

John Anderson **"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
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

So blow, blow Seminole wind
Blow like you're never gonna blow again
I'm calling to you like a long lost friend
But I know who you are
And blow, blow from the Okeechobee
All the way up to Micanopy
Blow across the home of the Seminole
The alligators and the gar
And 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 going dry
And the last time I walked in the swamp
I sat upon a Cypress stump
I listened close and I heard the ghost
Of Osceola cry

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