

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