

Santana, Night Hunting Time

Drunk all the whiskey
But I still cant get no rest
Brain trapped on a roller coaster
Got a pain in my chest
Cold water on my eyeballs
Send a shiver up my spine
Hit the street in the wee wee hours
This is the night hunting time

CHORUS:

Dont know what Im doing here
Dont know what Im doing here
Got to get my senses clear

Stumble in off the footpath
Heard the sounds from below
Get accustomed to the darkness
Got to take it real slow
Sweat streamin down my cheekbones
Smoke stingin my eyes
Walls drippin like the jungle
But this aint no paradise

CHORUS

Stumble up to the counter
Catch the tension in the air
Black Sabbath drive a young boy crazy
This aint no frivolous affair
Young girl sipping Pernod
Budy hunger in her glance
No stoppin when it comes to doin
The Heavy Metal Romance

CHORUS