

Farmer Boys, When Pigs Fly

Born into, born into this room as you
I have never left
I grew in my futility, just me
The room is was born into
Is made of cells without a view
An artificial wind that blew
To bring my silent love to you
Her angelic face, her immaculate grace
Are shining through the night
Like the stars in space and the moon in the sky
But loving you is like when pigs fly
I still know, I'll see you when we stand in rows
Ready for the walk
And so I will start to move and go
With you my darling hand in hand
We'll stumble to loading ramp
A cold September wind will blow
Then I will kiss you, yes I know
Her angelic face, her immaculate grace
Are shining through the night
Like the stars in space and the moon in the sky
But loving you is like when pigs fly