

City of New Orleans chords
Arlo Guthrie 1972 (Steve Goodman)

[Intro]

[Verse 1]

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 Em
All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kenkakee
G D
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields
Am Em
Passing towns that have no name, freight yards full of old black men
G G7 C
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles.

[Chorus]

F G C
Good morning America, how are you?
Am F C
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.
G7 C G Am D7
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
Bb F G C
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

[Verse 2]

C G C
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car
Am F C G
Penny a point, ain't no one keeping score
C G C
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Am G C
Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor
Am Em
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers
G D
Ride their fathers' magic carpets made of steel

Am Em
Mothers with their babes asleep, rockin' to the gentle beat
G G7 C
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

[Chorus]

F G C
Good morning America, how are you?
Am F C
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.
G7 C G Am D7
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
Bb F G C
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

[Verse 3]

C G C
Night time on the City of New Orleans
Am F C G
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee
C G C
Halfway home, we'll be there by morning
Am G C
through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.
Am Em
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream
G D
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
Am Em
The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain
G G7 C
This train got the disappearing railroad blues.

[Chorus]

F G C
Good night America, how are you?
Am F C
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.
G7 C G Am D7
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
Bb F G C
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.