

The Guns of Brixton by The Clash

[Intro]

F#m Bm F#m Bm G Bm G Bm

[Verse]

F#m Bm F#m Bm

When they kick at your front door, how you gonna come?

G Bm G Bm

With your hands on your head, or on the trigger of your gun

F#m Bm F#m Bm

When the law break in, how you gonna go?

G Bm G Bm

Shot down on the pavement, or waiting on death row

[Chorus]

F#m Bm F#m Bm

You can crush us You can bruise us, but you'll have to answer to

G Bm G Bm

Oh-the guns of Brixton

[Verse]

F#m Bm F#m Bm

The money feels good, and your life you like it well

G Bm G Bm

But surely your time will come, as in heaven, as in hell

Bridge 2 x round

F#m Bm F#m Bm

You see, he feels like Ivan, born under the Brixton sun

G Bm G Bm

His game is called survival, At the end of the harder they come

F#m Bm F#m Bm

You know it means no mercy, they caught him with a gun

G Bm G Bm

No need for the Black Maria, goodbye to the Brixton sun

[Chorus]

F#m Bm F#m Bm

You can crush us You can bruise us, but you'll have to answer to

G Bm G Bm

Oh-the guns of Brixton

[Bridge] 1x

F#m **Bm** **F#m** **Bm**

When they kick at your front door, how you gonna come?

G **Bm** **G** **Bm**

With your hands on your head, or on the trigger of your gun

Bridge 1x

[Chorus]

F#m **Bm** **F#m** **Bm**

You can crush us You can bruise us, you can even shoot us

G Bm **G Bm**

Oh-the guns of Brixton

[Verse]

F#m **Bm** **F#m** **Bm**

Shot down on the pavement, Waiting in death row

G **Bm** **G** **Bm**

His game it was surviving, As in heaven, as in hell

F#m **Bm** **F#m** **Bm**

You can crush us You can bruise us, but you'll have to answer to

G Bm **G Bm**

Oh-the guns of Brixton

G Bm **G Bm**

Oh-the guns of Brixton

G Bm **G Bm**

Oh-the guns of Brixton