

City of New Orleans

Zwischen Chicago und New Orleans verkehrte ein Personenzug, der als „City of New Orleans“ bekannt wurde. Vor einigen Jahren sollte er eingestellt werden. Zu dieser Zeit fuhr Steve Goodman, ein junger Songschreiber, mit dem Zug nach Chicago und schrieb während der Fahrt dieses Stück, das durch Arlo Guthrie weltbekannt wurde.

1. Strophe

C G C Am F

Rid- ing on the "Cit- y — of New Orleans," Il- linois Cen- tral Monday morn- ing —

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C G⁷ C G C F

rail. Fif- teen cars — and fif- teen rest- less rid- ers, three con- duc- tors and

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 3 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 3

G C Am

twent- y- five sacks of mail. All out on a south bound od- ys- sey, — the

0 0 0 2 0 3 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 3 2 2

Em G D

train pulls out of Kan- ka- kee, rolls past — the hous- es, farms and fields.

2 2 2 2 2 3 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 2

Am Em

Pass- in' towns that have no name and freight yards full — of old black men, and the

2 2 2 0 2 3 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 3 2 2 2

City of New Orleans

(C)Riding on the (G)City of New (C)Orleans,
(am)Illinois Central, (F)Monday morning (C)rail (G)
(C)15 cars and (G)15 restless (am)riders,
(F)3 conductors and (G)25 sacks of (C)mail
All (am)along the southbound odyssey,
the (em)train pulls out of Kankakee
And (G)rolls along past houses, farms, and (D)fields
(am)Passing towns that have no name
(em) And freight yards full of old black men
And the (G)graveyards of the (G7)rusted
automo(C)biles (C7)...Singing:

(F)Good morning, (G)America, how (C)are you?
(am)Don't you know me, (F)I'm your native (C)son (G)
I'm the (C)train they call the (G)„City of New (C)
Orleans“ (am), I'll be (Bb)gone 500 (G)miles when the
day is (C)done (G)

(C)Dealing cards to the (G)old men in the (C)club car
(am)Penny a point, and (F)no one's keeping (C)score
(G)... (C)Pass the paper (G)bag that holds the
(am)bottle
(F)Feel the wheels (G)rumbling 'neath the (C)floor
And the (am)sons of Pullman porters,
and the (em)sons of engineers, all ride their (G)fathers'
magic carpets made of (D)steel
And (am)mothers with their babes asleep,
are (em)rockin' to the gentle beat
And the (G)rhythm of the (G7)rails is all they (C)feel
(C7).....Singing:

(F)Good morning, (G)America, how (C)are you?
(am)Don't you know me, (F)I'm your native (C)son (G)
I'm the (C)train they call the (G)„City of New (C)
Orleans“ (am), I'll be (Bb)gone 500 (G)miles when the
day is (C)done (G)

(C)Nighttime on the (G)City of New (C)Orleans
(am)Changing cars in (F)Memphis, Tennes- (C)see (G)
(C)Halfway home, (G)we'll be there by (am)morning
Through the (F)Mississippi darkness, (G)rolling down to
the (C)sea
But (am)all the towns and people seem,
to (em)fade into a bad dream
The (G)steel rail hasn't heard the (D)news
The con- (am)ductor sings his songs again
Its (em)passengers will please refrain
(G)This train got the (G7)disappearing railroad (C)blues
(C7)...Singing:

(F)Good morning, (G)America, how (C)are you?
(am)Don't you know me, (F)I'm your native (C)son (G)
I'm the (C)train they call the (G)„City of New (C)
Orleans“ (am), I'll be (Bb)gone 500 (G)miles when the
day is (C)done (G)