

Four Wet Pigs

(Chordal Backup)

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

Banjo

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.