

# Violent Femmes, 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.