

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 hick
He spent most of his days just a 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 out of straw, what a pity
And then one day, jammin' 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 huffin', I'm puffin', I'll blow your house in
Huffin', puffin', blow your house in
Huffin', puffin', blow your house in
Huffin' 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 day just in ganja smokin'
Huffin' 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 huffin', I'm puffin', I'll blow your house in
Huffin', puffin', blow your house in
Huffin', puffin', blow your house in
Huffin' 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 huffin', I'm puffin', I'll blow your house in
Huffin', puffin', blow your house in
Huffin', puffin', blow your house in

Huffin' 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
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
So, that's to end the story for you and me
If you still give a listen, you just may
Hear a 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 huffin', I'm puffin', I'll blow your house in
Huffin', puffin', blow your house in
Huffin', puffin', blow your house in
Huffin' 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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