

## Dropbox

### "Guns Of Brixton"

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- Music / Lyrics: Clash, Paul Simonon -

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.

Chorus: 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 survivin', 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.

Chorus:

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, You can even  
shoot us.....Oh-The Guns Of Brixton

Shot down on the pavement, Waiting in death row. His  
game is called survivin', As in heaven as in hell

Chorus:

Oh, The Guns Of Brixton (4x)

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