

Bobby Darin, Indiana

Johnny:
Back home again in Indiana

Bobby:
Ah, ... talk about the South!

Johnny:
And it seems that I can see
The gleaming candlelight
Still shinin' bright
Through the sycamores for me.
The new mown hay
Sends all its fragrance ...

Bobby:
You know bout that jazz.

Johnny:
From the fields I used to roam.

Bobby:
I'm a Yankee myself.

Johnny:
When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash
then I long for my Indian home.

Bobby:
Sounds like it could be fun!

Back home again in Indiana

Johnny:
Way out west!

Bobby:
And it seems that I can see ...

Johnny:
See what?

Bobby:
The gleaming' candlelight ...

Johnny:
One watt.

Bobby:
Still shinin' bright
Through the sycamores for me.
The new mown hay ...

Johnny:
Cut it yourself?

Bobby:
Yeah, ... sends all its fragrance
From the fields I use to roam.

Johnny:
Roamin' in the gloamin'.

Bobby:
When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash

then I long for my Indiana home.

Johnny:
When the meadowlark
Is singin' in the springtime ...

Bobby:
I want to sing a little swing.

Johnny:
I got the key, just follow me.
Scat sing.

Bobby:
You mean?
Scat sing.

Both:
Scat sing.

Johnny:
When things are peachy
On the old Ogichee ...

Bobby:
Where the heck is that?

When they start to shiver
On the Hudson River ...

Johnny:
I know where that is!

Bobby : Yeah!

Johnny:
I dream of my Indiana ...

Bobby:
New York and Old Savannah ...

Both:
Dream of my Indiana home.
Scat sing