

# Steve Goodman and performed by Arlo Guthrie

key:C, artist:Arlo Guthrie writer:Steve Goodman

Arlo Guthrie: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OXzbIjf0Hww>

Intro:

[C]

V1:

[C]Riding on the [G]City of New [C]Orleans,  
[Am]Illinois Central [F]Monday morning [C]rail.  
[C]Fifteen cars and [G]fifteen restless [C]riders,  
Three con[Am]ductors and [G]twenty-five sacks of [C]mail.  
All [Am]along the south bound odyssey, the [Em]train pulls out of Kankakee,  
[G]Rolls along past houses farms and [D]fields,  
[Am]Passing trains that have no name, [Em]freight yards full of old black men  
And the [G]graveyards of [G7]rusted automo[C]biles.

Chorus:

[F]Good morning, [G7]America, how [C]are you?  
[Am]Don't you know me? [F]I'm your native [C]son. [G7]  
I'm the [C]train they call the [G]City of New [Am]Orleans [Am7]. [D7]  
I'll be [Bb]gone five [F]hundred [G]miles when the day is [C]done.

V2:

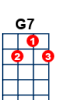
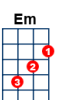
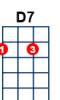
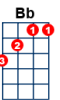
Dealing card [C]games with the [G]old men in the [C]club car,  
[Am]Penny a point, ain't [F]no one keeping [C]score.  
[C]Pass the paper [G]bag that holds the [C]bottle,  
[Am]Feel the wheels [G]rumbling 'neath the [C]floor.  
And the [Am]sons of Pullman porters and the [Em]sons of engineers  
Ride their [G]fathers' magic carpets made of [D]steel.  
[Am]Mothers with their babes asleep [Em]rocking to the gentle beat  
And the [G]rhythm of the rails is [G7]all they [C]feel.

Chorus:

[F]Good morning, [G7]America, how [C]are you?  
[Am]Don't you know me? [F]I'm your native [C]son. [G7]  
I'm the [C]train they call the [G]City of New [Am]Orleans [Am7]. [D7]  
I'll be [Bb]gone five [F]hundred [G]miles when the day is [C]done.

V3:

[C]Nighttime on the [G]City of New [C]Orleans,  
[Am]Changing cars in [F]Memphis Tennes[C]see.  
[C]Half way home, [G]we'll be there by [C]morning,  
through the [Am]Mississippi darkness [G]rolling down to the [C]sea.  
But [Am]all the towns and people seem to [Em]fade into a bad dream  
And the [G]steel rail still ain't heard the [D]news.  
The con[Am]ductor sings his songs again, [Em]"Passengers will please refrain ... ."  
This [G]train got the disappearing [G7]railroad [C]blues.



Chorus:

**[F]**Good night, **[G7]**America, how **[C]**are you?

**[Am]**Don't you know me? **[F]**I'm your native **[C]**son. **[G7]**

I'm the **[C]**train they call the **[G]**City of New **[Am]**Orleans **[Am7]**. **[D7]**

I'll be **[Bb]**gone five **[F]**hundred **[G]**miles when the day is **[C]**done.

Ending:

I'll be **[Bb]**gone five **[F]**hundred **[G]**miles (hold)

When the day is **[C]**done.