

## 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