

The pig? - Hungry Hilda

Just call me Hilda the GLAMOROUS pig
Now I've made up my mind to be slim.
Eat what you fancy, I don't give a fig,
I'm enjoying myself at the gym!

My brothers and sisters are first at the trough
Rubbing their trotters with glee.
But I stand back with a delicate cough
And I say "only cabbage for me!"

The farmer looks on with his head in his hands
And he says "I don't know what's the matter!"
I feed you pigs pudding but as your weight stands
You could never be served on a platter!"

I want to be weight watchers "pig of the year"
I want to find fortune and fame.
If I do win a title it's perfectly clear
That "Miss bacon joint" won't sound the same.

So I aim for a dainty and civilised life.
Now that is my honest intention.
I don't sniff and snort or eat peas with my knife
(Unlike some folk I could mention!)

Eat less and live a lot longer they say,
So it's really not over the top
For a pig to be slim, if I don't fade away
I'll be last little pig for the chop!

Davina