

## Elvis Costello "Veronica"

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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 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 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 weeks 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 favorite 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

But 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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