



Pigs on the Wing - Part I

If you didn't care what happened to me,
And I didn't care for you,
We would zig zag our way through the boredom and pain
Occasionally glancing up through the rain.
Wondering which of the buggars to blame
And watching for pigs on the wing.
You know that I care what happens to you,
And I know that you care for me.
So I don't feel alone,
Or the weight of the stone,
Now that I've found somewhere safe
To bury my bone.
And any fool knows a dog needs a home,
A shelter from pigs on the wing.

Pigs on the Wing - Part II

You know that I care
What happens to you
And I know that you care
For me too
So I don't feel alone
Or the weight of the stone
Now that I've found somewhere safe
To bury my bone
And any fool knows a dog needs a home
A shelter from pigs on the wing

And when you lose control, you'll reap the harvest you have sown
And as the fear grows, the bad blood slows and turns to stone
And it's too late to lose the weight you used to need to throw around
So have a good drown, as you go down all alone
Dragged down by the stone
(Stone, stone, stone...)

Got to admit that I'm a little bit confused
Sometimes it seems to me as if I'm just being used
Gotta stay awake, gotta try and shake off this creeping malaise
If I don't stand my own ground, how can I find my way out of this maze
Deaf, dumb and blind, you just keep on pretending
That everyone's expendable, and no one has a real friend
And it seems to you the thing to do would be to isolate the winner
Everything's done under the sun
But you believe at heart everyone's a killer

Who was born in a house full of pain
Who was trained not to spit in the fan
Who was told what to do by the man
Who was broken by trained personnel
Who was fitted with collar and chain
Who was given a pat on the back
Who was breaking away from the pack
Who was only a stranger at home
Who was ground down in the end
Who was found dead on the phone
Who was dragged down by the stone
Who was dragged down by the stone

Pigs

Big man, pig man
Ha ha, charade you are
Woo!
You!
Well heeled big wheel
Ha ha, charade you are
And when your hand is on your heart
You're nearly a good laugh
Almost a joker
With your head down in the pig bin
Saying, "Keep on digging"
Pig stain on your fat chin
What do you hope to find?
Down in the pig mine
You're nearly a laugh
You're nearly a laugh
But you're really a cry
Hey you, Whitehouse
Ha ha, charade you are
You!
House proud town mouse
Ha ha, charade you are
You're trying to keep our feelings
off the street
You're nearly a real treat
All tight lips and cold feet
And do you feel abused?
...I ...! ...! ...! ...! ...!
You!
Gotta stem the evil tide
And keep it all on the inside
Mary you're nearly a treat
Mary you're nearly a treat
But you're really a cry

