

Hickory Wind

BR5-49

In South Carolina
There are 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 gettin' the feel
Of Hickory wind

But I started out younger
At most everything
Without the riches and pleasures
What else could life bring

But it makes me feel better
Every time it begins
Calling me home
Hickory wind

Well, it's a hard place to find out
That trouble is real
In a far away city
With a far away feel

But I get feeling better
Every time it begins
Calling me home
Hickory wind

It keeps calling me home
Hickory wind