

# The Clash, Guns of Brixton

When they kick at your front door  
How you gonna come?  
With your hands on your head  
Or on the trigger of your gun?

When the law break in  
How you gonna go?  
Shot down on the pavement  
Or waiting on death row?

You can crush us  
You can bruise us  
But you'll have to answer to  
Oh, the guns of Brixton

The money feels good  
And your life, you like it well  
But surely your time will come  
As in heaven, as in hell

You see, he feels like Ivan  
Born under the Brixton sun  
His game is called surviving  
At the end of the harder they come

You know, it means no mercy  
They caught him with a gun  
No need for the Black Maria  
Goodbye to the Brixton sun

You can crush us  
You can bruise us  
But you'll have to answer to  
Oh, the guns of Brixton

When they kick at your front door  
How you gonna come?  
With your hands on your head  
Or on the trigger of your gun?

You can crush us  
You can bruise us  
And even shoot us  
But oh, the guns of Brixton

Shot down on the pavement  
Waiting in death row  
His game was surviving  
As in heaven, as in hell

You can crush us  
You can bruise us  
But you'll have to answer to  
Oh, the guns of Brixton  
Oh, the guns of Brixton  
Oh, the guns of Brixton  
Oh, the guns of Brixton