

Return to Brixton

The Clash

When they kick out 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 in death row

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

You can crush us
You can bruise us
And even shoot us
But
ooooh, the guns of Brixton

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

You can crush us
You can bruise us
But really must you shoot us?
Ooooh, the guns of Brixton
Ooooh, the guns of Brixton
Ooooh, the guns of Brixton
Ooooh, the guns of Brixton
Ooooh, the guns of Brixton

Ooooh, the guns of Brixton
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