

# 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