City of New Orleans, key of F Am Steve Goodman, 1971 Made famous by Arlo Guthrie and also sung by Willie Nelson INTRO: Bb Dm Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central, Monday morning rail. Dm Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail. Am All a--long the southbound odyssey, as the train pulls out of Kankakee, And rolls along past houses, farms and fields. Passin' trains that have no name and freight yards full of old black men C C7 F And the graveyards of the rusted automo--biles. **CHORUS:** Good morning, A--merica, how are you? Bb Don't you know me? I'm your native son. G7 Cm I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans Gm And I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done. Dm Dealin' card games with the old men in the club car, penny a point, ain't no one keepin' score. Dm **F** Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle, feel the wheels rumbling neath the floor. **Dm**And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers Ride their father's magic carpet made of steel. Mothers with their babes asleep, rockin' to the gentle beat C C7 F And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel **CHORUS F C F Dm Bb F** It's nighttime on the City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis, Tennes--see. F C F Dm C F Half way home and we'll be there by morning, through the Mississippi darkness rolling to the sea. **Dm**But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream And the steel rail still ain't heard the news. **Dm**The con--ductor sings his songs again, "The passengers will please refrain, **C C7 F** This train has got the disap--pearing railroad blues." FINAL CHORUS: Good night, America, how are you? Don't you know me? I'm your native son. **G7**

I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

Gm

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