

Happiness Is a Warm Gun

The Beatles

She's not a girl who misses much
do do do do do do do do
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.

Happiness is a warm gun
happiness is a warm gun
when I hold you in my arms
and I feel my finger on your trigger
I know no one can do me no harm
because happiness is a warm gun
happiness is a warm gun
happiness is a warm yes it is gun
happiness is a warm gun yeah.