

Gram Parsons, Hickory Wind

In South Carolina there are 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 getting the feel of hickory wind

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

It's hard to find out that trouble is real
In a far away city, with a far away feel
But it makes me feel better each time it begins
Callin' me home, hickory wind

Keeps callin' me home, hickory wind