

City of New Orleans (Key of C) {Steve Goodman}

Drums A-4 92 BPM

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[**BACK TO SHEETS**](#)

C G C
Riding on the City of New Orleans,
Am F C G
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 southbound odyssey,
Em
The train pulls out of Kankakee,
G D
And rolls along the houses, farms and fields.
Am
Passing towns that have no name,
Em
And freight yards full of old black men,
G G7 C
And the graveyards of rusted automobiles.

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

C G C
Dealing cards with the old men in the club cars,
Am F C G
A penny a point, ain't no one keeping score.
C G C
Pass the paper bag that holds that bottle,
Am G C
And feel the wheels rumbling thru the floor.

Am Em
And the sons of Pullman porters, And the sons of engineers,
G D
Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steam.
Am Em
Mothers with their babes asleep, Rocking to the gentle beat,
G G7 C
And the rhythm of the rails is all they dream.

{c:Chorus:}

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

B-flat F G C

C G C
Nighttime on the City of New Orleans,
Am F C G
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.
C G C
Halfway home, and we'll be there by morning,
Am G C
Through the Mississippi darkness, rolling to the sea.

Am

But all the towns and people seem
Em
To fade into a bad dream,
G D
The old steel rail still ain't heard the news.
Am
The conductor sings his song again,
Em
The passengers will please refrain,
G G7 C
This train's got the disappearin' railroad blues.

F G C
Goodnight America, how are ya?
Am F C G
Say don't you know me, I'm your native son.
G C G Am
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans,
B-flat F G C
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

Repeat Chorus

END