

# Indiana

Jeff Healey

I have always been a wand'rer  
Over land and sea  
Yet a moonbeam on the water  
Casts a spell o'er me  
A vision fair I see  
Again I seem to be

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.

Fancy paints on mem'ry's canvas  
Scenes that we hold dear  
We recall them in days after  
Clearly they appear  
And often times I see  
A scene that's dear to me

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