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## Byrds, The ''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 headin' the field 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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