

## Anderson John "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;  
Chorus  
So blow, blow Seminole wind  
Blow like you're never gonna blow again;  
I'm callin' to you like a long-lost friend  
But I don't know who you are;  
And blow, blow from the Okeechobee  
All the way up to Micanopy (pronounced: Meh-can-o-pee)  
Blow across the home of the Seminole  
The aligator and the gull  
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 goin' dry  
And the last time I walked in the swamp  
I stood up on a cypruss stump  
I listened close and I heard the ghost  
Of Oseola cry  
Chorus X2

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