The [Em] passengers will please refrain

This [G] train's got the disa-[G7]-ppearing railroad [C] blues [C7]

[F] Good night A-[G7]-merica how [C] are you

[Am] Don't you know me [F] I'm your native [C] son

[G7] I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New Or-[Am]-leans

[Am7///|D7///]

I'll be [Bb] gone five [F] hundred [G7] miles when day is [C] done