

Pigs Can't Fly

The Irish Rovers

I once had a pig that loved me
I lived in a shed in the country
In a middle class district of Dunfries
But that sad kind of pig was he

Chorus:

Pigs can't swim and pigs can't fly
But pigs can see the wind go by
Pigs make lovely household friends
When winter comes and summer ends.

Each week that lofty beastie
Would beg with eyes so misty
To take a boat o'er to England
His life dreams to fulfill.

To plunge into the Channel
Swim to France would be his gamble
Florence Chadwick couldn't hold a candle
To such a darin' pig as he.

"Are you tired of me?" I asked him
"Will our friendship not be lastin'?"
But he told me I was graspin'
And he needed to be free.

"So will you take me there tomorrow?"
"In a pigs eye" I said with sorrow
So he drowned himself in the bathtub
(Naughty boy) and I had porkchops for me tea.

Early in the morning
So early in the morning.
So early in the morning.
Before the break of day.