

# 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