

Matt Caplan

"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, yeah
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,
aha
Mucho trabajo poquito dinero
Means I work hard and 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 in 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 Spiderman
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

Three nights in Rio De Janeiro with no sounds of buses
No ambulance, no police sirens to interrupt my silence,
aha ? dinero
Means I work hard and have a warm day

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 ? ?
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

Eh, this one goes out to those who work, follow and ?
Keep your head up, cos if I made it, you can make it too
one day

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

It's too hot in New York man
It's too hot in New York man, ah
It's too hot in New York man
It's too hot, hey
It's too hot in New York man, whoa
It's too hot in New York man
It's too hot in New York man
It's too hot, hey

Yeah, Carlos Santana with the Preacher's son
It's the world tour, too hot
Y'all know better, let's go now

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

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