

**Guns Of Brixton**  
**The Clash**

Guns of Brixton  
by The Clash  
From London Calling

[Intro]

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

[Verse]

**F#m Bm**  
When they kick at your front door  
**F#m Bm**  
How you gonna come?  
**G Bm**  
With your hands on your head  
**G Bm**  
Or on the trigger of your gun  
**F#m Bm**  
When the law break in  
**F#m Bm**  
How you gonna go?  
**G Bm**  
Shot down on the pavement  
**G Bm**  
Or waiting on death row

[Chorus]

**F#m**  
You can crush us  
**Bm**  
You can bruise us  
**F#m Bm**  
But you ll have to answer to  
**G Bm G Bm**  
Oh-the guns of Brixton

[Verse]

**F#m Bm**  
The money feels good  
**F#m Bm**  
And your life you like it well  
**G Bm**  
But surely your time will come

**G** **Bm**  
As in heaven, as in hell  
**F#m** **Bm**  
You see, he feels like Ivan  
**F#m** **Bm**  
Born under the Brixton sun  
**G** **Bm**  
His game is called survival  
**G** **Bm**  
At the end of the harder they come  
**F#m** **Bm**  
You know it means no mercy  
**F#m** **Bm**  
They caught him with a gun  
**G** **Bm**  
No need for the Black Maria  
**G** **Bm**  
Goodbye to the Brixton sun

[Chorus]

**F#m**  
You can crush us  
**Bm**  
You can bruise us  
**F#m** **Bm**  
But you ll have to answer to  
**G Bm G Bm**  
Oh-the guns of Brixton

[Bridge]

**F#m** **Bm**  
When they kick at your front door  
**F#m** **Bm**  
How you gonna come?  
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With your hands on your head  
**G** **Bm**  
Or on the trigger of your gun  
**F#m** **Bm**  
When the law break in  
**F#m** **Bm**  
How you gonna go?  
**G** **Bm**  
Shot down on the pavement  
**G** **Bm**  
Or waiting on death row

[Chorus]

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**Bm**

You can bruise us

**F#m**

**Bm**

But you ll have to answer to

**G Bm**

**G**

**Bm**

Oh-the guns of Brixton

[Verse]

**F#m**

**Bm**

The money feels good

**F#m**

**Bm**

And your life you like it well

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**Bm**

But surely your time will come

**G**

**Bm**

As in heaven, as in hell

**F#m**

**Bm**

You see, he feels like Ivan

**F#m**

**Bm**

Born under the Brixton sun

**G**

**Bm**

His game is called survival

**G**

**Bm**

At the end of the harder they come

**F#m**

**Bm**

You know it means no mercy

**F#m**

**Bm**

They caught him with a gun

**G**

**Bm**

No need for the Black Maria

**G**

**Bm**

Goodbye to the Brixton sun

[Chorus]

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You can crush us

**Bm**

You can bruise us

**F#m**

**Bm**

But you ll have to answer to

**G Bm**

**G**

**Bm**

Oh-the guns of Brixton