

Neil Diamond, Back Home Again In Indiana

I have always been a wand'rer
Over land and sea
Yet a moonbeam on the water
Casts a spell o'er me
A vision fair I see
Again I seem to be
Back home again in Indiana
And it seems that I can see
The gleaming candlelight still shining bright
Thro' the sycamores for me
The new mown hay sends all its fragrance
From fields I used to roam
When I dream
About the moonlight on the Wabash
Then I long for my Indiana home
Fancy paints on mem'ry's canvas
Scenes that we hold dear
We recall them in days after
Clearly they appear
And often times I see
A scene that's dear to me
Back home again in Indiana
And it seems that I can see
The gleaming candlelight still shining bright
Thro' the sycamores for me
The new mown hay sends all its fragrance
From fields I used to roam
When I dream
About the moonlight on the Wabash
Then I long for my Indiana home