

# Happiness Is a Warm Gun

## The Beatles

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  
Mother Superior jump the gun  
Mother Superior jump the gun  
Mother Superior jump the gun

Happiness is a warm gun (bang bang shoot shoot)  
Happiness is a warm gun, mama (bang bang shoot shoot)  
When I hold you in my arms (oh, yeah)  
And I feel my finger on your trigger (oh, yeah)  
I know nobody can do me no harm (oh, yeah)  
Because, (happiness) is a warm gun, mama (bang bang shoot shoot)  
Happiness is a warm gun, yes it is (bang bang shoot shoot)

Happiness is a warm, yes it is, gun  
Happiness (bang bang shoot shoot)

Well don't you know that happiness (happiness) is a warm gun, (is a warm gun, yeah).

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