

[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, [Am] Three conductors [G] twenty-five sacks of [C] mail.

All [Am] along the southbound odyssey, the [Em] train pulls out at Kankakee
[G] And rolls along past houses, farms and [D] fields.
[Am] Passing trains that have no names, and [Em] freight yards full of old black men
And the [G] graveyards of the rusted automo [C] biles [C7]

City of New Orleans

[F] Good morning [G] America how [C] are you?
Said, [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,
I'll be [Bb] gone five [F] hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done.

Steve
Goodman
1971
Arlo Guthrie
version

Dealing cards with the [G] old men in the [C] club car. [Am] Penny a point ain't [F] no one keeping [C] score. [G]
[C] Pass the paper [G] bag that holds that [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] father's magic carpets made of [D] steel.
[Am] Mothers with their babes asleep, [Em] rocking to the gentle beat
And the [G] rhythm of the [G7] rails is all they [C] feel. [C7]

[F] Good morning [G] America how [C] are you? Said, [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,
I'll be [Bb] gone five [F] hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done.

[C] Nighttime on The [G] City of New [C] Orleans, [Am] changing cars in [F] Memphis, Tennes-[C]-see. [G]
[C] Halfway home, [G] we'll be there by [C] morning. 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,
and the [G] steel rail still ain't heard the [D] news.
The con-[Am]-ductor sings his songs again, the [Em] passengers will please refrain.
[G] This train got the [G7] disappearing railroad [C] blues. [C7]

[F] Good night [G] America how [C] are you? Said, [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,
I'll be [Bb] gone five [F] hundred [G] miles when the day is [C] done.