

Pink Floyd

"Pigs On The Wing/pigson The Wing /pigs 3different Ones/sheep"

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Pigs On The Wing

If you didn't care what happened to me,
And I didn't care for you
We would zig zag our way through boredom and pain
Occasionally glancing up through the rain
Wondering which of the buggers to blame
And watching for pigs on the wing.

Sheep

Harmlessly passing your time in the grassland away
Only dimly aware of a certain unease in the air
You better watch out
There may be dogs about
I've looked over Jordan and I have seen
Things are not what they seem

What do you get for pretending the danger's not real
Meek and obedient you follow the leader
Down well trodden corridors, into the valley of steel
What a surprise!
A look of terminal shock in your eyes
Now things are really what they seem
No, this is no bad dream

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. I SHALL NOT WANT
HE MAKES ME DOWN TO LIE
THROUGH PASTURES GREEN HE LEADETH ME THE
SILENT WATERS BY
WITH BRIGHT KNIVES HE RELEASES MY SOUL
HE MAKETH ME TO HANG ON HOOKS IN HIGH PLACES
HE CONVERTETH ME TO LAMB CUTLETS
FOR LO, HE HATH GREAT POWER AND GREAT HUNGER
WHEN COMETH THE DAY WE LOWLY ONES
THROUGH QUIET REFLECTION, AND GREAT
DEDICATION,
MASTER THE ART OF KARATE
LO, WE SHALL RISE UP,
AND THEN WE'LL MAKE THE BUGGER'S EYES WATER.

Bleating and babbling I fell on his neck with a scream

Wave upon wave of demented avengers
March cheerfully out of obscurity into the dream

Have you heard the news?
The dogs are dead!
You better stay home and do as you're told
Get out of the road if you want to grow old.

Pigs (Three different ones)
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 bright lips and cold feet
And do you feel abused?
ffâ€¦! ffâ€¦! ffâ€¦! fuck
You gotta stem the evil tide
And keep it all on the inside
Mary you're really a treat
Mary you're really a treat
But you're really a cry.

Pigs on the Wing (Part Two)

You know that I care what happens to you
And I know that you care for me
So I don't feel alone
Or the weight of the stone
Now that I've found somewhere safe
To bury my bone
And any fool knows a dog needs a home
A shelter from pigs on the wing

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