

# 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?