

# Barbara Parzczewska, Valerie

Well, sometimes I go out by myself  
And I look across the water  
And I think of all the things, what you're doing  
And in my head I paint a picture

'Cause since I've come on home  
Well, my body's been a mess  
And I've missed your ginger hair  
And the way you like to dress

Won't you come on over  
Stop makin' a fool out of me  
Why don't you come on over, Valerie?  
Valerie, Valerie, Valerie

Did you have to go to jail  
Put your house on up for sale  
Did you get a good lawyer?

I hope you didn't catch a tan  
I hope you found the right man  
Who'll fix it for you

Are you shopping anywhere  
Changed the color of your hair  
Are you busy?

And did you have to pay that fine  
You were dodging all the time  
Are you still dizzy?

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Well, my body's been a mess  
And I've missed your ginger hair  
And the way you like to dress

Won't you come on over  
Stop makin' a fool out of me  
Why don't you come on over, Valerie?  
Valerie, Valerie, Valerie

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Won't you come on over  
Stop makin' a fool out of me  
Why don't you come on over Valerie?  
Valerie, Valerie, Valerie

Valerie, Valerie, Valerie, Valerie  
Why don't you come on over, Valerie?