

The Clash - Guns Of Brixton

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Intro: Gbm Bm Gbm Bm G Bm G Bm
        Gbm
When they kick at your front door
           Bm
How you gonna come?
        G
With your hands on your head
        G
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
CHORUS
You can crush us
      Bm
You can bruise us
        Gbm
But you'll have to answer to
G Bm
            G Bm
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 survival
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
Yes, even shoot us
But oh-the guns of Brixton
Guns on the Roof
E D A
 I swear by Almighty God
  D
 To tell the whole truth
E D A E
 And nothing but
E D A E
.....the truth
E D Db B
Guns guns
                  Α
They torture all the women and children
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Then they've put the men to the gun
F D A F
'Cos across the human frontier
E D A E
Freedom's always on the run
E D Db
Guns guns a-shaking in terror
E D Db B
Guns guns killing in error
E D Db B
Guns guns guilty hands
E D Db
Guns guns shatter the lands
A system built by the sweat of the many
Creates assassins to kill off the few
Take any place and call it a court house
This is a place where no judge can stand
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Sue the lawyers and burn all the papers Unlock the key of of the legal papers A jury of a billion faces Shouted out condemned out of hand

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Guns guns, and nobody's kidding
Guns guns, or foolin' around
Guns guns, the violence is singing
Guns guns, a silence the sound
E D Db B (X2)
E D Db B
'N I like to be in Aferica

E D Db B
A|-beatin' on the final drum
E D Db B
'N I like to be in U.S.S.R.
     D Db
Makin' sure these things will come
        D D F
'N I like to be in U.S.A.
      D D E
Pretending that the wars are done
        D D E
'N I like to be in Europa
      D DE
Saying goodbye to everyone
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E D A E (X2)
E D A E
Guns guns there's guns on the roof
E D A E
Guns guns they're made to shoot

Acordes

