

Jelly Green, Three Little Pigs

Why don't you sit right back, and I, I may tell you a tale.

A tale of 3 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 outta straw, what a pity,

Then one day, jammin' on some chords,

Along came the wolf, knockin' on his door.

"Little pig, little pig, let me in."

"Not by the hair of my chiny-chin-chin."

"Little pig, little pig, let me in."

"Not by the hair of my chiny-chin-chin."

"Well, I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in. Huff and puff and blow your house in.

Huff and puff and blow your house in. Huffin' and a-puffin' and I'll blow your house in!"

Well, the second little piggy, well, he was kinda stokin',

Spent most of his days just-a ganja smokin',

Hoppin' and a-boppin' 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.

"Little pig, little pig, let me in."

"Not by the hair of my chiny-chin-chin."

"Little pig, little pig, let me in."

"Not by the hair of my chiny-chin-chin."

"Well, I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in. Huff and puff and blow your house in.

Huff and puff and blow your house in. Huffin' and a-puffin' and I'll blow your house in!"

Well, the third piggy was a grade A student,

His daddy was a rock star named Pig Nugent,

Earned his Master's 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,

Then one day came the old house masher,

The big bad wolf, the little piggy slasher,

"Little pig, little pig, let me in."

"Not by the hair of my chiny-chin-chin."

"Little pig, little pig, let me in."

"Not by the hair of my chiny-chin-chin."

"Well, I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in. Huff and puff and blow your house in.

Huff and puff and 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 9-11, like any piggy would,

They sent out Rambo just as fast as they could,

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

Well, the wolf fell dead as you can plainly see,

And that's the end of story for you and me,

But still give a listen, you just may,

Hear the big wolf and little piggies say,

"Little pig, little pig, let me in."

"Not by the hair of my chiny-chin-chin."

"Little pig, little pig, let me in."

"Not by the hair of my chiny-chin-chin."

"Well, I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in. Huff and puff and blow your house in.

Huff and puff and blow your house in. Huffin' and a-puffin' and I'll blow your house in!"

And the moral of the story is that bands with no talent

Can easily amuse idiots with a stupid puppet show.