

Tails And Trotters

Judy B. Goodenough, 1982

D Little piggy hollered in the middle of the night
G “Oh, no,” said the piggy, “I’ll show you all!”
He went under the fence and over the wall.
D “Tell me now, Mama, I wanna get it right.”
A He ran and he ran till the moon went down,
He ran and he ran till he came to a town.
G A D What’ll I be when I get big?”
D With a kink in his tail and a wink in his eye,
He put on a hat and he put on a tie;
G D A “Hush,” said his mama, “You’re gonna be a pig.”
D He parted his hair, bought a diamond ring,
And nobody noticed anything.
D “Oh see,” said the piggy, “I’m one of you.”
And everyone said, “How true, how true.”
He paid his money and he lived in style;
D G A D A G A D Sometimes he sang with half a smile:
You’re bacon, butt, and picnic shoulder.
G D He’s a big boar now, he’s executive pork,
And he eats his vittles with a knife and fork.
G A D A D He often thinks of that lonesome tune
All my sons and all my daughters
Are hocks and hams and tails and trotters.
His mama sang by the light of the moon.

“Oh, no,” said the piggy, “That’s mighty hard,
There’s more to me than loin and lard.
I can walk and talk, I’m young and strong.”
“Hush,” said his mama, “Not for long.”

“Oh, no,” said the piggy and he started to howl,
“There’s more to me than cheek and jowl.
I’m pink and pretty, I can sing and dance.”
“Hush,” said his mama, “You’ll never get a chance.”