

G G7
Abilene, Abilene,
C7 G D7
Prettiest town you ever seen,

Folks there don't treat you mean,

G C7 G D7
In Abilene, my Abilene.

I sit alone most every night,
Watch them trains roll out of sight,
Wish that they were carrying me,
To Abilene, my Abilene.

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Crowded city, there: ain't nothin' free,
Ain't nothin' in this town for me,
Wish to God that I could be,
In Abilene, my Abilene.

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