City of New Orleans  
Arlo Guthrie  (written by Steve Goodman)

Bb    F    G7    C    C
//    //    //////////

C    G    C

1. Riding on the City of New Orleans,
   A\m     F    C    G
   Illinois Central, Monday morning rail.
   C    G    C
   Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,
   A\m     G    C
   Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

   A\m
   All on a southbound odyssey,
   E\m
   The train pulls out of Kankakee,
   G    D7
   And rolls along past houses, farms and fields.
   A\m
   Passing towns that have no name
   E\m
   And freight yards full of old black men,
   G    G7    C
   And the graveyards of rusted automobiles. Singing...

   Chorus:
   F    G    C
   Good morning, America, how are you?
   A\m     F    C    G
   Say, don`t you know me, I`m your native son.
   C    G    A\m    D7
   I`m the train they call the City of New Orleans,
   Bb    F    G7    C    C
   And I`ll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

   C    G    C

2. Dealing cards to the old men in the club car,
   A\m     F    C    G
   Penny a point, and no one`s keeping score.
   C    G    C
   Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,
   A\m     G    C
   You can feel the wheels grumbling `neath the floor.
A\textsuperscript{m}  E\textsuperscript{m}

The sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers

G  D\textsuperscript{7}

Ride their father`s magic carpet made of steel.

A\textsuperscript{m}

And mothers with their babes asleep,

E\textsuperscript{m}

Are rocking to the gentle beat,

G  G\textsuperscript{7}  C

The rhythm of the rails is all they feel.  \textbf{CHORUS}

C  G  C

3. Nighttime on the City of New Orleans,

A\textsuperscript{m}  F  C  G

Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.

C  G  C

Halfway home, and we`ll be there by morning,

A\textsuperscript{m}  G  C

Through the Mississippi darkness rollin` down to the sea.

A\textsuperscript{m}

But all the towns and people

E\textsuperscript{m}

Seem to fade into a bad dream,

G  D\textsuperscript{7}

The steel rail hasn`t heard the news.

A\textsuperscript{m}

The conductor sings his song again,

E\textsuperscript{m}

The Passengers will please refrain!

G  G\textsuperscript{7}  C

This train`s got the Disappearing Railway Blues. Singing.....

\textbf{CHORUS}, (change to Good night, America...  )