

Keith Whitley

"Sad Songs And Waltzes"

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Why don't you sit right back and I
I may tell you a tale, a tale of 3
Little pigs and a big bad wolf

Well, the first little piggy
Well, he was kinda hick
He spent most of his days
Just day dreamin' of the city

And then one day he bought a guitar
He moved to Hollywood to become a star
But living on the farm he knew nothing of the city
Built his house outta straw, what a pity?

Then one day
Jammin' on some chords
Along came the wolf
Knockin' on his door

Little pig, little pig let me in
Not by the hair of my chiny chin chin
Little pig, little pig let me in
Not by the hair of my chiny chin chin

Well, I'm huffin', I'm puffin'
I'll blow your house in
Huffin', puffin'
I'll blow your house in

I'm huffin', puffin'
I'll blow your house in
Huffin' and puffin'
An' I'll blow your house in

Well, the second little piggy
Well, he was kinda stokin'
Spent most of his days just a ganja smokin'
Hoppin' and a boppin' down on Venice beach
Gettin' paid money for religious speech

Built his shelter from what he garbage picked
Mostly made up of old cans and sticks

Then one day he was crankin' out Bob Marley
Along came the wolf on his big bad harley

Little pig, little pig let me in
Not by the hair of my chiny chin chin
Little pig, little pig let me in
Not by the hair of my chiny chin chin

Well, I'm huffin', I'm puffin'
I'll blow your house in
Huffin', puffin'
I'll blow your house in

I'm huffin', I'm puffin'
I'll blow your house in
Huffin' and puffin'
An' I'll blow your house in

Well, the third little piggy
The grade A student, his daddy was a rock star
Named Pig Nugent, earned his master's degree
From Harvard college

Built his house from his architect knowledge
A tri level mansion
Hollywood hills
Daddy's rock stardom
Paid for the bills

Then one day came the old house masher
The big bad wolf the little piggy slasher

Little pig, little pig let me in
Not by the hair of my chiny chin chin
Little pig, little pig let me in
Not by the hair of my chiny chin chin

Well, I'm huffin', I'm puffin'
I'll blow your house in
Huffin', puffin'
I'll blow your house in

Huffin', puffin'
I'll blow your house in
Huffin' and puffin'
An' I'll blow your house in

Well, the big bad wolf, well, he huffed and he puffed
All that he could and low and behold
The little piggy's house stood
It's made out of concrete the little piggy shouted

The wolf just frowned as he pouted
So they called 911 like any piggy would
They sent out Rambo just as fast as they could

Yo wolf face
I'm your worst nightmare
Your ass is mine

Well, the wolf fell dead as you can plainly see
And that's the end of story, for you and me
But still give a listen, you just may
Hear the big wolf and little piggies say

Little pig, little pig let me in
Not by the hair of my chiny chin chin
Little pig, little pig let me in
Not by the hair of my chiny chin chin

Well, I'm huffin', I'm puffin'
I'll blow your house in
Huffin', puffin'
Blow your house in
Huffin', puffin'
Blow your house in
Huffin', puffin'
Blow your house in

Huffin' and puffin' and
I'll blow your house in
Huffin' and puffin' and
I'll blow your house in
Huffin' and puffin' and
I'll blow your house in
Huffin' and I'll puffin' and
I'll blow your house in

And the moral of the story is
That bands with no talent
Can easily amuse idiots
With a stupid puppet show

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