

# Who Loves You

Santana

Walking down on Main Street  
Cold chills in the air  
Looking for a helping hand  
Ain't nobody there  
Dreams, nightmares, and fantasies  
Weave their way around  
I can see past appearances  
They can't bring me down

But tell me  
Who loves you  
When you're down and out  
And you're all alone  
Who loves you  
When you've lost your mind  
And you lose control

Television, radio and all the magazines  
Focus on the negative  
Time and time again  
Young men give their lives away  
Believing in a cause  
Ware is always profitable  
They write you off a loss