Indiana

David Mead

So I'm calling you up on a very small phone
I'm in the middle of nowhere,
Population of one
Indiana's the wrong place to be stuck in a car
I'm the king of the highway, baby;
Let me conquer your heart

Come on sugar, just say I love you
You're out riding those concrete canyons
You don't know what it means to miss you
I'm still driving through Indiana

So you wanted some tales of my wild exploits
I had a couple of drinks in Cincy
And some drugs in Detroit
Then a guy in Chicago said I sing like a girl
So I bought him a round and thanked him;
What else could I do?

Come on sugar, just say I love you
You're out riding those concrete canyons
You don't know what it means to miss you
I'm still driving through Indiana

Say hello to your friends,
Guess we'll call it a night
I'm pulling off at a truck stop,
It's a glamorous life
Indiana's the wrong place
To be breaking apart
On a road that goes on forever,
Like a hole in your heart

Come on sugar, just say I love you
You're out riding those concrete canyons
You don't know what it means to miss you
I'm still driving through Indiana

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