

HICKORY WIND - Gram Parsons and Bob Buchanan

<sup>D</sup> In South Carolina, <sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup> There are many tall <sup>D</sup> pines  
I remember the <sup>A</sup> oak tree, <sup>G</sup> That we used to <sup>A</sup> climb  
But now when I'm <sup>G</sup> lonesome, <sup>A</sup> I always <sup>D</sup> pretend  
That I'm getting the <sup>G</sup> feel, <sup>A</sup> Of hickory <sup>D</sup> wind <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> I've started out <sup>A</sup> younger, <sup>G</sup> At most <sup>D</sup> everything  
All the riches and <sup>A</sup> pleasures, <sup>G</sup> what else could life <sup>A</sup> bring?  
But it makes me feel <sup>G</sup> better, <sup>A</sup> Each time it <sup>D</sup> begins  
Callin' me home, <sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup> Hickory <sup>D</sup> wind <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>

<sup>D</sup> It's hard to find out, <sup>A</sup> <sup>G</sup> That trouble is <sup>D</sup> real  
In a far away <sup>A</sup> city, <sup>G</sup> With a far away <sup>A</sup> feel  
But it makes me feel <sup>G</sup> better, <sup>A</sup> Each time it <sup>D</sup> begins  
Callin' me home, <sup>G</sup> <sup>A</sup> Hickory <sup>D</sup> wind <sup>G</sup> <sup>D</sup>