

Elvis Costello, Swine

You're a swine and I'm saying that's an insult to the pig
In the foul furrow that you dig
Why don't you lay your head down
In that unconsecrated ground
WAS she your MOTHER?
Or WAS she your bride
To defile and to blister
To gnaw at her side
Is this the end of the world?
Now that you've finished your life
This RIDDLE is the work of my little pen-knife