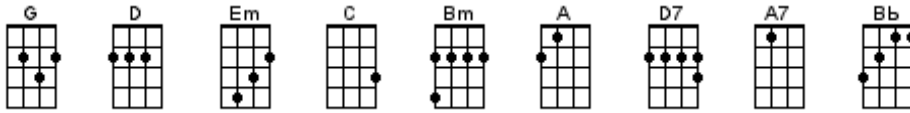


City Of New Orleans (5) Arlo Guthrie



[G]Riding on the [D]City of New [G]Orleans
[Em]Illinois Central [C]Monday morning [G]rail
Fifteen cars and [D]fifteen restless [G]riders
[Em]Three conductors and [D]twenty-five sacks of [G]mail
All a[Em]long the south bound odyssey, the [Bm]train pulls out of Kankakee
[D]Rolls along past houses, farms and [A]fields
[Em]Passing trains that have no name, [Bm]freight yards of old black men
And [D]graveyards of [D7]rusted automo[G]biles.

[C]Good morning A[D7]merica, how [G]are you?
Say, [Em]don't you know me, [C]I'm your native [G]son [D7]
I'm the [G]train they call the [D]City of New [Em]Orleans [A7]
I'll be [Bb]gone five [C]hundred [D]miles when the [D7]day is [G]done

Dealing [G]card games with the [D]old men in the [G]club car
[Em]Penny a point ain't [C]no one keeping [G]score
Pass the paper [D]bag but hold the [G]bottle
[Em]Feel the wheels [D]rumbling 'neath the [G]floor
And the [Em]sons of Pullman porters and the [Bm]sons of engineers
[D]Ride their father's magic carpets made of [A]steel
[Em]Mother with her babes asleep [Bm]rocking to the gentle beat
And the [D]rhythm of the [D7]rails is all they [G]feel

[C]Good morning A[D7]merica, how [G]are you?
Say, [Em]don't you know me, [C]I'm your native [G]son [D7]
I'm the [G]train they call the [D]City of New [Em]Orleans [A7]
I'll be [Bb]gone five [C]hundred [D]miles when the [D7]day is [G]done

Nighttime on the [D]City of New [G]Orleans
[Em]Changing cars in [C]Memphis Tenne[G]ssee
Halfway home - [D]we'll be there by [G]morning
through the [Em]Mississippi darkness [D]rolling down to the [G]sea
But [Em]all the towns and people seem to [Bm]fade into a dark dream
And the [D]steel rail still ain't heard the [A]news
The con[Em]ductor sings his songs again, the [Bm]passengers will please refrain
This train got the [D7]disappearing railroad [G]blues

[C]Good night A[D7]merica, how [G]are you?
Say, [Em]don't you know me, [C]I'm your native [G]son [D7]
I'm the [G]train they call the [D]City of New [Em]Orleans [A7]
I'll be [Bb]gone five [C]hundred [D]miles when the [D7]day is [G]done
I'll be [Bb]gone five [C]hundred [D]miles when the [D7]day is [G]done

Challenge: walkup last line of chorus Bb = 3211, C = 5433, D = 7655