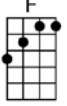
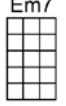
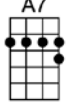
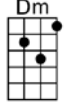
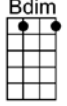
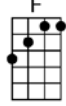
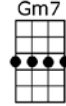
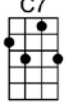
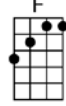
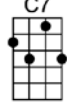
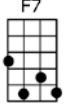
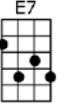

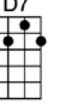
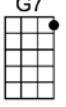
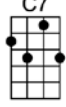
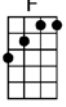
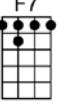
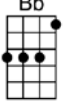
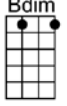
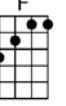
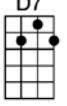


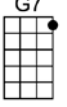
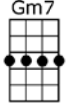
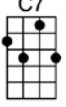
BACK HOME AGAIN IN INDIANA^(BAR)

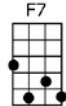
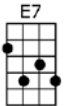
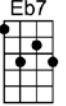

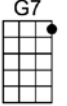
4/4 1234 1 (without intro)

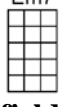
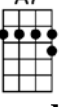
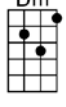
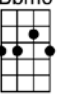
Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

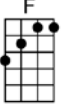

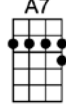
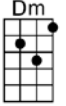
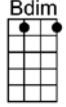
Back home again     **in Indi-ana and it seems that I can see**    

The gleaming candlelight still shining bright    

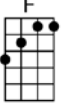
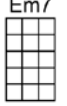

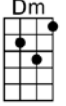
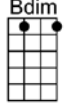
Through the sycamores for me   

The new mown hay     **sends all its fragrance** 

From the fields I used to roam    

When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash     

Then I long for my Indi -ana home    

When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash     

Then I long for my Indi -ana home 