

## **James Taylor** **"Seminole Wind"**

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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

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Blow Seminole, blow Seminole, blow Seminole

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