

Tinman Jones, Valet

Dressed in black
White gloves and all
You drive up and I greet you
A glad handshake and the money
But that's not all that I'm into

I take your keys
I park your ride
I'm your valet
I hope you're smiling inside

Because I love you
I want to serve you
I want to serve you

You're worth more to me than me you are, you are
I hope I can make you see you are, you are

You look around
And wonder what you should do
I close my eyes
And I deliver to you

We are here
You are there
We're your valet
We came to erase despair

Because I love you
I want to serve you
I want to serve you

You're worth more to me than me you are, you are
I hope I can make you see you are, you are