

# Seminole Wind

Luke Combs

Ever since the days of old  
Men would search for wealth untold  
They'd dig for silver and for gold  
And they leaved the empty holes  
And way down south, in the Everglades  
Where the blackwater rolls and the sawgrass sways  
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  
In the name of flood control  
They made their plans and they drained the land  
And now the 'Glades are going dry  
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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Oh, Seminole wind  
Seminole wind  
Seminole wind  
Ah, Seminole wind, ah  
Seminole wind