

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

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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?

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Rachel, Rachel, Rachel
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Rachel, Rachel