

I remember the first time I drove through Indiana  
watching fences in the distance fade away  
once there was a girl I knew there and she was pretty  
we kept in touch until we both went our own ways

I remember the first time I drove through Indiana  
waving goodbye to the towns that we drove through  
far away I know they're deep inside a city  
running back and forth wanting only to get home

Once I was there in a dream meeting people  
without names and without faces they lived

I remember the first time I drove through Indiana  
watching semis hauling grain to the west  
they're gonna make it all the way to Colorado  
where the mountains touch the sky and rivers bend

I remember the first time I drove through Indiana  
thinking to myself how big this land really is  
amber waves of grain from a highway  
who lives in that house so far away

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