Seminole Wind

James Taylor

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
Way down south in the Everglades
Where the black water rolls and the saw grass waves
Eagles fly and the otters play in the land of the Seminole
Blow, blow Seminole wind
Blow like you're never gonna blow again
Calling to you like a long lost friend
'Cause I know who you are
Blow, blow from the Okeechobee
Way up to Micanopy
Blow across the home of the Seminole
The alligator and the gar
Progress came and took it's toll
And in the name of flood control
They made their plans and they drained the land
And now the glades are going dry
Last time I walked in the swamp
I sat up on a Cypress stump

I listened close and I heard the ghost
Of Osceola cry
Blow, blow Seminole wind
Blow like you're never gonna blow again
Calling to you like a long lost friend
I know who you are
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Way up to Micanopy
Blow across the home of the Seminole
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Way up to Micanopy
Blow across the home of the Seminole

The alligator and the gar
Blow Seminole, blow Seminole, blow Seminole

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