City Of New Orleans   by Arlo Guthrie

G

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

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

C   D   G
Good morning America, how are you?
   Em   C   G
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.
     G   D   Em   A7
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
       F   C   D   G
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

     G   D   G
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car
Em   C   G D
Penny a point ain't no one keeping score
G   D   G
Pass the paper bag but hold the bottle
Em   D   G
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor

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        Em                              Bm
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers
D                                          A
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel
Em                          Bm
Mother with her babes asleep rocking to the gentle beat
              D         D7            G
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.


C           D           G
Good morning America, how are you?
   Em                   C           G     D7
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.
        G                   D           Em        A7
I'm  the train they call the City of New Orleans
          F         C       D                   G
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.


G               D           G
Night time on the City of New Orleans
Em              C               G  D
Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee
G               D               G
Halfway home we'll be there by morning
                Em                  D               G
through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.


   Em                              Bm
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a dark dream
         D                          A
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
      Em                          Bm
The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain
        D         D7                    G
This train got the disappearing railroad blues.


C           D           G
Good morning America, how are you?
      Em                  C           G     D7
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.
        G                   D           Em        A7
I'm  the train they call the City of New Orleans
          F         C       D                   G
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.      last chorus x2
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