

## Neil Diamond

# "Back Home Again In Indiana"

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I have always been a wand'rer  
Over land and sea  
Yet a moonbeam on the water  
Casts a spell o'er me  
A vision fair I see  
Again I seem to be  
Back home again in Indiana  
And it seems that I can see  
The gleaming candlelight still shining bright  
Thro' the sycamores for me  
The new mown hay sends all its fragrance  
From fields I used to roam  
When I dream  
About the moonlight on the Wabash  
Then I long for my Indiana home  
Fancy paints on mem'ry's canvas  
Scenes that we hold dear  
We recall them in days after  
Clearly they appear  
And often times I see  
A scene that's dear to me  
Back home again in Indiana  
And it seems that I can see  
The gleaming candlelight still shining bright  
Thro' the sycamores for me  
The new mown hay sends all its fragrance  
From fields I used to roam  
When I dream  
About the moonlight on the Wabash  
Then I long for my Indiana home

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