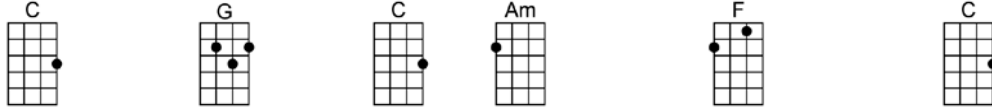
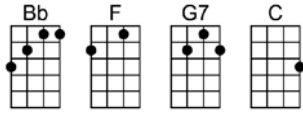


# CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

-Steve Goodman

4/4 1...2...1234

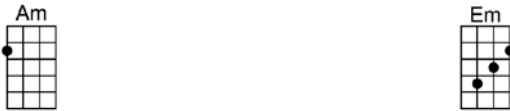
**Intro:**



Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central Monday morning rail



Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, three con-ductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.



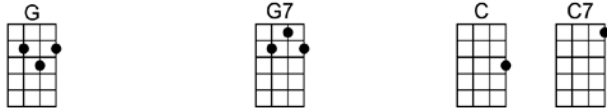
All a-long the southbound odyssey the train pulls out at Kankakee



And rolls along past houses, farms and fields.

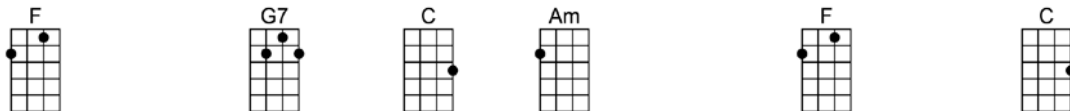


Passin' trains that have no names, freight yards full of old black men

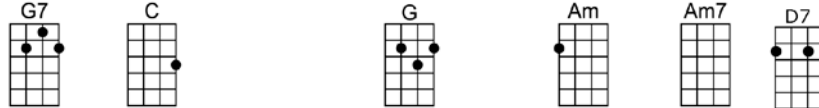


And the graveyards of the rusted automo-biles.

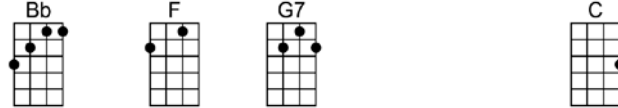
**CHORUS:**



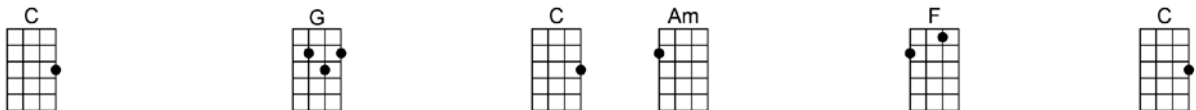
Good morning A-merica how are you? Don't you know me I'm your native son,



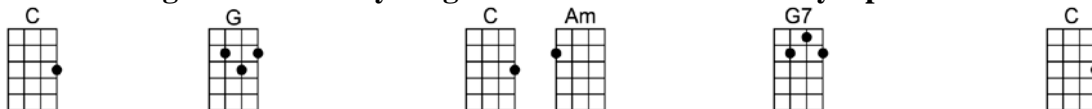
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,



I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

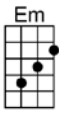
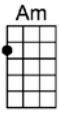


Dealin' card games with the young man in the club car. Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score.

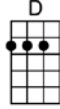
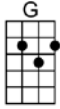


Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle. Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.

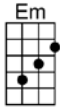
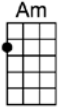
p. 2 City of New Orleans



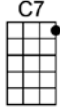
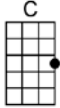
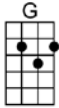
And the sons of pullman porters, and the sons of engineers



Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel.

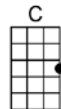
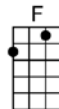
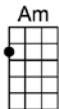
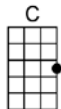
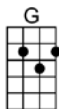
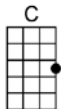


Mothers with their babes asleep are rockin' to the gentle beat

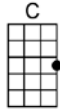
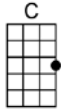


And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

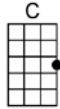
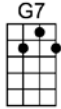
**CHORUS**



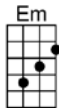
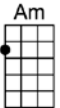
Nighttime on The City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis, Tennes-see.



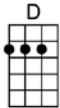
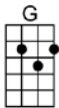
Half way home, and we'll be there by morning, through the Mississippi darkness



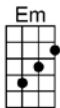
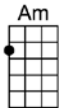
Rolling down to the sea.



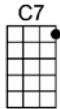
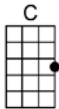
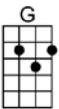
And all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream



And the steel rails still ain't heard the news.



The con-ductor sings his song again, the passengers will please refrain



This train's got the disap-pearin' 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 automo-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-pearin' railroad blues.

CHORUS ("Good night, America)