

# Jimmy Dean, Back Home Again In Indiana

Back home again in Indiana oh it seems that I can see  
That gleaming candlelight still burning bright  
Through the sycamores for me  
That new mown hay sends all its fragrance  
From the fields I used to roam  
Oh I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash  
Then I long for my Indiana home

Back home again in Indiana oh it seems that I can see  
That gleaming candlelight still flickering bright  
Through the sycamores for me  
Lotsa mown hay sends all its fragrance  
From the fields I used to roam  
When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash  
And I long for my Indiana home