

Tony Joe White, Bi-Yo Rhythm

The moss hangs like witches hair from the big oak tree
And from across the swamp there comes riding on the breeze
The sound -- the sound -- Bi-Yo rhythm -- Bi-Yo rhythm

The rooster is born a fighter
Wears those surgeon blades on his legs
Hot blood, cold eyes
Headed for an early grave
He moves -- he moves with the sound
And he'll fight until they lay him in the ground
Bi-Yo rhythm -- Bi-Yo rhythm

The gator rides low in the water
But his eyes see everything
He watches the cities moving closer
Turning his home into a four lane
He moves -- he moves with the sound
He waits until it all comes down
Bi-Yo rhythm -- Bi-Yo rhythm