

Raquel

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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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