

# Veronica

Elvis Costello

Is it all in that pretty little head of yours?  
What goes on in that place in the dark?  
Well I used to know a girl  
And I could have sworn that  
Her name was Veronica  
Well she used to have  
A carefree mind of her own and  
A delicate look in her eye  
These days I'm afraid  
She's not even sure  
If her name is Veronica

Do you suppose,  
That waiting hands on eyes,  
Veronica has gone to hide?  
And all the time she laughs  
At those who shout  
Her name and steal her clothes  
Veronica  
Veronica

Did the days drag by?  
Did the favours wane?  
Did he roam down the town  
All the while?  
Will you wake from your dream,  
With a wolf at the door,  
Reaching out for Veronica  
Well it was all of sixty-five years ago  
When the world was the street  
Where she lived  
And a young man sailed on  
A ship in the sea  
With a picture of Veronica

On the "Empress of India"  
And as she closed her eyes  
Upon the world and  
Picked upon the bones  
Of last week's news  
She spoke his name out loud again

Do you suppose,  
That waiting hands on eyes,  
Veronica has gone to hide?  
And all the time she laughs  
At those who shout  
Her name and steal her clothes  
Veronica  
Veronica

Veronica sits in her favourite chair  
She sits very quiet and still  
And they call her a name  
That they never get right and  
If they don't then nobody else will  
She used to have

A carefree mind of her own,  
With a devilish look in her eye  
Saying "You can call me  
Anything you like,  
But my name is Veronica"

Do you suppose,  
That waiting hands on eyes,  
Veronica has gone to hide?  
And all the time she laughs  
At those who shout  
Her name and steal her clothes  
Veronica  
Veronica

Oh, Veronica.