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.

Alternate measure # 1 & # 2 (back-up)

Alternate Measure # 3 & # 15

Mike Iverson lyrics and banjo mp3 instruction

Well 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,
Tak' em on down to the factory.

Bryan Bowers Autoharp Version

(Slightly different lyrics)

Well, 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.

Here's a little song about two wet pigs,
Leaning against a slop trough, smoking their cigs,
Hoping to heaven that they never get big
They danced all night at the pig-town jig

End - Measures 5-9

Hoping to heaven that they never get big
They danced all night at the pig-town jig