

James Taylor, Seminole Wind

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

Way down south in the Everglades,
Where the black water rolls
And the saw grass waves.
The eagles fly and the otters play,
In the land of the Seminole.

So blow, blow Seminole wind,
Blow like you're never gonna blow again.
I'm calling to you like a long lost friend,
'Cause I know who you are.

And blow, blow from the Okeechobee,
All the way up to Micanopy.
Blow across the home of the Seminole,
The alligators and the gar.

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.

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.

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(Blow, Seminole wind)
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(Blow, Seminole wind) (fade out)