

Lyle Lovett, Up In Indiana - Acoustic

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

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
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

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
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
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

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

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
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

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

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
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

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
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

Up in Indiana
Where the tall corn grows

Up in Indiana
Where the tall corn grows