

# Up In Indiana

Lyle Lovett

Up in Indiana where the tall corn grows  
I do a little thinkin' 'bout a girl named Rose  
Hair blonde as hay and long as a rope  
Up in Indiana where the tall corn growsUp in Indiana where the tall corn grows  
I do a little thinkin' 'bout a girl named Rose  
Hell don't care but heaven knows  
I'm up in Indiana where the tall corn growsMama, say a prayer for your only son  
God, forgive him, all the wrong he's done  
All he ever wanted is to have some fun  
And now he's up in Indiana till his time is doneUp in Indiana where the tall corn grows  
I do a little thinkin' 'bout a girl named Rose  
Hair blonde as hay and long as a rope  
Up in Indiana where the tall corn growsI do a little thinkin' 'bout a girl named Rose  
Hell don't care, heaven knows  
I'm up in Indiana where the tall corn growsShe looked over 22  
A man could drown in eyes so blue  
And now I've got some time to kill  
In a little town called HenryvilleUp in Indiana where the tall corn grows  
I do a little thinkin' bout a girl named Rose  
Hair blonde as hay and long as a rope  
Up in Indiana where the tall corn growsI do a little thinkin' 'bout a girl named Rose  
Hell don't care, heaven knows  
I'm up in Indiana where the tall corn growsWorking on the line ain't the life I know  
Wish I was floatin' on the river  
Out in the night [Incomprehensible]  
Laying on the bank with a fishing bow  
Instead of cutting this corn and losing my soulUp in Indiana where the tall corn grows  
I do a little thinkin' 'bout a girl named Rose  
Hair blonde as hay and long as a rope  
Up in Indiana where the tall corn growsI do a little thinkin' 'bout a girl named Rose  
Hell don't care, heaven knows  
I'm up in Indiana where the tall corn growsMiles and miles as they march back  
They lift their ears up to the sky  
Standin' tall and satisfied  
Like to try to run but I just might dieUp in Indiana where the tall corn grows  
I do a little thinkin' 'bout a girl named Rose  
Hair blonde as hay and long as a rope  
Up in Indiana where the tall corn growsI do a little thinkin' 'bout a girl named Rose  
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