

# Pink Floyd, 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 our feelings off the street  
You're nearly a real treat  
All tight lips and cold feet  
And do you feel abused?  
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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.