

# Green Jelly, Three Little Pigs

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... Wolffffff!!!

Well the first little piggy  
Well he was kinda hick  
He spent most of his day just a dreamin' of the city  
And then one day, he bought a guitar  
He moved to Hollywood to become a star  
Livin' 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 knockin' on his door

(Chorus)  
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 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 a ganja smokin'  
Huffin and a puffin down on Venice Beach  
Gettin' paid money for religious speech  
Built his shelter from what he garbage picked  
Mostly made up of old cans and sticks  
Then one day he was crankin' out bob marley  
Along came the wolf on his big bad Harley

(Repeat Chorus)

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!

(Repeat Chorus)

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 911 like any piggy would  
They sent out Rambooo!  
Just as fast as they could

(Rambo)  
Yo, wolf face  
I'm your worst nightmare  
Your ass is mine!

(Gunshots being fired)

Well the wolf fell dead as you can plainly see  
And 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' puffin' blow your house in  
Huffin' and a puffin' and I'll blow your house in (4x)

And the moral of the story is...  
A band with no talent can easily amuse idiots with a stupid puppet show