

# Veronica

Christy Moore

In the broad daylight of a Summer's day  
On the Cork to Dublin motorway  
Suddenly the singing birds  
Were startled in their song  
In the quiet of that moment  
Our world went out of kilter  
In that split second  
Veronica was gone

But you will never silence her  
Your story will be written  
Her spirit won't rest easy  
Until her job is done  
With fists and boots you broke her bones  
You gunned her down at home  
But as soon as she was able  
She faced you once again

You who made the phone call  
And you who took the message down  
You who hired the hit men  
And you who hatched the plan  
You who drew the money down  
And you who paid it over  
You who remain silent  
You are guilty, every one

Veronica, Veronica, Veronica, warrior woman  
Veronica, Veronica, Veronica, I offer you this song