

Poor Swine

Coyne, Kevin

See the red-neck climb the cobbled streets casting roses around
Little old ladies hang from windows tears rolling right to the
ground Seven men down in a hole everyone of them is dead And i
t would have been better if he'd stayed home in his big fat bed

I feel sorry for that man, I know he's doing the best he can He
might sit at home and sip his dinner wine but God help the poo
r swine God help the poor swine

Smart wife, posing and gracious [or Smart wife pours the 'Earl
Gray' says] "How's it going today?" Chinless wonder son fusses
in the hall, don't even hear his call Goes to his room and lies
on the bed feeling sick and low Flash car in the drive, but, m
an alive! There's nowhere he can go

I feel sorry for that man, I know he's doing the best he can He
might sit at home and sip his dinner wine but God help the poo
r swine God help the poor swine

He needs help, can't help himself

We feel smart cause we got roots wearing our big pit boots We f
eel so grand, we think we understand With our red, gnarled hand
s But we don't see that an M. B. E. can lead to grief and pain
Oh I love that man, I think I understand although he don't know
my name

I feel sorry for that man I know he's doing the best he can He
might sit at home and sip his dinner wine But God help the poor
swine