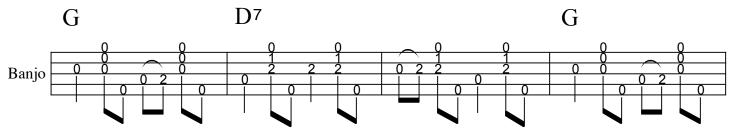
## Four Wet Pigs

(Chordal Backup)

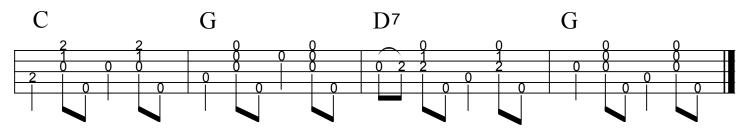
G tuning

By Greg Brown Arr. Mike Iverson



Here's a little\_song about\_\_\_ four\_wet\_pigs.

Here's a little\_song about\_\_ four\_wet\_pigs.



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.