

# Night Hunting Time

Santana

Drunk all the whiskey  
But I still can't get no rest  
Brain trapped on a roller coaster  
Got a pain in my chest

Cold water on my eyeballs  
Send a shiver up my spine  
Hit the street in the wee, wee hours  
This is the night hunting time

Don't know what I'm doing here  
Don't know what I'm doing here  
Got to get my senses clear

Stumble in off the footpath  
Heard the sounds from below  
Get accustomed to the darkness  
Got to take it real slow

Sweat streamin' down my cheekbones  
Smoke stingin' my eyes  
Walls drippin' like the jungle  
But this ain't no paradise

Don't know what I'm doing here  
Don't know what I'm doing here  
Got to get my senses clear

Stumble up to the counter  
Catch the tension in the air  
Black Sabbath drive a young boy crazy  
This ain't no frivolous affair

Young girl sipping Pernod  
Budy hunger in her glance  
No stoppin' when it comes to doin'  
The Heavy Metal Romance

Don't know what I'm doing here  
Don't know what I'm doing here  
Got to get my senses clear