

Carlos Santana

"Three Nights In Rio"

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You knew we had to come back like this, right man
It's too hot in New York man
It's too hot in New York man, give me

Three nights in Rio De Janeiro with no sounds of buses
No ambulance, no police sirens to interrupt my silence
Mucho trabajo poquito dinero
Means I work hard and I have no money

Playin' my guitar, I'm sitting on the beach
I'm sippin' margaritas as the water splash my feet
It's too hot in New York I had to get away
So here's a ticket, meet me on the beach under the
shade

When I was young they called me Robin Hood
'Cos I stole from the rich and I gave to the poor
Went back home, mama whooped on my ass
Said, "I'll be damned if I let you live like that"

Meanwhile next door neighbors jumpin'
Beatin' on his wife while the kids were watchin'
Later that day we was out on the porch
And fantasize we was out of New York, we woke up in

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I'm in your hood like your neighbors were Spider man
But then I'm in the club 'fore I entered the stadium
I bring the vibe like the days of the tribe
Before I had the fame I was servin' the fries

So who better to know about a nine-to-five
Wakin' up at five with the cold in my eyes
Now my daddy, he can rest in peace
From the belly of the beast to the sunniest beach, let's
go

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Playin' my guitar, used to daydream at the stars
Prayin' if I ever make it, I'm gon' help my family make it
From the streets of Brooklyn, to the Jersey canny
shores
I'm a stand on stage and play this guitar till I fall

Santana, let me get some help
Santana, let me get some help

This one goes out for those, who work for low income
Keep your head up, 'cos if I made it, you can make it
too one day

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It's too hot in New York man
It's too hot in New York man
It's too hot in New York man
It's too hot, yeah

It's too hot in New York man
It's too hot in New York man
It's too hot in New York man
It's too hot, yeah

Yeah, Carlos Santana with the Preacher's son
It's the world tour, too hot

You know I ain't leavin' without Santana on this Celia
[Incomprehensible]
Y'all know better, let's go now

Guantanamera, Celia will always love ya
Guantanamera, Clef with the Carlos Santana
Guantanamera, Celia will always miss ya
Guantanamera, Clef with the Carlos Santana

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