

Four Wet Pigs

Greg Brown

Here's a little song about four wet pigs,
Just a little song about four wet pigs,
Two are little, two are big,
They're all dancing at the Mud-time jig.
The two that are little, little as an ear of corn
The two that are big, well they're bigger than a barn,
Bigger than a barn, taller than a tree,
Truck'em on down to the factory.
Cut 'em into bacon, slice 'em into ham,
Chop 'em into hot dogs, squeeze 'em into spam.
Throw their little eyes out in the rain,
Throw their little eyes out in the rain,
Throw their beady little piggy eyes out into the rain.
Pickle their feet and pickle their brains.
Here's a little song about two wet pigs,
Standing at the slop trough, smoking their cigs,
Wishing to god they'd never get big
Dancing out their hearts at the Mud-time jig.
Wishing to god they'd never get big,
And dancing out their hearts.
Dance little porkers!