

Four Wet Pigs

Here's a little song about four wet pigs.
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Two of 'em little and two of 'em big.
They danced all night at the Pig Town jig.

The two that were little were just half grown.
The two that were big were big as a barn,
Big as a barn, tall as a tree
Take 'em on down to the factory.

Slice 'em into bacon. Cut 'em into ham.
Chop 'em into hot dogs. Squeeze 'em into Spam.
Throw their little eyes out in the rain.
Pickly their feet and scramble their brains.

Here's a little song about two wet pigs,
Leaning on the slop trough, smokin' their cigs,
Hoping to God that they never get big.
They danced all night at the Pig Town jig.