

Jennifer Kimball

"East Of Indiana"

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I live East of Indiana, no tilling here to mourn
No fields to the horizon, your shirts were always torn.

Your gaze did slowly drift, sure as winter fell from Fall
And since you sent no letter I read the writing on the wall.
East of Indiana, East of Indiana

From the high ground she did spin her tales of being
left alone;
As if by spreading pain it seemed she could undo
some of her own.

If hell is here on earth, oh, then let me fall
Let me think I know what love is, I don't know anything
at all
East of Indiana, East of Indiana

In the nighttime did we sing.
The moon, her fullness won,
is now indifferent and pale
from here to kingdom come.
You reap what you will sow,
the harvest is on fire.
And little girls with little boys' names,
condemned, all, to desire.

In the golden streaming sundown, for a moment I
forget,
we thought we could go swimming without ever getting
wet.

But the sun will rake it's path across me to the west
And each day it sets above you, I am older, I am yet
East of Indiana, East of Indiana
East of Indiana, East of Indiana
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