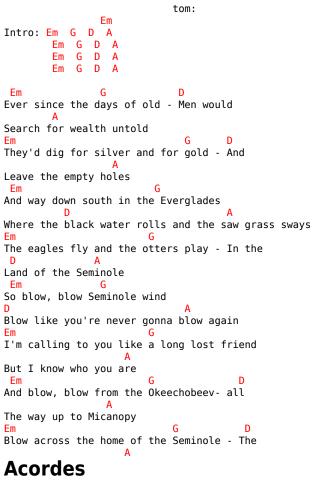
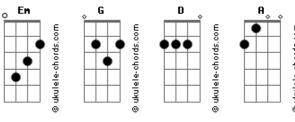


John Anderson - Seminole Wind





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Alligators and the gar
( Em G D A )
( Em G D A )
Progress came and took its toll - And in
The name of flood control
They made their plans and they drained the land
         D
Now the glades are going dry
And the last time I walked in the swamp - I
Sat upon a Cypress stump
I listened close and I heard the ghost - Of
Osceola cry
Em
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 Okeechobeev- all
The way up to Micanopy
Blow across the home of the Seminole - The
Alligators and the gar
```