

## When Pigs Fly

Farmer Boys

Born into, born into this room as you  
I have never left  
I grew in my futility, just me  
The room is was born into  
Is made of cells without a view  
An artificial wind that blew  
To bring my silent love to you  
Her angelic face, her immaculate grace  
Are shining through the night  
Like the stars in space and the moon in the sky  
But loving you is like when pigs fly  
I still know, I'll see you when we stand in rows  
Ready for the walk  
And so I will start to move and go  
With you my darling hand in hand  
We'll stumble to loading ramp  
A cold September wind will blow  
Then I will kiss you, yes I know  
Her angelic face, her immaculate grace  
Are shining through the night  
Like the stars in space and the moon in the sky  
But loving you is like when pigs fly