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.