

Valerie

Steve Winwood

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
Now 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
Valerie, call on me
Call on me, Valerie
Come and see me
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