

4 time  
4 Key of C

7

Steve Goodman

City Of New Orleans

<sup>C</sup> Ridin' on the/<sup>G7</sup> City of New/<sup>C</sup> Orleans / /  
<sup>Am</sup> Illinois Central/<sup>F</sup> Monday mornin'/<sup>C</sup> rail / /  
<sup>Am</sup> Fifteen cars and/<sup>G7</sup> fifteen restless/<sup>C</sup> riders / /  
<sup>Am</sup> Three conductors and/<sup>G7</sup> twenty-five sacks of/<sup>C</sup> mail /  
All along the south-bound/<sup>Am</sup> odyssey the/<sup>Em</sup> train pulls out of/<sup>C</sup> Kankakee  
And/<sup>G</sup> rolls along the/<sup>D</sup> houses, farms and/<sup>C</sup> fields / /  
<sup>Am</sup> Passin' trains that/<sup>C</sup> have no name  
And/<sup>Em</sup> freight yards full of/<sup>C</sup> old black men  
And the/<sup>G</sup> graveyards of the/<sup>G7</sup> rusted automobiles / /  
    <sup>F</sup> Good mornin' A/<sup>G7</sup>merica, how/<sup>C</sup> are ya ? /  
    Say,/<sup>Am</sup> don't ya know me,/<sup>F</sup> I'm your native/<sup>C</sup> son / <sup>G7</sup>  
    I'm the/<sup>C</sup> train they call the/<sup>G7</sup> City Of New/<sup>Am</sup> Orleans /  
    I'll be/<sup>A#</sup> gone five hundred/<sup>F</sup> miles when the day is/<sup>G7</sup> done / / /  
<sup>C</sup> Dealin'/<sup>Am</sup> card games with the/<sup>G7</sup> old men in the/<sup>C</sup> club car / /  
Penny a point, ain't/<sup>F</sup> no one keepin'/<sup>C</sup> score / /  
Pass the paper/<sup>G7</sup> bag that holds the/<sup>C</sup> bottle / /  
<sup>Am</sup> Feel the wheels/<sup>G7</sup> grumblin' 'neath the/<sup>C</sup> floor /  
And the/<sup>Am</sup> sons of Pullman/<sup>Em</sup> porters and the/<sup>D</sup> sons of engineers  
Ride their/<sup>G</sup> fathers' magic/<sup>D</sup> carpet made of/<sup>C</sup> steel / /  
<sup>Am</sup> Mothers with their/<sup>Em</sup> babes asleep are/<sup>C</sup> rockin' to the/<sup>C</sup> gentle beat  
And the/<sup>G</sup> rhythm of the/<sup>G7</sup> rails is all they/<sup>C</sup> feel / / (chorus)  
<sup>C</sup> Night time on the/<sup>G7</sup> City Of New/<sup>C</sup> Orleans / /  
<sup>Am</sup> Changin' cars in/<sup>F</sup> Memphis, Tennessee / /  
Half way home,/<sup>G7</sup> we'll be there by/<sup>C</sup> morning /  
Through the/<sup>Am</sup> Mississippi darkness,/<sup>G7</sup> rollin' down to the/<sup>C</sup> sea /  
But/<sup>Am</sup> all the towns and/<sup>Em</sup> people seem to/<sup>D</sup> fade into a/<sup>C</sup> bad dream  
And the/<sup>G</sup> steel rail/<sup>D</sup> still ain't heard the/<sup>C</sup> news /  
<sup>Am</sup> The conductor sings his/<sup>Em</sup> songs again, the/<sup>D</sup> passengers will/<sup>C</sup> please refrain  
This/<sup>G</sup> train's got the/<sup>G7</sup> disappearin' railroad/<sup>C</sup> blues / /  
Chorus (twice)   <sup>F</sup> Good night A/<sup>G7</sup>merica . . .