

Violent Delight ''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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