Indiana

Rockapella

I got a hole in my pocket
And nothing coming down my leg
Thinkin' about my home

I got a box in my socket
The extra E is tellin' me
I never should have got up and grown.

I'm gonna hock every buck in the bank
And vacate this skinny town
Like a Finney Brown

I got a hole in my pocket and nothin' trickle down
Done permanent turn my mouth into a frown
Got fuel in the rocket start the countdown

I got a roach in the cabin and multiplyin' overtime
Under the laundry mat
I ain't seen the sun in a hundred million light years
Gimme a land that's flat

I'm on a budget of nothin'
My life is a lemon
I'm suckin' the rind and it's spittin' time

(It's what I ain't got)
My momma's grin
(It's what I ain't got)
I want to wear it again
(It's what I ain't got)
I want to get me on back to my.....

Indiana
Back to my Grandaddy's farm,
Someday I'll return to slam the backboard on the barn
Indiana
But now the grass and corn and fireflies
It's just a distant humble paradise

She got a tag on her pocketbook, fake alligator
Never took an animal life
She got a run in her stocking the length of an equator
Thinkin' she'll be my wife
She got my face in a locket a scap of tin around her finger
Diggin' the bone and I'm goin' home

(To what I ain't got)
My momma's grin
(To what I ain't got)
I want to wear it again
(To what I ain't got)
I want to get me on back to my
Gentlemen start your engines

Indiana
Gonna' hold my head up proud
I won't live in the shadow of no buildin'

Scrapin' up the clouds
Indiana
Down at the Brickyard on Memorial Day
I'm on one knee and beggin' you to stay

Oh, Honey
I got a token in my pocket
A wormy apple for the boss
Hitchin' it home tonight
I down a Coke and the sign says
Half way to Santa Clause
I feel I'm gonna ignite

They got a pie on the window
A pickup in the backyard
Ready to roam 'cause I'm comin' home

(To what I ain't got)
My momma's grin
(To what I ain't got)
I want to wear it again
(To what I ain't got)
My Hoosier kin
I'm gonna get it
I'm gonna get me and myself back to Indiana