

# Rachel

Stephen Duffy

Be my liberty, be my fact and fantasy  
Make love while you can  
Has there been a better plan?

Well, I could go on but I just don't know  
I had to fall a little, crawl a little  
Do it in the hall a little, Rachel

I kissed your lips, I lifted up my voice  
I had to weep a little, creep a little  
Do it in the street a little, Rachel

Fire down below  
Tell me where do kisses go  
Fire the glamor guns  
The junky girls have junky sons

I'm a gangster priest but I fell in love  
I had to fall a little, crawl a little  
Do it in the hall a little, Rachel

I kissed your lips, I lifted up my voice  
I had to weep a little, creep a little  
Do it in the street a little, Rachel

Everything is great, I don't know what to do  
Don't know what to wear or who to make love to  
Have you seen those films where they look like us?  
Without such grace perhaps and with too much fuss

Singing, "Where were you in '82  
When there were great new drugs to do?"  
And where are those that voted for  
The end of all that we fought for?

Be my liberty, be my fact and fantasy  
Make love while you can  
Has there been a better plan?

Well, I could go on but I just don't know  
I had to fall a little, crawl a little  
Do it in the hall a little, Rachel

And I kissed your lips, I lifted up my voice  
I had to weep a little, creep a little  
Do it in the street a little, Rachel

Rachel, Rachel, Rachel  
Rachel, Rachel, Rachel  
Rachel, Rachel, Rachel  
Rachel, Rachel