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 VeronicaWell 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 VeronicaDo 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
VeronicaDid the days drag by? Did the favors 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 VeronicaWell 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 VeronicaOn 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 againDo 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
VeronicaVeronica sits in her favorite chair
And 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 willBut she used to have a carefree mind of her own
With 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

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