

# City of New Orleans by Steve Goodman

Moderate Folk

< Intro > II: E | % :||

< Verse 1 >

Rid - in' on the Cit-y of New Or-leans, Ill - in - ois Cen - tral Mon - day morn\_\_ing rail  
 Fif - teen cars\_\_ and fif - teen rest-less rid-ers\_\_, three con-duct-ors, twen-ty five sacks of mail\_\_  
 All a - long the south - bound od - y'- sey, the train pulls out of Kan-ka-kee  
 And rolls\_\_ a - long past hou - ses farms\_\_ and fields\_\_  
 Pass - in' trains\_\_ that have no name\_\_, and freight yards\_\_ full of old black men  
 And the grave - yards\_\_ of the rust - ed au - to - mo - biles

< Chorus >

Good Mor\_\_nin' Am-er-i-ca how\_\_ are ya, say don't you know\_\_ me, I'm\_\_ your na-tive son\_\_  
 I'm\_\_ the train\_\_ they call\_\_ the Cit-y of New Or-leans, I'll be gone five hundred miles\_\_ when the day is done

< Verse 2 >

Deal-in' card games\_\_ with the old men\_\_ in the club car, pen-ny a point ain't no\_\_ one\_\_ keep-in' score\_\_  
 Pass\_\_ the pap-er bag\_\_ that holds\_\_ the bott-le\_\_, feel the wheels\_\_, grum-blin'\_\_ 'neath\_\_ the floor  
 And the sons\_\_ of Pull - man port - ers\_\_, and the sons\_\_ of en - gin - eers\_\_  
 Ride their fath-ers\_\_ mag-ic\_\_ carp-et\_\_, made of steel\_\_, moth-ers with their babes\_\_ a-sleep  
 Are rock - in'\_\_ to the gent-le\_\_ beat, and the rhy - thm\_\_ of\_\_ the rail\_\_s is all\_\_ they feel\_\_

< Repeat Chorus - above >

< Verse 3 >

Night time on the Cit-y of New Or-leans, chang-in' cars in Mem-phiss Tenn-es-see  
 Half-way home, we'll be there by morn-in', thru the Miss-is-sip-pi dark-ness roll-in' down to the sea  
 but all the town and people seem, to fade into a bad dream, and the steel rails, still ain't heard\_\_ the news\_\_  
 The con-duct-or sings his song a-gain, the pass-en-gers will please re-frain  
 This train has got the dis-a-pear-in' rail-road blues

< Chorus with "Good Night America" > < Coda: > II: E :||

2x Su