

The P.i.g. (the Problem Is G.)

Blacklisted

Since I've been on the wane the days have felt exactly the same
I heard you squealing my name
Well, let them think whatever they may
You painted the perfect picture
From inside the pen with your
New
Pig
Friends
I've watched your disappointment in me grow
From the other side of the fence
The child that you didn't want our children to be
You
Squealed
And you
Squealed
In the pen with all the pigs
All the times you left work early to check on me was sweet
Wish I did more to welcome you but I was just trying to sleep
Still I have reason all my own why
I'm
This way
And knowing all that you know you chose to
Squeal
My
Name
And I may be shit
But I didn't once think
That you'd choose to climb into a pen with pigs
Live
In
It