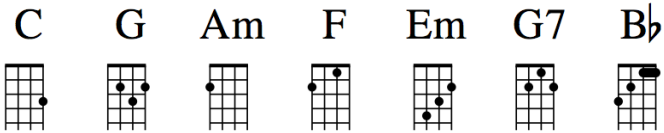


City of New Orleans- Steve Goodman



[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 rest less [C] riders
[Am] Three conductors, [G] twenty-five sacks of [C] mail
All a[Am]long the southbound odyssey the [Em] train pulls out of Kankakee
And [G] rolls a long past houses farms and [D] fields
[Am] Passing trains that have no name and [Em] freight yards full of old black men
And the [G] grave yards of the [G7] rusted automo[C]biles

Chorus:

[F] Good morning A[G]merica how [C] are you
Saying [Am] don't you know me, [F] I'm your native [C] son [G7]
I'm the [C] train they call the [G] City of New [Am] Orleans
I'll be [B \flat] gone five [F] hundred [G] miles when day is [C] done.

Dealing [C] card games 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 the [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 carpet made of [D] steel
[Am] Mother with her babes asleep [Em] rocking to the gentle beat
And the [G] rhythm of the [G7] rail is all they [C] feel.

Chorus

[C] Night time on the [G] City of New [C] Orleans
[Am] Changing cars in [F] Memphis Tennes[C]see [G]
[C] Halfway home and [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
This [G] train's got the disap[G7]pearing railroad [C] blues.

Chorus (starting Good night, America...)