City of New Orleans

Words & Music by Steve Goodman

Rid' in' on_ the City of New Orleans,
Deal' ing card games with the old men in the Club_ car.
Night-time on_ the City of New Orleans

Il -inois Central Monday mor - in' rail._
A pen - ny a point - ain't no - one keep-in score._
Changing cars Memphis Ten - nes - see._

Fifteen cars and fifteen rest - les rid - ers,
Won't you pass the paper bag that keeps the bottle.
Half was home and we'll be there by morn - ing,

three con - ductors and twenty - five sacks of mail;_
Feel the wheels rum - lin' 'neath the floor._
Through the Miss - issip - pi rol - ling down to the sea._

All along the south-bound Od - yss - ey, the train pulls out of Kan
And the sons of Pull - man port - ters and the sons of en_
But all the towns and pe - ople seem to fade in - to a bad
2 F#m F#m A E
ka-kee and rolls a-long the hous-es, farms_ and fields_
gin-ee-ers ride their fa-thers ma-gic car-pet made of steel_
dream And the _ steel rail ain’t heard the bad news_
E Bm Bm F#m

 Pass-in’ towns that have no name_ and freight-yards full of old_ And moth-ers with their babes a-sleep are rock-ing to the. The con-duc-tor sings his song a-gain, pass-en-gers will please
F#m A A7 D
black men_ and the grave-yards of the rust-ed au-to-mo-biles._ gentle beat and the rythm of the rails is all_ they feel.__
Em F#m G A7 D
re-frain_ This train’s got the_ dis-ap-pearing_ rail-road blues._

Good morn-ing Amer-i-ca_ how are_ you?

37 Bm G D
Say, don’t you know_ me I’m your na-tive son.

I’m the train they call the ci-ty of_ New Or-leans,

41 A7 A9 D A Bm Bm
I’ll be gone_ five hun-dred miles_ when the day_ is done.