

Valerie

Richard Thompson

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