



Guns Of Brixton The Clash

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GUNS OF BRIXTON

Words & Music by
Paul Simonon

Reggae beat

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

When they kick at your front door
see he feels like Iv-an born

F#m Bm G Bm

how you gon-na come? With your hands on your head or on the
un-der the Brix-ton sun. His game is called sur-vi-van at the

G Bm F#m Bm

trig-ger of your gun. When the law break in
end of The Har-der They Come. You know it means no mer-cy. They

F#m Bm G Bm

how you gon-na go? Shot down on the pave-ment or
caught him with a gun. No need for the Black Ma-ri-a. Good-

G Bm F#m Bm F#m Bm

wait-ing in death row. You can crush us you can bruise us but you'll have to an-swer to
-bye to the Brix-ton sun.

G Bm G Bm F#m Bm

oh the guns of Brix-ton. The mo-ney feels good and your life.

F#m Bm G Bm G Bm

- you like it well- but sure-ly your time will come as in hea-ven, as in hell.

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