

Hickory Wind

BR5-49

In South Carolina
There are many tall pines
I remember the oak tree
That we used to climbBut now when I'm lonesome
I always pretend
That I'm gettin' the feel
Of Hickory windBut I started out younger
At most everything
Without the riches and pleasures
What else could life bringBut it makes me feel better
Every time it begins
Calling me home
Hickory windWell, it's a hard place to find out
That trouble is real
In a far away city
With a far away feelBut I get feeling better
Every time it begins
Calling me home
Hickory windIt keeps calling me home
Hickory wind

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