

Em G
They made their plans and they drained the land
D A
Now the Glades are goin' dry
Em G
And the last time I walked in the swamp
D A
I stood up on a cypress stump
Em G
I listened close and I heard the ghost
D A
Of Osceola cry

[Chorus]

Em G
So blow, blow Seminole wind
D A
Blow like you're never gonna blow again;
Em G
I'm callin' to you like a long-lost friend
D A
But I know who you are;
Em G
And blow, blow from the Okeechobee
D A
All the way up to Micanopy
Em G
Blow across the home of the Seminole
D A
The alligators and the gar

[Outro]

Em G D A x3

(half time)

Em G D A x2

Em