CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

Intro:
Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central Monday morning rail
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

All along the southbound odyssey the train pulls out at Kankakee
And rolls along past houses, farms and fields.
Passin' trains that have no names, freight yards full of old black men
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles.

CHORUS:
Good morning America how are you? Don't you know me I'm your native son,
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

Dealin' card games with the young man in the club car. Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score.
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle. Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.
And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel.
Mothers with their babes asleep are rockin' to the gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

CHORUS

Nighttime on The City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.
Half way home, and we'll be there by morning, through the Mississippi darkness
Rolling down to the sea.
And all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream
And the steel rails still ain't heard the news.
The conductor sings his song again, the passengers will please refrain
This train's got the disappearing railroad blues.

CHORUS ("Good night, America)
CITY OF NEW ORLEANS  —Steve Goodman

Intro:  Bb   F   G7   C

C                      G                  C           Am                       F                          C
Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central Monday morning rail
C                           G                     C                          Am               G7                             C
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, three con-ductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.
Am     Em
All a-long the southbound odyssey the train pulls out at Kankakee
G                        D
And rolls along past houses, farms and fields.
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 auto-mo-biles.

CHORUS: F                           G7               C            Am                            F                          C
Good morning A-merica how are you? Don't you know me I'm your native son,
G7          C                             G                  Am        Am7     D7
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,
Bb             F           G7                                  C
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.
C                                G                           C            Am                          F                          C
Dealin' card games with the young man in the club car. Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score.
C                      G                              C       Am                     G7                              C
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle. Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.
Am     Em
And the sons of pullman porters, and the sons of engineers
G                        D
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel.
Am       Em
Mothers 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

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 darkness
G7                             C
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 news.
Am       Em
The con-ductor sings his song again, the passengers will please refrain
G                               G7                         C         C7
This train's got the disap-pearing railroad blues.

CHORUS  ("Good night, America)