

Louis Tomlinson, 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
So, why don't you come on over Valerie?
Valerie, Valerie, Valerie

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