

Evil Ways (Live 1969)

Santana

You've got to change your evil ways, baby
Before I stop lovin' you
You've got to change, baby
And every word that I say is true
You got me runnin' and hidin' all over town
You got me sneakin' and a-peepin' and runnin' you down
This can't go on, lord knows you got to change, babyBaby, when I come home, baby
My house is dark and my pots are cold
You're hangin' round, baby
With Jean and Joan and-a who knows who
I'm gettin' tried of waitin' and foolin' around
I'll find somebody that won't make me feel like a clown
This can't go on, lord knows you got to changeHeyWhen I come home, baby
My house is dark and my pots are cold
You're hangin' round, baby
With Jean and Joan and-a who knows who
I'm gettin' tried of waitin' and foolin' around
I'll find somebody who won't make me feel like a clown
This can't go on, yeah-yeah-yeah

Songwriters

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