

City of New Orleans - Arlo Guthrie

Interpretation by: Kevin Presbrey

Key: C Major | Tempo: 145 bpm | Standard Chords | Baritone Chords

Strum Pattern: D-DUDUDU (4/4) | Count: 1, 2 &, 3 &, 4 &

Intro: C (4x)

VERSE:

C(1x) G(1x) C(2x)

Riding on the City of New Orleans

Am (1x) F (1x) C (2x)

Illinois Central, Monday morning rail

C(1x) G(1x) C(2x)

Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders

Am (1x) G (1x) C (2x)

Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail

PRE-CHORUS:

Am (2x) Em (2x)

All along the southbound odyssey the train pulls out at Kankakee

G (2x) D (2x)

Rolls along past houses, farms and fields

Am (2x) Em (2x)

Passin' trains that have no name, Freight yards full of old black men

G(1x) G7(1x) C(1x) C7(1x)

And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles

CHORUS:

 $F(1x) \qquad G(1x) \qquad C(2x)$

Good morning America, how are you?

Am (1x) F (1x) C (1x) G (1x)

Say, don't you know me? I'm your native son

C(1x) G(1x) Am (1x) D7 (1x)

I'm the train the call the City of New Orleans

Bb (dm) F (dm) G (1x) C (2x)

I'll be gone five.... hundred miles when the day is done

CHORDS:

C: 0003, Am: 2000, G: 0232, G7: 0212, D: 2220, D7: 2020

Bb: 3211, F: 2010, Em: 0234

Notation:

(dm) = down + mute

Additional Lyrics:

V2: Dealin' card games with the old men in the club car Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor

PC2: And the sons of pullman porters
And the sons of engineers
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel
Mothers with their babes asleep
Are rockin' to the gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

V3: Nighttime on the City of New Orleans Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee Half way home, we'll be there by morning Through the Mississippi darkness Rolling down to the sea

PC3: 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

CH3: 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