

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

All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kenkakee
D Rolls along past houses farms and fields
Em Passing trains that have no name, freight yards of old black men
D 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
Bb I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

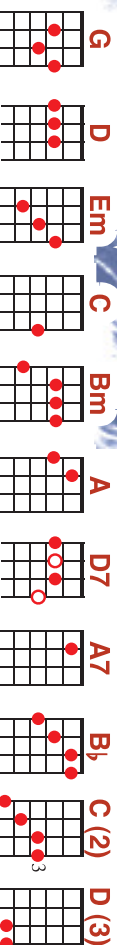
G Dealing card games with the old men in the club car
Em Penny a point ain't no one keeping score
G Pass the paper bag but hold the bottle
Em Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor
Em And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers

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

G Nighttime on the City of New Orleans
Em Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee
G Halfway home we'll be there by morning
D through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea
Em But all the towns and people seem to fade into a dark dream
D And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
Em 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
Bb 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
C 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!