

Guns of Brixton

Dropkick Murphys

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, But you'll have to answer
to 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, You can even shoot us...
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.
Oh, The Guns Of Brixton. Oh, The Guns Of Brixton. Oh, The Guns Of Brixton.
Oh, The Guns Of Brixton