

# Raquel

## Bonet de San Pedro

Raquel.

I am not well.

Raquel.

And if I was a bell,

I wish that you'd ring it.

And if I had something to tell  
I could not unless I could sing it.

Raquel.

I am not well.

And if I was a ball,

I wish that you'd bounce it.

And if I give you a telephone call,  
Oh baby, please don't announce it.

Don't announce it.

Raquel.

I am not well.

Raquel.

What is this feeling  
that I'm not trying to squelch?

I don't know your last name,  
I just know it's not Welch.

Raquel.

You always cast a spell.

And if I was a ghost,

I wish that you'd haunt me.

But what I'd really like the most  
is baby, baby--that you want me.

What is this feeling  
that I'm not trying to hide?

I feel no shame  
but I feel no pride.

Raquel.

It's a color call from hell.

And if you had a brain,

I think that you'd diss me.

But if you was really insane,  
Oh baby, baby--could you kiss me?

Could you kiss me?

Raquel.  
I am not well.  
Raquel.  
Raquel.  
I am unwell.  
Raquel.

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