

Back Home Again in Indiana

Julie London

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

That 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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That gleaming candlelight, it's shining so bright
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