

Happiness Is A Warm Gun

Gilby Clarke

She's not a girl who misses much
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 multi-colored 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

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 - Yes it is