

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