

Seminole wind

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**

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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