

Valerie

Marshall Crenshaw

Valerie, you put me on the rack
Valerie, you'll give me a heart attack
You say that I'm history
You say I'm no good

Then you want to be like two babes in the wood
That's what I wouldn't call playing to the gallery
I keep waiting, waiting, waiting for Valerie
Valerie, why don't you put that down?

Valerie, you're gonna choke and drown
If you don't give up off this junk food jag
They're gonna take you home in a body bag
I can't stand to see one more calorie
I keep waiting, waiting, waiting for Valerie

Well, I'm soft in the head, and I give her hard cash
She spends all my money on junk and trash
Nylon fur and plastic shoes
And fifty-seven things she's never gonna use
Never, never gonna use, Valerie

She's got a figure like this, lips like that
Red fingernails, teeth like a cat
I know she's going to be the ruin of me
She's got me running on nervous energy
Runnin' on nervous energy

Valerie, she wants to move out of town
Valerie, she wants the money down
Valerie, she wants leopard skin this and tiger skin that
Matching luggage and a matching hat
I can't afford her on my salary

I keep waiting, waiting, waiting for Valerie
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