

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Indiana

Par Louis Armstrong

Album : The Great Chicago Concert 1956 - Complete

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 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,

How 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 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,

How I long for my Indiana home.