Mingus

Carlos Santana

You got a four wheel drive
You got a kid and a wife
You got a pretty little country houseYou got a job you hate
You get home too late
Do you remember what we use to say?Oh my God, I'll end up just like you
Oh my God, I'll end up just like youI've got a way to live
That pulls me apart
Will I always have a broken heart?And if I ever grow up
And if I give it a shot
Will I remember what we use to say?Oh my God, she will be just like me
Oh my God, she will be just like meIn my heart, in my heart, still a kid
(Oh my God, she will be just like me)
In my heart, in my heart, still a kid
(Oh my God, she will be just like me)

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