

Red Hot Chili Peppers - Police Station

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

