

Toten Hosen, Die "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?
Shut down on the pavement
Or waiting in dead row

You can crash us
You can bruise us
But you'll have to answer to
Oh - the guns of Brixton 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 survivan
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
Goodby to the Brixton sun

You can crash us
You can bruise us
Yes, even shut us
But Oh - the guns of Brixton

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

You can crash us

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

You can crash us
You can bruise us
Yes, even shut us
But Oh - the guns of Brixton
But Oh - the guns of Brixton
yes Oh - the guns of Brixton

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