

# Police Station

## Red Hot Chili Peppers

I saw you at the police station and it breaks my heart to say.  
Your eyes had wandered off to something distant, cold and grey.  
I guess you didn't see it coming  
Someone's gotten used to slumming.  
Dreaming of the golden years  
I see you had to change careers.  
Far away, but we both know it's somewhere. I saw you on the back page of some free press  
yesterday.  
The driftwood in your eyes said nothing short of love for pay.  
I know you from another picture  
Someone with the most conviction.  
We used to read the funny papers  
Fool around and pull some capers.  
Not today, i send a message to her.  
A message that I'm coming, coming to pursue her.  
Down home country I, rest my face on your bed  
I've got you ten times over  
I'll chase you down 'til you're dead. I saw you on a TV station and it made me want to pray.  
An empty shell of loveliness Now dusted with decay.  
What happened to the funny paper?  
Smiling was your money maker.  
Someone ought to situate her  
Find a way to educate her.  
All the way, time to come and find you.  
You can't hide from me girl, so never mind what I do. Down home country I, rest my face on  
your bed.  
I bet my sovereign country and I  
left it all for your head.  
I saw you in the churchyard there was no time to exchange.  
You were getting married and it felt so very strange.  
I guess I didn't see it coming  
Now I guess it's me who's bumming.  
Dreaming of the golden years  
You and I were mixing tears.  
Not today, not for me but someone.  
I never could get used to, so now I will refuse to.  
Down home country I, rest my face on your bed  
I bet my sovereign country and I  
left it all for your head  
I got my best foot forward  
and I'll chase you down 'til you're dead

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>