

City of New Orleans
Arlo Guthrie

Intro: C G C Am G C
4 4 8 4 4 8

C G C Am F C
Riding on the City of New Orleans. Illinois Central Monday morning rail.

C G C Am G C
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders. Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.
Am Em

All a-long the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee
G D Am

And rolls along past houses farms and fields; passing trains that have no name,
Em G F C
freight yards full of old black men and the graveyards of the rusted automo-biles.

F G C Am F C
Good morning A-merica, How are you? Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.

G C G Am F Bb Am G C
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans. I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.
C G C Am F C

Dealing card games with the old men in the club car, penny a point ain't no one keeping score.

C G C Am G C
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle. Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor.
Am Em G D

And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers ride their father's magic carpets made of steel.
Am Em G F C

Mothers with their babes asleep rocking to the gentle beat and the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

F G C Am F C
Good morning A-merica, How are you? Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.

G C G Am F Bb Am G C
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans. I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

C G C Am F C
Night time on the City of New Orleans; changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee

C G C Am G C
Half way home we'll be there by morning Through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.
Am Em G D

But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream And the steel there still ain't heard the news.
Am Em

The con-ductor sings his songs again, The passengers will please refrain
G F C

This train's got the disap-pearing railroad blues

F G C Am F C
Good morning A-merica, How are you? Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.

G C G Am F Bb Am G C
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans. I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

F G C Am F C
Good night A-merica, How are you? Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.

G C G Am F Bb Am G C
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans. I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.