

White Tony Joe

"Bi-yo Rhythm"

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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

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