

# 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.