Three Little Pigs

Green Jelly

Why don't you, sit right back,
And I, I may tell you, a tale.
A tale of three, little pigs,
And a big, bad, wolf.Well the first little piggy, well he was kinda hip.
He spent most of his days, just a dreaming 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 out of straw, what a pity.
And then one day, jamming on some chords,
Along came the wolf, knocking on his door.Little Pig, Little Pig, let me in.
Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!
Little Pig, little pig, let me in.
Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!
Well I'm huffing, I'm puffing, I'll blow your house in.
Huffing, puffin, blow your house in.
Huffing, puffin, blow your house in.
Huffing and a puffin and I'll blow your house in!Well the second little piggy, well he was kinda stoked.
He spent most of his time just a ganga smoking.
Huffing and a puffin down on Venice Beach.
Getting paid money for religious speech.
He built his shelter from what he garbage picked.
Mostly made up of old cans and sticks.
Then one day he was cranking out Bob Marley,
And along came the Wolf on his big bad Harley.Little Pig, Little Pig, let me in.
Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!
Little Pig, little pig, let me in.
Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!
Well I'm huffing, I'm puffing, I'll blow your house in.
Huffing, puffin, blow your house in.
Huffing, puffin, blow your house in.
Huffing and a puffin and 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 Masters 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.
And then one day came the old house smasher
The big bad wolf, the little piggy slasher.Little Pig, Little Pig, let me in.

Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!
Little Pig, little pig, let me in.
Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!
Well I'm huffing, I'm puffing, I'll blow your house in.
Huffing, puffin, blow your house in.
Huffing, puffin, blow your house in.
Huffing and a puffin and 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 nine-eleven, like any piggy would.
The 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.
That's to end the story, for you and me.
If you still give a listen, you just may,
Here the big wolf or little piggy say.Little Pig, Little Pig, let me in.
Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!
Little Pig, little pig, let me in.
Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!
Well I'm huffing, I'm puffing, I'll blow your house in.
Huffing, puffin, blow your house in.
Huffing, puffin, blow your house in.
Huffing, puffin, blow your house in.
Huffing and a puffin and I'll blow your house in!
Huffing and a puffin and I'll blow your house in!
Huffing and a puffin and I'll blow your house in!
Huffing and a puffin and I'll blow your house in!"And the moral of the story is,
A band with no talent can easily amuse
Idiots, with a stupid, puppet show."

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