

Carlos Santana "Evil Ways"

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You've got to change your evil ways, baby
Before I stop loving you
You've got to change, baby
And every word that I say, it's true

You've got me running and hiding all over town
You've got me sneaking and peeping and running you
down
This can't go on
Lord, knows you got to change, baby

Baby, when I come home, baby
My house is dark and my pots are cold
You're hanging 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 got to change

When I come home, baby
My house is dark and my pots are cold
You're hanging 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

[Incomprehensible]

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