

City of New Orleans

Arlo Guthrie

C
(Intro: 8 bars)

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

Am
All along the south bound odyssey
Em
The train pulls out of Kenkakee
G D
Rolls along past houses farms and fields

Am
Passing trains that have no name
Em
Freight yards of old black men
G G7 C
And graveyards of rusted automobiles

F G7 C
Good morning America, how are you?
Am F C
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.
C G Am D
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
D# G C
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 noone 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

Mother with her babes asleep
Rocking 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 Tennessee
Half way home 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 passagers will please refrain
This train got the disappearing railroad blues

(Chorus)

Good night 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