

# 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.