

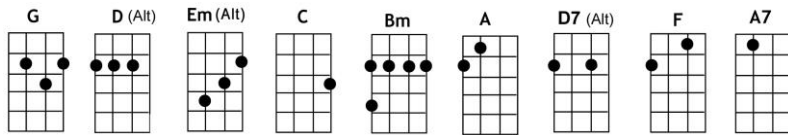
City Of New Orleans (Arlo Guthrie)

written by Steve Goodman 1971

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INTRO (Shelley) : / 1 2 3 4 / [G] / [G] /

[G] Riding on the [D] City of New [G] Orleans [G]
[Em] Illinois Central [C] Monday morning [G] rail [D]
[G] Fifteen cars and [D] fifteen restless [G] riders [G]
[Em] Three conductors, and [D] twenty-five sacks of [G] mail [G]
All a-[Em]long the south-bound odyssey, the [Bm] train pulls out of Kankakee
[D] Rolls along past houses, farms, and [A] fields [A]
[Em] Passing trains that have no name [Bm] freight yards full of old black men
And the [D] graveyards of the [D7] rusted automo-[G]biles [G7]

CHORUS:

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

Dealing [G] card games with the [D] old men in the [G] club car [G]
[Em] Penny a point ain't [C] no-one keeping [G] score [D]
[G] Pass the paper [D] bag that holds the [G] bottle [G]
[Em] Feel the wheels [D] rumbling 'neath the [G] floor [G]
And the [Em] sons of Pullman porters, and the [Bm] sons of engineers [Bm]
Ride their [D] fathers' magic carpets made of [A] steel [A]
[Em] Mothers with their babes asleep [Bm] rocking to the gentle beat
And the [D] rhythm of the [D7] rails is all they [G] feel [G7]

CHORUS (Repeat above):

[G] Night time on the [D] City of New [G] Orleans [G]
[Em] Changing cars in [C] Memphis, Tennes-[G]see [D]
[G] Half way home [D] we'll be there by [G] morning [G]
Through the [Em] Mississippi darkness [D] rolling down to the [G] sea [G]
But [Em] all the towns and people seem, to [Bm] fade into a bad dream
And the [D] old steel rail, still ain't heard the [A] news [A]
The con-[Em]ductor sings his song again, "The [Bm] passengers will please refrain"
This [D] train has got the disap-[D7]pearing railroad [G] blues [G7]

ENDING CHORUS:

[C] Good night A-[D7]merica, how [G] are you? [G]
Say [Em] don't you know me [C] I'm your native [G] son [D7]
I'm the [G] train they call the [D] City of New [Em] Orleans [A7]
I'll be [F] gone five [C] hundred [D] miles when the day is [G] done [G]
I'll be [F] gone five [C] hundred [D] miles when the day is [G] done [G]↓