

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.