

City of New Orleans

by Steve Goldman (1971)

G *D* *G* *G*
Riding on the City of New Orleans
Em *C* *G* *D* *D7*
Illinois Central Monday morning rail
G *D* *G* *G*
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders
Em *D* *G* *G*
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

Em *Em* *Bm* *Bm*
All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee
D *D* *A* *A*
And rolls along past houses farms and fields
Em *Em* *Bm* *Bm*
Passing trains that have no name, freight yards full of old black men
D *D7* *G* *G*
And graveyards of rusted automobiles.

C *D7* *G* *G*
Good morning America, how are you?
Em *C* *G* *D*^(½) *D*^(½) (*D9* for a train sound_
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.
G *D* *Em*^(½) *Em7*^(½) *A7*
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
Bb^(½) *C*^(½) *D*^(½) *D7*^(½) *G* *G*
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

Dealing card games with the old men in the club car
Penny a point ain't no one keeping score
Pass the paper bag but hold the bottle
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor
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 rocking to the gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.
Night time on the City of New Orleans
Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee
Half way home and we'll be there by morning
through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a dark dream
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain
This train's got the disappearing railroad blues.
Good morning America, how are you?
Say, 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