

# 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