## Giuseppe

## **Christy Moore**

Every time I go to London I think about Giuseppe Conlon Who left his home in Belfast And travelled over to his son As he said goodbye to Sarah And took the boat to Heysham Little did Giuseppe know He'd never see that place again.

Giuseppe was an ailing man And every breath he drew Into his tired lungs He used to maintain his innocence Behind those walls Behind those bars For everyday remaining in his life Maintaining his innocence Giuseppe Conlon, Giuseppe.