

## Byrds "Hickory Wind"

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Written by Parsons/Buchanan

In South Carolina, there're 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 gettin' the feel of hickory wind

I started out younger, had most everything  
All the riches and pleasures, what else can life bring?  
But it makes me feel better each time you begin  
Callin' me home, hickory wind

It's a hard way to find out that trouble is real  
In a faraway city with a faraway feel  
But it makes me feel better each time you begin  
Callin' me home, hickory wind  
Keeps callin' me home, hickory wind

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