

Enrico Ruggeri "Guns Of Brixton"

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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 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.

You can crush us,
you can bruise us.
Yes, even shoot us
but oh-the guns of Brixton

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His game is called survivin',
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