

Hickory Wind

Joan Baez

In south carolina
There are many tall pines
I remember the oak tree
That we used to climb

But it makes me feel better
Each time it begins
Callin' me home
Hickory wind

I started out younger
At most everything
All the riches and pleasures
What else could life bring

But now when I'm lonesome
I always pretend
That I'm gettin' the feel of
Hickory wind

It's a hard way to find out
That trouble is real
In a far away city
With a far away feel

But it makes me feel better
Each time it begins
Callin' me home
Hickory wind
Keeps callin' me home
Hickory wind