[Verses]

1. Nine-teen and six-teen I start-ed to roam,
2. Ask any old-tim-er from old Chey-enne,
3. As I looked out a-cross the field,

D

A7

D

Out in the west, no mon-ey, no home;
Rail-road in Wy-om-ing, the best in the land;
Num-ber Three com-ing, the fast-est on wheels;

G

D

A7

D

long with the tide, I land-ed on the Great Di-vide;
the short cross-ties, I laid a-cross the Great Di-vide;
she glides with pride, And rolls a-cross the Great Di-vide;

[Chorus]

Rail-road-ing on the Great Di-vide, Noth-ing a-round me but the Rock-ies and sky.

There you'll find me as the years go by. Rail-road-ing on the Great Di-vide.