

# Carlos 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