

Three Little Pigs

Straw Pig

Workin' too hard ain't a life worth leading,
(Ain't gonna have to do no work no more)
No point working 'til my hands start bleeding
(This is gonna be the final straw)
My neck's not stiff and my knees are not
creakin'
(Ain't gonna have to do no work no more)
I'm settin' myself up for a six-day weekend!
(This is gonna be the final straw)

I'm not wasting hours of my day,
Working my whole life away,
Not sure why I would
When I know that I could
Have so much more time to play!

Sticks Pig

Workin' too hard ain't a great idea,
(And I got myself a big bag of tricks)
Save my body if I use up here,
(Bundling up a bunch of sticks)
My shoulders still work and my feet aren't
tired
(And I got myself a big bag of tricks)
I'll still be young when I retire
(Bundling up a bunch of sticks)

I'm saving myself aches and pains,
Sticking to using my brains,
Soon I'll be done,
And a life full of fun,
Is how I'll be spending my days

Bricks Pig

I'm Working real hard while the sun is beatin'
(Bricks and mortar, lay another one down)
Setting myself up to not be eaten,
(Concrete mixer spins 'round and 'round)
Blisters on my hands and they feel like leather,
(Bricks and mortar, lay another one down)
Building something that will last forever,
(Concrete mixer spins 'round and 'round)

I know if I work hard today,
And push through discomfort and pain,
The effort I'm makin'
Will save my bacon,
In the end I'll be okay,

Wolf

Don't judge me on my arrival,
(Big and Bad is just his name)
I'm only here for my survival,
(If you were him, you'd do just the same)
My fur is cold and my belly empty,
(Big and Bad is just his name)
There's pigs near by and their smell is
tempting,
(If you were him, you'd do just the same)

No matter how hard that I try,
It's a struggle just to stay alive,
So I'll huff and I'll puff,
Until I get enough,
And I will till the day that I die!