

# City of New Orleans

written by Steve Goodman  
and performed by Arlo Guthrie



**G**  
Riding on the City of New Orleans

**Em**  
Illinois Central Monday morning rail

**G**  
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders

**Em**  
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail

**D**  
All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kenkakee

**Em**  
Rolls along past houses farms and fields

**D**  
Passing trains that have no name, freight yards of old black men  
And graveyards of rusted automobiles.

**C**  
Good morning America, how are you?

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

**G**  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

**G**  
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car

**Em**  
Penny a point ain't no one keeping score

**G**  
Pass the paper bag but hold the bottle

**Em**  
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor  
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers

**D**  
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel

**Em**  
Mother with her babes asleep rocking to the gentle beat

**D**  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

**C**  
Good morning America, how are you?

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

**G**  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

**D**  
Nighttime on the City of New Orleans

**Em**  
Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee

**G**  
Halfway home we'll be there by morning  
through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea

**Em**  
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a dark dream  
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news

**D**  
The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain

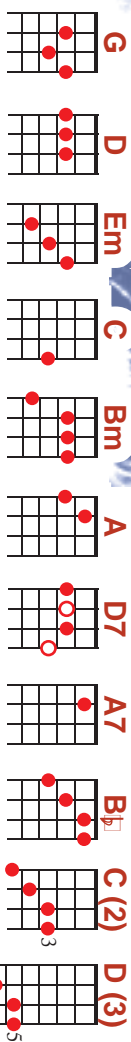
**D**  
This train got the disappearing railroad blues

**C**  
Good night America, how are you?

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

**G**  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

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



Ukulele Club of Santa Cruz originally from August 2005 and now a Greatest Hit!