Rachel

Marley's Ghost

Rachel was a girl I used to love when I was young.
Shoulda heard the love songs that we sung.
Shoulda heard the way we laughed, walkin' 'long the stream,
barefoot through the meadow by the lazy San Joaquin.
Rachel was a melody that I first learned to sing,
and a sorceress just barely in her teens.
Skinny-dipping sight to see with freckles everywhere.
Queen in faded hand-me-downs, wildflowers in her hair.
She had a way of saying this was never gonna end,
saying good night like a lover and good morning like a friend.
Rachel was a watermelon, ripe and freshly stole.
First girl I ever loved, first lie that I told.
Rachel laughed and Rachel sang and Rachel held my hand.
Rachel watched me grow into a man.
Rachel sat and listened to me when I told a lie.
Rschel waved me out of sight when I said goodbye.
The San Joaquin still rolls along where me and Rachel strolled.
But the meadows turned to parking lots and me and Rachel's old
Rachel's just a memory that I still like to hold.
First girl I ever loved, first lie that I told.
First girl I ever loved, first lie that I told.

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