

Bro Smith "Bigfoot"

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When the moon hangs high
On the breast of the lake
And the bite of the wind
Is like a slap in the face

A legend of horror
Lurks in the haze
It's Big Foot

A giant of a creature
All covered in hair
He's tall as a timber
And strong as a beat

Y'all better not go walking
Out there with Big Foot

[CHORUS]
Big Foot's coming
Gonna getcha, gonna getcha
Big Foot's coming
So you better watch out
Lock your doors
Board your windows
Big Foot's on the prowl

[Repeat CHORUS]

For hundreds of years
The legend has grown
About this big hairy man
That walks all alone

A mountain monster, ten feet tall
Called Big Foot

From the tales of the
Traders and trappers to
The image on Indian walls
From the Bear Paw
Mountains of Montana
To the signs of the great stars

From the Flatheads to Blackfeet
And the Sheshonees
He must have seen them all
And when the sun goes down
In the Northwest Woods
If you listen, you can hear him call

[Repeat CHORUS 2x]

Big Foot's on the prowl
Big Foot's on the prowl

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