# Abilene

```
G       G7
Abilene, Abilene,
     C7               G       D7
Pret tiest town you e ver seen ,

Folks there don't treat you mean,

   G       C7     G  D7
In Abilene, my Abi le ne.
```

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

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.