

# 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 your something mystical and gray  
I guess you didn't see it coming  
Someone's has gotten used to slumming  
I dreamin' of the golden years  
I see you had 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 eye said nothing short of love for pay  
I know you from another picture  
With someone with the most conviction  
We used to read the funny papers  
Fooled around and pulled some capers  
Not today  
Send the message to her  
A message that I'm coming,  
Coming to pursue her  
Damn her conscience rest her place on your bed  
I got ya ten times over I'll  
Chase you down till your dead

I saw you on a tv station and it made me wanna prey  
An empty shell of loveliness is now dusted with decay  
What happened to the funny paper  
Smiling was ya 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  
Tell her conscience it's my best on your bed  
I met my soul and a she and I let it up over your head

I saw you in the church out there there was no time to exchange  
You were getting married and it felt so very strange  
I guess you didn't see it coming

And now I guess it's me who's bumming  
Dreamn' of the golden years  
You and where mixing tears  
Not today  
Not for me but someone  
I never could get used to  
So now I will refuse to  
damn her conscience rest my place on your bed  
I met my soul enough she and I left it up on your head  
I got my best bet for (wa da na)  
chase you down till your dead

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Lyrics submitted by dosyboxy.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>