

With Bad Blood

Death in June

Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock
Three piggies standing in the dock
Their pockets all empty and bare
Their futures, their homes, nowhere

With egos they decide to lead
With stupidity they bruise and bleed
What comfort they could have had
Now gone and up for grabs

Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock
Three piggies standing in the dock
Snouts all bloody and red
They should have said goodbye instead