

Lorraine Feather "Indiana Lana"

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Indiana Lana was a runner out of Gary, Indiana.
Never was a runner who could beat the time of Indiana
Lana.

When she was only one,
She jumped up and began to run.
She ran around the apple tree,
Until you couldn't even see a blur.
"Now, get her!"

Soon the baby Lana was the dinner table talk of
Indiana,
Our budding champion!
Oh baby, how she could cover ground,

Quicker than a rabbit , with a habit
Of passing every car in Indiana.
"Way to go, Lana!"
How that little girl ran around.

Once she started movin' ,
Couldn't hardly stop.
She raced her brother's pickup truck
To the bait and tackle shop.
The boys all found it funny,
Till it hurt their pride
To see that squirt smoke everybody's ride.

High school brought her Track and Field,
And though she'd always fly,
Something never quite appealed,
And Lana told me why:

Pontiacs and Oldsmobiles
Were really more her speed.
She needed horsepower at her heels
To revel in her lead.

One day, at the end of May,
She jogged up to Thunder Bay,
Then thought it might be fun
To run down to Indianapolis Town.

Got to the place
Where there was a race,
Onto the speedway,
Into the lead, hey,
I don't jive,
She won the Indy Five.

Indiana Lana was a runner out of Gary, Indiana.
Never was a Hummer who could beat the time of
Indiana Lana.
She yelled "First place or bust!"
Then made those race cars eat her dust.
She ran around the track, and back
Around the track, and back around the track.
"You go, girl!"

Who began again to be the dinner table talk of Indiana?
Our home-grown champion!
Oh baby, how she could cover ground,

Quicker than a rabbit, with a habit
Of passing every car in Indiana.
"Way to go, Lana!"
How that little girl ran a-
How that little girl,
How that little girl,
How that little girl ran around!

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