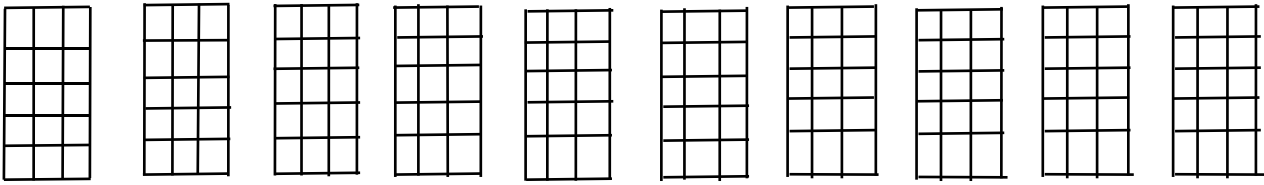


Guns of Brixton



Intro: once alone once with chords

Em

When they kick in your front door

How you gonna come?

C

Em

With your hands on your head

C

Em

Or on the trigger of your gun

When the law breaks in

How you gonna go?

Shot down on the pavement

Or waiting on death row

Chorus [a]

Em

You can crush us

You can bruise us

But you'll have to answer to

C Em

Oh-o the guns of Brixton

Instrumental Verse

The money it 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 the harder they come

Intro

e g b b b b b g e

e g b b b b b g e

string 22 1 1 1 1 1 22 x2

Fret 03 2 2 2 2 2 30

e g c c c c c g e

e g c c c c c g e

st 22 3 3 3 3 3 22 x2

fr 03 0 0 0 0 0 30

Outro

e g b b b b b b g e

Chorus [a]

Chorus [b]

You can crush us

You can bruise us

Yes, even shoot us

But oh-the guns of Brixton

Instrumental Verse

No Ukes No Drums

You know it means no mercy

They caught him with a gun

No need for the Black Maria

Goodbye to the Brixton sun

No ukes +Drums

Chorus [b] quiet

Ukes and Drums

Chorus [b] loud

outro