

Eddy Arnold, Back Home Again In Indiana

Back home again in Indiana,
And it seems that I can see
The gleaming candle light, still burning bright,
Through the Sycamores for me.
The new-mown hay sends all its fragrance
Through the fields I used to roam.
When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash
Then I long for my Indiana home.

[piano]

(When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash
Then I long for my Indiana home sweet home)

Back home again in Indiana...
(Indiana Indiana Indiana home)