

Thompson Richard

"Valerie"

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Oh Valerie! You give me heart attack
Oh Valerie! You put me on the rack
Oh you say that I'm history, you say I'm no good
Then you want to be two babes in the wood
That's what I call playing to the gallery
Well I'm a-wait, wait, waiting for Valerie
Hey Valerie! She got a scar down here
Valerie! She got gold in her ear
A figure like this, lips like that
Red fingernails, teeth like a cat
She never gets home till five or four or three
Well I'm a-wait, wait, waiting for Valerie
Well I'm soft in the head, I give her hard cash
She spends all my money on junk and trash
Nylon fur, plastic shoes
And fifty-seven things she's never going to use
Never, never, never going to use
Oh Valerie! Oh Valerie! Oh Valerie!
Well Valerie! You're going to choke or drown
Valerie! Why don't you put that down?
If you don't get over this eating jag

They're going to take you home in a body bag

I can't stand to see one more calorie

Well I'm a-wait, wait, waiting for Valerie

Now every time I turn my back

She's 'round the corner, looking for a crack

It's going to be the ruin of me

Well I'm running on nervous energy

Running on nervous energy

Oh Valerie! She want to move out of town

Valerie! She want the money down

She want leopard-skin this, tiger-skin that

Matching luggage, lipstick, hat

I can't afford her on my salary

Still I'm a-wait, wait, waiting for Valerie

I'm a-wait, wait, waiting for Valerie

Hmm I'm a-wait, wait, waiting for Valerie

Valerie! Oh Valerie! Well! Whooo

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