

# Lyle Lovett, Up In Indiana

Up in Indiana  
Where the tall corn grows  
I do a little thinking  
'Bout a girl named Rose  
Hair blond as hay  
And long as a row  
Up in Indiana  
Where the tall corn grows

Up in Indiana  
Where the tall corn grows  
I do a little thinking  
'Bout a girl named Rose  
Hell don't care  
But Heaven knows  
I'm up in Indiana  
Where the tall corn grows

Momma say a prayer for your only son  
God forgive him all the wrong he's done  
All he ever wanted was to have some fun  
Now he's up in Indiana 'til his time is done

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She looked all of twenty-two  
A man could drown in eyes so blue  
But now I've got some time to kill  
In a little town called Henryville  
Up in Indiana  
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Working on the line ain't the life I know  
Wish I was floating on the river out in Idaho

Or laying on the bank with a fishing pole  
Instead of cutting this corn and losing my soul

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Miles and miles as they march by  
They lift their ears up to the sky  
Standing tall and satisfied  
I'd try to run but I just might die

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