

# Steve Winwood, Valerie

So wild, standing there, with her hands in her hair  
I can't help remember just where she touched me  
There's still no face here in her place  
So cool, she was like jazz on a summer's day  
Music, high and sweet, then she just blew away  
No she can't be that warm with the wind in her arms

Valerie, call on me-call on me, Valerie  
Come and see me-I'm the same boy I used to be

Love songs fill the night, but they don't tell it all  
Not how lovers cry out just like they're dying  
Her cries hang there in time somewhere  
Someday, some good wind may blow her back to me  
Some night I may hear her like she used to be  
No it can't be that warm with the wind in her arms

So cool, she was like jazz on a summer's day  
Music, high and sweet, then she just blew away  
No she can't be that warm with the wind in her arms