

Pink Floyd, Animals

Pigs on the Wing (Part I)

If you didn't care what happened to me,
And I didn't care for you
We would zig zag our way
through the boredom and pain
Occasionally glancing up through the rain
Wondering which of the buggers to blame
And watching for pigs on the wing.

Dogs

You gotta be crazy,
You gotta have a real need
You gotta sleep on your toes,
When you're on the street
You gotta be able to pick out the easy meat
With your eyes closed
And then moving in silently,
Down wind and out of sight
You gotta strike when the moment is right
Without thinking.
And after a while,
You can work on points for style
Like the club tie,
And the firm handshake
A certain look in the eye,
And an easy smile
You have to be trusted
By the people that you lie to
So that when they turn their backs on you
You'll get the chance to put the knife in.
You gotta keep one eye
Looking over your shoulder
You know it's going to get harder,
And harder, and harder
As you get older
And in the end you'll pack up,
Fly down south,
Hide your head in the sand
Just another sad old man
All alone, dying of cancer.
And when you lose control,
You'll reap the harvest
You have sown.
And as the fear grows,
The bad blood slows and turns to stone
And it's too late to lose
The weight you used to need to throw around
So have a good drown,
As you go down, all alone,
Dragged down by the stone.
I gotta admit
That I'm a little bit confused
Sometimes it seems to me
As if I'm just being used.
Gotta stay awake, gotta try and shake off
This creeping malaise
If I don't stand my own ground,
How can I find my way out of this maze?
Deaf, dumb, and blind,
You just keep on pretending
That everyone's expendable,
And no one has a real friend.
It seems to you the thing to do
Would be to isolate the winner
Everything's done under the sun

And you believe at heart, everyone's a killer.
Who was born in a house full of pain
Who was trained not to spit in the fan
Who was told what to do by the man
Who was broken by trained personnel
Who was fitted with collar and chain
Who was given a pat on the back
Who was breaking away from the pack
Who was only a stranger at home
Who was ground down in the end
Who was found dead on the phone
Who was dragged down by the stone.
Pigs (Three different ones)
Big man, pig man, ha ha, charade you are
You well heeled big wheel, ha ha, charade you are
And when your hand is on your heart
You're nearly a good laugh
Almost a joker
With your head down in the pig bin
Saying "keep on digging"
Pig stain on your fat chin
What do you hope to find?
When you're down in the pig mine
You're nearly a laugh
You're nearly a laugh
But you're really a cry.
Bus stop rat bag, ha ha, charade you are
You fucked up old hag, ha ha, charade you are
You radiate cold shafts of broken glass
You're nearly a good laugh
Almost worth a quick grin
You like the feel of steel
You're hot stuff with a hat pin
And good fun with a hand gun
You're nearly a laugh
You're nearly a laugh
But you're really a cry.
Hey you Whitehouse, ha ha, charade you are
You house proud town mouse, ha ha, charade you are
You're trying to keep your feelings off the street
You're nearly a real treat
All tight lips and cold feet
And do you feel abused?
...!...!...!
You gotta stem the evil tide
And keep it all on the inside
Mary you're nearly a treat
Mary you're nearly a treat
But you're really a cry.
Sheep
Harmlessly passing your time in the grassland away
Only dimly aware of a certain unease in the air
You better watch out
There may be dogs about
I've looked over Jordan and I have seen
Things are not what they seem.
What do you get for pretending the danger's not real
Meek and obedient you follow the leader
Down well trodden corridors into the valley of steel
What a surprise!
A look of terminal shock in your eyes
Now things are really what they seem
No, this is no bad dream.
The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want
He makes me down to lie

Through pastures green he leadeth me the silent waters by
With bright knives he releaseth my soul
He maketh me to hang on hooks in high places
He converteth me to lamb cutlets
For lo, m he hath great power and great hunger
When cometh the day we lowly ones
Through quiet reflection and great dedication
Master the art of karate
Lo, we shall rise up
And then we'll make the bugger's eyes water.
Bleating and babbling we fell on his neck with a scream
Wave upon wave of demented avengers
March cheerfully out of obscurity into the dream.
Have you heard the news?
The dogs are dead!
You better stay home
And do as you're told
Get out of the road if you want to grow old.
Pigs on the Wing (Part II)
You know that I care what happens to you
And I know that you care for me
So I don't feel alone
Of the weight of the stone
Now that I've found somewhere safe
To bury my bone
And any fool knows a dog needs a home
A shelter from pigs on the wing.