

Beatles, The

"Happiness Is A Warm Gun"

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She's not a girl who misses much
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.

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 (bang bang, shoot shoot)
When I hold you in my arms
And I feel my finger on your trigger
I know nobody can do me no harm
Because (happiness) happiness is a warm gun (bang
bang, shoot shoot)
Happiness is a warm gun
Yes it is

Happiness is a warm yes it is...gun....

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