

# Seminole Wind

John Anderson

[Verse 1]

Ever since the days of old  
Men would search for wealth untold  
They'd dig for silver and for gold  
And leave the empty holes

[Verse 2]

And way down south in the Everglades  
Where the blackwater rolls and the sawgrass waves  
The eagles fly and the otters play  
In the land of the Seminole

[Chorus]

So blow, blow Seminole wind  
Blow like you're never gonna blow again  
I'm calling to you like a long lost friend  
But I know who you are  
And blow, blow from the Okeechobee  
All the way up to Micanopy  
Blow across the home of the Seminoles  
The alligators and the gar

[Verse 3]

Progress came and took its toll  
And in the name of flood control  
They made their plans and they drained the land  
Now the glades are going dry

[Verse 4]

And the last time I walked in the swamp  
I sat upon a Cypress stump  
I listened close and I heard the ghost  
Of Osceola cry

[Chorus]

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