

Indiana

The Samples

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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