

Nouvelle Vague

"The 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

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
Yeah, even shoot us, but 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

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

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