

HARMONICA TAB LIBRARY

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Key: G

Genre: Country

Harp Type: Chromatic

Skill: Any

City Of New Orleans (chrom)

Bv: Steve Goodman Arlo Guthrie, Willie Nelson Key: G -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 5 -4 Rid-in' on the Cit-v Of New Or-leans -4 -4 -4 -4 3 6 6 6 -5 -5 -5 Il-li-nois Cen-tral, Mon-day morn-in' rail -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 5 -4 Fif-teen cars and fif-teen rest-less rid-ers -4 -4 -4 3 Three con-duc-tors: -4 -5 -5 -5 -5 -2* 3 and twen-ty-five sacks of mail -4 -4 -4 -4 -4 -4 -4 -4 -4 All a-long the south-bound od-ys-sey -4 -4 -4 -4 -4 -4 -4 -4

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the train pulls out of Kan-ka-kee -4 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 6 5* And rolls a-long the hous-es, farms, and fields -4 -4 -4 -4 -4 -4 -4 Pass-in' towns that have no name, -4 -4 -4 -4 -4 -4 -4 -4 and freight yards full of old black men -5 -5 -5 -5 -3 -4 And the grave-yards of the 4 4 4 - 4 - 3 3 rust-ed au-to-mo-biles 7 7 -6* -6* -6* -6* -6 -5 3 Good morn-ing, A-mer-i-ca, how are you? -3 -4 -4 -4 3 6 6 6 -5 -5 Say, don't you know me? I'm your na-tive son -55-4-4-4 I'm the train they call -4 -5 -5 -5 6 -4-3 3 the Cit-v Of New Or-leans 3 3 - 6 - 6 6 6 - 5 I'll be gone five hun-dred miles -5 -5 -55 -4 3 when the day is done

Dealing card games with the old man in the Club Car Penny a point — ain't no one keeping score Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle

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Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor And the sons of Pullman Porters, and the sons of Engineers Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel And, mothers with their babes 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 ya? Said, 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



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Lyrics