

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.