

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

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