Happiness Is a Warm Gun

The Breeders

She's not a girl who misses much
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 abyss that I've left up town
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
Mother Superior jump the gun
Mother Superior jump the gun

Happiness is a warm gun
Happiness is a warm gun
Happiness is a warm gun
Happiness is a warm gun
(Bang, bang, shoot, shoot)

Josephine, do you think you are going bald?
No. You've asked me that before and the answer was no then.

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by LENNON, JOHN / MCCARTNEY, PAUL
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/