

# Carlos Santana, She's Not There

No one told me about her  
The way she lied  
Well, no one told me about her  
How many people cried

Well, it's too late to say you're sorry  
How would I know, why should I care  
Please don't bother trying to find her  
She's not there...oh oh oh

Nobody told me about her  
What could I do  
Well, nobody told me about her  
Though they all knew

Well, it's too late to say you're sorry  
How would I know, why should I care  
Please don't bother trying to find her  
She's not there....

Well, let me tell you about the way she looked  
The way she acted, the color of her hair  
Her voice is soft and cool  
Her eyes are clear and bright  
But she's not there...