

# Indiana

Bobby Darin

Back home again in Indiana ...

Ah, ... talk about the South!

And it seems that I can see  
The gleaming candlelight  
Still shinin' bright  
Through the sycamores for me.  
The new mown hay  
Sends all it's fragrance ...

You know 'bout that jazz.  
From the fields I used to roam.  
I'm a Yankee myself.  
When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash  
then I long for my Indian home.

Sounds like it could be fun!  
Back home again in Indiana ...  
Way out west!

And it seems that I can see ...  
See what?  
The gleaming' candlelight ...  
One watt.

Still shinin' bright  
Through the sycamores for me.  
The new mown hay ...

Cut it yourself?

Yeah, ... sends all it's fragrance  
From the fields I use to roam.

Roamin' in the gloamin'.  
When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash  
then I long for my Indiana home.

When the meadowlark  
Is singin' in the springtime ...

I want to sing a little swing.

I got the key, just follow me.  
Scat sing.

You mean?  
Scat sing.  
Scat sing.

When things are peachy  
On the old Ogichee ...

Where the heck is that?

When they start to shiver  
On the Hudson River ...

I know where that is!  
Yeah!

I dream of my Indiana ...

New York and Old Savannah ...

Dream of my Indiana home.  
Scat sing