

Beaten Back To Pure

"Happiness Is A Warm Gun"

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She's not a girl who misses much
Do do do do do do do do, oh yeah
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 multicoloured mirrors
On his hobnail boots
Lying with his eyes while his hands are busy
Working overtime
A soap impression of his wife which he ate
And donated to the National Trust

Down
I need a fix cos I'm going down
Down to the bits that I left uptown
I need a fix cos I'm going down

Mother Superior jump the gun
Mother Superior jump the gun
Mother Superior jump the gun
Mother Superior jump the gun
Mother Superior jump the gun
Mother Superior jump the gun

Happiness is a warm gun (Happiness bang, bang,
shoot, shoot)
Happiness is a warm gun, mama (Happiness bang,
bang, shoot, shoot)
When I hold you in my arms (Oo-oo oh yeah)
And I feel my finger on your trigger (Oo-oo oh yeah)
I know no one can do me no harm (Oo-oo oh yeah)
Because happiness is a warm gun, mama (Happiness
bang, bang, shoot, shoot)
Happiness is a warm gun, yes it is (Happiness bang,
bang, shoot, shoot)
Happiness is a warm, yes it is, gun (Happiness bang,
bang, shoot, shoot)
Well, don't you know happiness is a warm gun, mama?
(Happiness is a warm gun, yeah)

