City of New Orleans - Bluegrass banjo

Steve Goodman

Introduction

Verse

Rid - in' on the City of New Orleans

Ill - nois Central Mon - day mom - in' rail

Fif - teen cars and fif - teen rest - less rid - ers

duct - tors antwen-ty-five sacks of mail

od - ys - sey, the trains pulls out of Kan - ka - kee and rolls a - long the

hous - es, farms and fields

Pass - in' towns that have no name and
Riding their father’s magic carpets made of steel
And the sons of Pullman Porters, and the sons of Engineers
Feel the wheels rumbling ‘neath the floor
As the paper bag that holds the bottle
Penny a point - ain’t no one keeping score
Dealing card games with the old man in the Club Car
I’ll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done
I’m the train they call the City Of New Orleans
Say, don’t you know me? I’m your native son
Good morning, America, how are you?

And, mothers with their babies asleep rocking to the gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel
Good morning, America, how are you?
Say, don’t you know me? I’m your native son
I’m the train they call the City Of New Orleans
I’ll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done
Night time on the City Of New Orleans
Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee
Halfway home - we’ll be there by morning
Through the Mississippi darkness, rolling down to the sea
But, all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream
And the steel rail still ain’t heard the news
The conductor sings his songs again - the passengers will please refrain
This train got the disappearing railroad blues
Good night, America, how are you?
Say, don’t you know me? I’m your native son
I’m the train they call the City Of New Orleans
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done