

Alanis Morissette

"Happiness Is A Warm Gun"

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She's not a girl who misses much
She's well acquainted with the touch of the velvet hand
Like a lizard on a window pane
The man in the crowd with the multi-colored mirrors
On his hob-nailed boots
Lying with his eyes while his hands
Working over time
A soap impression of his wife which he ate
And donated to the nation's trust
I need a fix cause I'm going down

Down to the *itch that I left uptown
I need a fix cause I'm going down
Mother superior jumped the gun
Mother superior jumped the gun
Happiness is a warm gun
Happiness is a warm gun
When I hold you in my arms
And I feel my finger on your trigger
I know that nobody can do me no harm
Happiness is a warm gun, mama
Happiness is a warm gun

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