

Brixton Beat

The Toasters

Out for some fun on a Saturday night
Had to dogde into door ways to keep out of fights
Catch sight of Frazzled Frida a tired old tart
I heard she gives it free on Sundays a couple of hours
before she starts
One eye on the coppers, an eye out on the street
Come on boys let's do some Brixton Beat!
In a beat up Mini Minor on Saturday nights
Stear clear of pubs when you get into fights
Say hello to Tired Frida a frazzled old tart
She gives it free on Sundays an hour before she starts
Big fat coppers hang out upon the street
Come on boys do the Brixton Beat!
Up in the morning and the dreadocks straight
Out on the street its a theatre of hate
He's born in a land that he calls his own
But they call him "Aiy black boy, black boy go home"
Knockin him down standing moving his feet
National Front, the Brixton Beat
Well they pick you off for sus or nothin at all
Tell racists jokes to make you feel small
And if they don't like ya, they take you away
Never even listen to a word you got to say
Burning police cars down on the street
Come on boys do the Brixton Beat
Well they take you off to jail put up into the dark
Send you off for a short sharp shock
The devil makes work for idle hands
Yo fat old man do you understand?
Burning police cars down on the street
Come on boys do the Brixton Beat
Brixton Beat! Ahhh
Brixton Beat (Brixton)
Brixton Beat
Brixton Beat
Burning police cars down on the street
Come on boys do the Brixton Beat