Colonel Les Claypool's Fearless Flying Frog Brigade "Pigs (Three Different Ones)"

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Big man, pig man, ha ha, charade you are

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

When you're down in the pig mine

You're nearly a laugh

You're nearly a laugh

But you're really a cry

Bus stop rat bag, ha ha, charade you are

You fucked up old hag, ha ha, charade you are

You radiate cold shafts of broken glass

You're nearly a good laugh

Almost worth a quick grin

You like the feel of steel

You're hot stuff with a hat pin

And good fun with a hand gun

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 your feelings off the street

You're nearly a real treat

All tight lips and cold feet

And do you feel abused

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

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