

## Elvis Costello "How Deep Is The Red"

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They said that Jenny too was once an ugly wretch  
And how her dress was torn and ragged  
Back when her life was brief and rugged  
She had no sense for fine perfume  
And still her eyes cast down as she walks  
Through each gilded room

You'll note her gowns are never  
Hung with a string of pearls  
No one who sees her, plain and modest  
Senses the illegitimate girl, hidden within  
So, hark and hail, "The Swedish Nightingale"

Is this is not a pretty tale? Is this not a riddle?  
A bow shoots arrows through the air

A bow drags notes from a fiddle  
But who is the beau of poor girl's dreams?  
That a king may send to battle

Is this not a pretty tale? Is this not a riddle?  
If red is the breast of soldier's tunic  
Hung with a silver medal  
And red is the thorn that protects the rose  
A deeper red than the petal

How deep is the red our redeemer bled  
The debt of our sins to settle?  
How deep is the red?  
How deep is the red?  
How deep is the red our redeemer bled?  
How deep is the red?

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