

Samples, The "Indiana"

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I remember the first time I drove through Indiana
Watching fences in the distance fade away
Once there was a girl I knew there and she was pretty
We kept in touch until we just went our own ways

I remember the first time I drove through Indiana
Waving goodbye to the towns that we drove through
Far away I know they're deep inside a city
Rushing back and forth wanting only to get home
Once I was there in a dream meeting people
Without names and without faces they live

I remember the first time I drove through Indiana
I remember the first time I drove through Indiana

I remember the first time I drove through Indiana
Watching semis hauling grain to the West
We're gonna make it all the way to Colorado
Where the mountains touch the sky and rivers bend

I remember the first time I drove through Indiana
Thinking to myself how big this land really is
Amber waves of grain from a highway
Who lives in that house so far away?

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