

# 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