

# Bayou

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See our wings  
As they burnish the sky  
And our hearts  
Our tiny hearts are beating  
Hear our song  
As it fanfares the night  
And our hearts  
Our tiny hearts are beating

They say  
"There'll be plenty more forever  
Enough for all to go around"

But in the Bayou  
When things get low, low , low  
We're gonna go go down

We fly from the billabong tree  
And now we sit in the marketplace  
Pull out feathers from our skin  
For another pretty hat  
On a pretty face

But in the Bayou  
When things get low, low , low  
We're gonna go go down  
But in the Bayou  
When things get low, low , low  
We're gonna go go down