## City of New Orleans Arlo Guthrie

G D G
Riding on the City of New Orleans
Em C G
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail G D G
There's fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders  Em D G
Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mail
Em
All along the south bound odyssey  Bm
The train pulls out of Kankikee  D  A
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields
Em Passing trains that have no names
Bm
And freight yards full of old black men D D7 G
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles
C D G Good mornin America, how are you? Em C G I said don't you know me, I'm your native son D G D Em I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
A# C D D7 G G
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done
G D G Dealin card games with the old men in the club car Em C G
A penny a point, ain't no one keepin score G D G
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Em D G Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor
Em And the sons of Pullman porters
Bm
And the sons of engineers  D  A
Ride their fathers magic carpets made of steel

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The m	m	with their babes asleep the gentle beat	
And th	ne rhyth	D7 G nm of the rails is all they feel	
	I said D I'm the	D G mornin America, how are you? Em C G don't you know me, I'm your native son G D Em e train they call the City of New Orleans A# C D D7 G gone five hundred miles when the day is done	G
•	D the Ci	G ty of New Orleans	
G Halfway hom	e and v	C G s in Memphis, Tennessee D G we'll be there by morning D G sippi darkness rollin down to the sea	
Bm To fad And th The co I The pa	n le into a D ne steel Em onducto Bm asseng D rain got	wns and people seem  A rail still ain't heard the news or sings his songs again ers will please refrain D7 G to disappear in railroad news	
	I said D I'm the	D G Night America, how are you? Em C G don't you know me, I'm your native son G D Em e train they call the City of New Orleans A# C D D7 G gone five hundred miles when the day is done	G
C Em G	D C	G G	