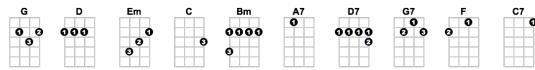
City of New Orleans

Arlo Guthrie



1-2, 1-2-3-4 Intro: G/// G/// G///

G D G

Riding on the City of New Orleans,

Em C G I

Illinois Central Monday morning rail

i D (

Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,

Em D

Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

Em Bm

Out on the southbound odyssey, The train pulls out from Kankakee

D A7

And rolls along past houses, farms and fields.

Em Br

Passin' trains that have no names,, And freight yards full of old black men

D D7 G G7

And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles.

Chorus: C D G

Good morning America how are you?

Em C G D - 1 strum

Say don't you know me I'm your native son

G D Fm A7

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

F C D G D

I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

e De

Dealin' cards with the old men in the club car.

Em C G D

Penny a point there ain't no one keepin' score.

Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle

Em D G

Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.

Em Bm

And the sons of pullman porters and the sons of engineers

D A7

Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel.

Em Bm

And mothers with their babes asleep, Go rockin' to the gentle beat

D C7 G G

And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

Chorus:	C D G	
	Good morning America how are you?	
	Em C G D - 1 strum	
	Say don't you know me I'm your native son	
	G D Em A7	
	I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,	
	F C D G D I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.	
_	D G	
_	City of New Orleans,	
Em C	G D	
	emphis, Tennessee.	
G D	G	
•	I'll be there by morning	
Em Through the Mississ	D G	
_	sippi darkness rolling down to the sea.	
Em All the towns and no	Bm Deople seem to fade into a bad dream	
D	A7	
_	still ain't heard the news.	
Em	Bm	
	ngs his song again, the passengers will please refrain	
D	D7	
_	he disappearing railroad blues.	
Time train has get to	ne disappearing rameda sides.	
Charuci	c p e	
Chorus:	Good night America how are you?	
	Em C G/// D - 1 strum	
	Say don't you know me I'm your native son	
	G D Em A7	
	I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,	
	F C D G D///	
	I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.	
	2 20 goo nive nanarea nimes when the day is done.	
	F C D G/// C/// D///	G
	I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.	