# Barcelona

**Passafire**

Cops the same everywhere, they don't care, got a job to do,
What you gonna do when they come for you?
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In barcelona, I was playing my guitar
Policia took it from me, said to pick it up tomorrow
Said the fee for my crime is 150 Euro
If I wanted it back I got to cough up the dinero
I told him that I'd rather chalk it up to bad luck
He said do what you want amigo, we don't give a fuck
We caught you on the camera, sent a message on the radio
I told him, "lo siento, muy sincero"
But no deal, and my guitar they did steal
In Barcelona, home of Dali, home of the surreal

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No sleep and I'm still here sitting in the same place
Got a ticket, by the love, and the grace of god
Gonna escape this prison that I'm sitting in

I've got my headphones on and I'm listening
The only sound that I really want to hear right now
Is the roar of the train rolling up and down the track
Never want to come back unless I'm playing a show
And I'll come back to get the guitar that they stole

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Cold ground was my bed last night
Kept my baby warm just by holding her tight, still
Goose bumps on her shoulders, telling me that it doesn't help to hold
 her
So we moved inside when they opened up the station
Seguridad kept pacing and pacing
Shaking my body until I started waking up,
And when I finally get some peace and rest
Wake to find that the train has left
And my mind is so confused right now, I need just one good spliff
Wake to find that the train has left
And my mind is so confused right now, I need just one good spliff