

City of New Orleans - Arlo Guthrie (1972)

[Verse 1]

D A D
Riding on the City of New Orleans
Bm G D A
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail
D A D
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders
Bm A D
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.

Bm F#m
All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee
A Es4 E
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields
Bm F#m
Passing trains that have no name, freight yards full of old black men
A A7 D
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles.

[Chorus]

G A D
Good morning America, how are you?
Bm G D
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.
A7 D A Bm E7
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
C G A A7 D
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

[Verse 2]

D A D
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car
Bm G D A
Penny a point, ain't no one keeping score
D A D
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Bm A D
Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor

Bm F#m
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers
A Es4 E
Ride their fathers' magic carpets made of steel
Bm F#m
Mothers with their babes asleep, rockin' to the gentle beat
A A7 D
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

[Chorus]

G A D
Good morning America, how are you?
Bm G D
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.
A7 D A Bm E7
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
C G A A7 D
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

[Verse 3]

D A D
Night time on the City of New Orleans
Bm G D A
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee
D A D
Halfway home, we'll be there by morning
Bm A D
through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.

Bm F#m
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream
A Es4 E
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
Bm F#m
The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain
A A7 D
This train got the disappearing railroad blues.

[Chorus]

G A D
Good night America, how are you?
Bm G D
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.
A7 D A Bm E7
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
C G A A7 D
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.