## 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