Indiana

Lester Young

Back home again in Indiana,
And it seems that I can see
The gleamin' candlelight,
Still shinin' bright,
Through the sycamores for me.

The new mown hay sends all its fragrance
From the fields I used to roam.
When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash,
Then I long for my Indiana home.

Oh, I have always been a wanderer
Over land and sea,
Yet a moonbeam on the water
Casts a spell o'er me;
A vision fair I see,
Again I long to be;

Back home again in Indiana,
And it seems that I can see
The gleamin' candlelight,
Still shinin' bright,
Through the sycamores for me.

The new mown hay sends all its fragrance
From the fields I used to roam.
When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash,
Then I long for my Indiana home,
Indiana home.

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