

Christy Moore

"Veronica"

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In the broad daylight of a Summer's day,
On the Cork to Dublin motorway.
Suddenly the singing birds,
Were startled in their song.
In the quiet of that moment,
Our world went out of kilter.
In that split second,
Veronica was gone.

But you will never silence her,
Your story will be written,
Her spirit won't rest easy,
Until her job is done.
With fists and boots you broke her bones,
You gunned her down at home,
But as soon as she was able,
She faced you once again.

You who made the phone call,
And you who took the message down,
You who hired the hit men,
And you who hatched the plan,
You who drew the money down,
And you who paid it over,
You who remain silent,
You are guilty, every one.

CHORUS

Veronica, Veronica, Veronica, warrior woman,
Veronica, Veronica, Veronica, I offer you this song.

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