

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 grows

Up 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 grows

Mama, 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 done

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She 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 Henryville

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Working 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 soul

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Miles 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 die

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