

# Carlos Santana, Evil Ways

You've got to change your evil ways, baby  
Before I stop lovin' you  
You've got to change, baby  
And every word that I say is true  
You've got me runnin' and hidin'  
All over town  
You've got me sneakin' and a peepin'  
And runnin' you down  
This can't go on  
Lord knows you've got to change  
Baby, baby

When I come home, baby  
My house is dark and my thoughts are cold  
You hang around, baby  
With Jean and Joan and a who knows who  
I'm getting tired of waiting and fooling around  
I'll find somebody that won't  
Make me feel like a clown  
This can't go on  
Lord knows you've got to change

When I come home, baby  
My house is dark and my thoughts are cold  
You hang around, baby  
With Jean and Joan and a who knows who  
I'm getting tired of waiting and fooling around  
I'll find somebody that won't  
Make me feel like a clown  
This can't go on

Yeah, yeah, yeah