

Love

Santana

Sufferin' night and day
People all around me crying
Enough--what's the use
We don't even feel like trying
Hatred, doubt, and fear
It's not the way toward the solution
There must be a way
To be free from all illusion

Love
Oh, love
All we need is love

History loudly claims
That we never learn our lesson
We kill one another
We put the blame on greed and passion
Wise men calmly say
Every man shall reach perfection
If we help each other
We will reach our destination

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