

# SEMINOLE WIND

**Intro: 8 measures then 7 drum beats 9 measures**

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 sways  
The eagles fly and the otters play  
In the land of the Seminole

So blow, blow Seminole wind (ooh)  
Blow like you're never gonna blow again (ooh)  
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 (ooh)  
The alligators and the gar (ooh)

**Interlude: 8 measures**

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 stood up on a cypress stump  
I listened close and I heard the ghost  
Of Osceola cry

So blow, blow Seminole wind (ooh)  
Blow like you're never gonna blow again (ooh)  
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 (ooh)  
The alligators and the gar (ooh)

**Outro: 16 measures**