

## Giuseppe

Christy Moore

Every time I go to London  
I think about Giuseppe Conlon  
Who left his home in Belfast  
And travelled over to his son  
As he said goodbye to Sarah  
And took the boat to Heysham  
Little did Giuseppe know  
He'd never see that place again.

Giuseppe was an ailing man  
And every breath he drew  
Into his tired lungs  
He used to maintain his innocence  
Behind those walls  
Behind those bars  
For everyday remaining in his life  
Maintaining his innocence  
Giuseppe Conlon, Giuseppe.