

Beatles

"Happiness Is A Warm Gun"

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She's not a girl who misses much
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
Multicolored 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

I need a fix ?cause I'm going down
Down to the bits that I left uptown
I need a fix ?cause 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
(Bang bang, shoot shoot)
Happiness is a warm gun mama
(Bang bang, shoot shoot)
When I hold you in my arms
(Oh yeah)
And I feel my finger on your trigger
(Ooo, oh yeah)
I know nobody can do me no harm
(Ooo, oh yeah)

Because happiness is a warm gun mama
(Bang bang, shoot shoot)
Happiness is a warm gun, yes it is
(Bang bang, shoot shoot)
Happiness is a warm, yes it is, gun

(Happiness, bang bang, shoot shoot)
Well, don't you know that happiness is a warm gun
mama
(Happiness is a warm gun yeah)

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