

Hickory Wind
The Byrds

From: TPLBA@aol.com
Subject: byrds; parsons, gram: Hickory Wind

Hickory Wind
Gram Parsons

G **D7 C** **G**
In South Carolina there are many tall pines
G **D7 C** **G**
I remember the oak tree that we used to climb
G **D7 C** **G**
But now when I m lonesome, I always pretend
G **D7 C** **G**
That I m getting the feel of hickory wind

I started out younger at most everything
All the riches and pleasures, what else could life bring?
But it makes me feel better each time it begins
Callin me home, hickory wind

It s hard 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

G **D7 C** **G**
Keeps callin me home, hickory wind