

Happiness Is A Warm Gun

U2

Happiness is a warm gun
Happiness is a warm gun

She's not a girl who misses much
Du du du du, oh yeah
She's not a girl who misses much
Du du du du, oh yeah

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

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 multicolored mirrors on his hobnail boots

Lying with his eyes wide open
And the hands busy working overtime
A soap impression of his wife which he ate
And donated to the national trust

Hey, I need a fix 'cause I'm going down

Happiness is a, a warm gun
Happiness is a, a warm gun
Happiness is a, a warm gun
Happiness is a warm gun

Happiness is a warm gun
Happiness is a warm gun

I need a fix 'cause I'm going down
I need a fix 'cause I'm going down
I need a fix 'cause I'm going down
To the bits that I left uptown

I need a fix 'cause I'm going down, uptown
I need a fix 'cause I'm going down, uptown

Happiness is a, a warm gun
Happiness is a, a warm gun
Happiness is a, a warm gun
Happiness is a warm gun

Happiness is a warm gun
Happiness is a warm gun
Happiness is a warm gun

...