

The Beatles

"Happiness is a Warm Gun"

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She's not a girl who
misses much
Do-do-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 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've left up town
I need a fix cause I'm going down

Mother Superior jumped the gun
Mother Superior jumped the gun
Mother Superior jumped the gun
(BIS)

Happiness is a warm gun
(bang bang shoot shoot)
Happiness is a warm gun, yes it is
(bang bang shoot shoot)

When I hold you in my arms (oh yes)
When I feel my finger on your trigger (oh yes)
I know nobody can do me no harm

Because
happiness is a warm gun, mamma
Happiness is a warm gun
-Yes it is.
Happiness is a warm, yes it is...
Gun!

Well don't ya know that happiness is a warm gun, mamma? (yeah)

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