

John Anderson, Small Town

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;
And 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;
Chorus
So blow, blow Seminole wind
Blow like you're never gonna blow again;
I'm callin' to you like a long-lost friend
But I don't know who you are;
And blow, blow from the Okeechobee
All the way up to Micanopy (pronounced: Meh-can-o-pee)
Blow across the home of the Seminole
The aligator and the gull
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 goin' dry
And the last time I walked in the swamp
I stood up on a cypruss stump
I listened close and I heard the ghost
Of Oseola cry
Chorus X2