

Happiness Is a Warm Gun

The Breeders

She's not a girl who misses much
Do do do do do do, oh yeah

She's well acquainted
With the touch of a velvet hand
Like a lizard on a window pane

Man in the crowd
With the multicoloured mirrors
On his hobnail boots

Lying with his eyes
While his hands are busy
Working overtime

The sole confession 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've left uptown
I need a fix 'cause I'm going down

Mother Superior jumped the gun
Mother Superior jumped the gun
Mother Superior jumped the gun
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