City of New Orleans Steve Goodman

(Intro) Α Ridin' on the City of New Orleans G Illinois Central Monday mornin' rail Α There's 15 cars, and 15 restless riders BmThree conductors, twenty-five sacks of mail BmAll along a southbound odyssey , The train pulls out of Kankakee And rolls along past the houses, farms and fields Passin' towns that have no name, and freightyards full of old grey men Α7 The graveyards of the rusted automobiles Chorus: А7 Singin' good mornin' America, how are you? Α7 Sayin' don't you know me?, I'm your native son Bm-Bm7-E7 I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done. Α Playin' cards with the old men in the club car. Penny a point, ain't no-one keepin' score Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle.

Hear the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.

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BmF#m And the sons of Pullman Porters, and the sons of engineers Ride their father's magic carpet made of steel F#m Mothers with their babes asleep, rockin' to the gentle beat A7 D And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel Α7 Good mornin' America, how are you? G Α7 Sayin' don't you know me?, I'm your native son A Bm - Bm7 - E7 I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans C G A I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done. D Α Night time on the City of New Orleans. G Changin cars in Memphis, Tennessee Half way home, and we'll be there by morning Through the Mississippi darkness rollin' down to the sea And all the towns and people seem F#m To fade into a bad dream Α And the steel rail still ain't heard the news The conductor sings his songs again, F#m The passengers will please refrain

This train has got the disappearin' railroad blues

(Chorus twice)

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