

City Of New Orleans - Arlo Guthrie

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C G C Am F C G
Ridin' on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central, Monday mornin' rail
C G C Am G C C
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, three conductors, twenty-five sacks of mail
Am Em
All along the southbound odyssey the train pulls out of Kankakee
G D
Rolls along past houses, farms & fields
Am Em
Passin' towns that have no name, freight yards full of old black men
G F C C
And the graveyards of rusted automobiles

F G C Am F C G
Good mornin' America, how are you? Don't you know me? I'm your native son! I'm the
C G Am F G C
.. train they call the City of New Orleans. I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done

C G C Am F C G
Dealin' cards with the old men in the club car. A penny a point, ain't no one keepin' score.
C G C Am G C
And it's pass the paper bag that holds the bottle, and feel the wheels rumblin' neath the floor.
Am Em
And the sons of Pullman porters & 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 F C
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

C G C Am F C G
Well it's night time on the City of New Orleans changin' cars in Memphis, Tennessee
C G C Am G C
Halfway home, we'll be there by mornin', thru the Mississippi darkness rollin' 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
Am Em
"The passengers will please refrain
G F C
This train got the disappearin' railroad blues