

Sammy Hagar, Tropic Of Capricorn

Aint no island, no sandy beach
No waborita in my reach
But I can feel it, sure as I was born
Way down in the Tropic of Capricorn
I smell your body, feel your heat
You touch my senses ... oooooweeee
I climb your mountain, slide into your arms
Into the Tropic of Capricorn
I wanna live, wanna love
Find myself that little piece of paradise
I wanna fly, leaving yesterday
And wake up in the high of a paradise
State of mind
Its what youre thinking, what ya feel
Cause what youre seeing
Aint really real
In three dimensions or maybe more
Baby I got what youre looking for
I wanna live, wanna love
Find myself that little piece of paradise
I wanna fly, leaving yesterday
And wake up in the high of a paradise
State of mind
Ooh tropical paradise
Ooh tropical state of mind
Oooh tropical paradise
Gonna wake up in the high
Wake up in the heat of paradise
Let it shine for every mother
Let it shine for every son
Let it shine for every body
Let it shine on every one
Let it be for those who want it
Bad enough Ill give you mine
Just let it shine, let it shine
Let it shine
I wanna live, wanna love
An find myself that little piece of paradise
I wanna fly, Im leaving yesterday
Gonna wake up in the high
Gonna wake up in the heat
Gonna wake up in paradise
Down in the Tropic, down in the Tropic,
down in the Tropic, down in the Tropic, down
in the Tropic of capricorn.