Raquel

Raquel

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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