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Breed 77 "Happiness Is A Warm Gun"

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She's not a girl who misses much Do-do-do, oh yeah

She's well acquainted With the touch of a velvet hand Like a lizard on a window pane

Man in the crowd With the multicoloured mirrors On his hobnail boots

Lying with his eyes While his hands are busy Working overtime

The sole confession of his wife Which he ate and donated to the National Trust

I need a fix cause I'm going down Down to the abyss that I've left up town I need a fix cause I'm going down

Mother Superior jump the gun Mother Superior jump the gun

Happiness is a warm gun Happiness is a warm gun Happiness is a warm gun Happiness is a warm gun (Bang, bang, shoot, shoot)

Some guy: Josephine, do you think you are going bald? Josephine: No. You've asked me that before and the answer was no then.

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