

Santana, She's Not There

No one told me about her
The way she lied
Well, no one told me about her
How many people cried

Well, it's too late to say you're sorry
How would I know, why should I care
Please don't bother trying to find her
She's not there...oh oh oh

Nobody told me about her
What could I do
Well, nobody told me about her
Though they all knew

Well, it's too late to say you're sorry
How would I know, why should I care
Please don't bother trying to find her
She's not there....

Well, let me tell you about the way she looked
The way she acted, the color of her hair
Her voice is soft and cool
Her eyes are clear and bright
But she's not there...