U2 "Happiness is a Warm Gun"

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Happiness is a warm gun Happiness is a warm gun

She's not a girl who misses much Du du du du, oh yeah She's not a girl who misses much Du du du du, oh yeah

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 is a warm gun

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 wide open
And the hands busy working overtime
A soap impression of his wife which he ate
And donated to the national trust

Hey, I need a fix 'cause I'm going down

Happiness is a, a warm gun Happiness is a, a warm gun Happiness is a, a warm gun Happiness is a warm gun

Happiness is a warm gun Happiness is a warm gun

I need a fix 'cause I'm going down I need a fix 'cause I'm going down I need a fix 'cause I'm going down To the bits that I left uptown

I need a fix 'cause I'm going down, uptown

I need a fix 'cause I'm going down, uptown

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