

Four Wet Pigs

By Greg Brown
Arr. Mike Iverson

G tuning

G D7 G

Banjo

Here's a little song_ about_ four_ wet_ pigs.

Here's a little_ song about_ four_ wet_ pigs.

C G D7 G

Two_ of 'em little and_ two_ of 'em big. They_ danced all_ night at the_ pig_ town_ jig.

Two_ of 'em little and_ two_ of 'em big. They_ danced all_ night at the_ pig_ town_ jig.

Verse #2

The two that were little, were about 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.

Verse #3

Slice 'em into bacon, cut 'em into ham.

Roll 'em into hot dogs, squeeze 'em into spam.

Throw their little eyes out in the rain,

pickle their feet and scramble their brains!

Verse #4

Here's a little song about two wet pigs.

Leanin' against the slop trough smokin' their cigs.

Hoping to heaven that they never get big.

They danced all night at the pig town jig.