

City of New Orleans

as performed by Arlo Guthrie

Ukulele Club of Santa Cruz August 2003

G D G
Riding on the City of New Orleans
Em C G
Illinois Central Monday morning rail
G D G
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders
Em D G
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail
Em Bm
All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kenkakee
D A
Rolls along past houses farms and fields
Em Bm
Passing trains that have no name, freight yards of old black men
D D7 G
And graveyards of rusted automobiles.

Chorus

C D7 G
Good morning America, how are you?
Em C G D7
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son
G D Em A7
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
Bb C D D7 G
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

G D G
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car
Em C G
Penny a point ain't no one keeping score
G D G
Pass the paper bag but hold the bottle
Em D G
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor
Em Bm
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers
D A
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel
Em Bm
Mother with her babes asleep rocking to the gentle beat
D D7 G
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

Chorus

C D7 G
Good morning America, how are you?
Em C G D7
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son
G D Em A7
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
Bb C D D7 G
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

G D G
Nighttime on the City of New Orleans
Em C G
Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee
G D G
Halfway home we'll be there by morning
Em D G
through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea
Em Bm
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a dark dream
D A
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
Em Bm
The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain
D D7 G
This train got the disappearing railroad blues

Chorus

C D7 G
Good night America, how are you?
Em C G D7
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son
G D Em A7
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
Bb C D D7 G
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

