

# 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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