

The Byrds, Hickory Wind

Written by Parsons/Buchanan

In South Carolina, there're many tall pines
I remember the oak tree that we used to climb
But now when I'm lonesome I always pretend
That I'm gettin' the feel of hickory wind

I started out younger, had most everything
All the riches and pleasures, what else can life bring?
But it makes me feel better each time you begin
Callin' me home, hickory wind

It's a hard way to find out that trouble is real
In a faraway city with a faraway feel
But it makes me feel better each time you begin
Callin' me home, hickory wind
Keeps callin' me home, hickory wind