

## (Back Home Again In) Indiana

**Straight No Chaser**

Back home again in Indiana  
And it seems that I can see  
The gleaming candlelight still shining bright  
Through the sycamores for me

The new-mown hay sends all its fragrance  
From the fields I used to roam  
When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash  
Then I long for my Indiana home

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