

Pig

Harry Belafonte

It was early last December
As near as I remember
Oh I staggered down the street
In tipsy pride

Soon I lay down in the gutter
Thinking thoughts I cannot utter
When a pig came up
And lay down by my side

Two old ladies passing by
Oh gave me the choiceness eye
And laying there I over heard one say
Stststst, uh, uh, uh, uh

You can tell a man who boozes
By the company he chooses
Then the pig got up and slowly walked away