

Happiness Is A Warm Gun

Sara Grabow

She's not a girl who misses much
Do do do do do, oh, yeahShe'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 bootsLying with his eyes
While his hands are busy working overtime
A soap impression of his wife
Which he ate and donated to the National TrustI need a fix cause I'm going down
Down to the bits that I left uptown
I need a fix cause I'm going downMother Superior jump the gun
Mother Superior jump the gunHappiness 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
(Ooo, oh yeah)
I know nobody can do me no harm
(Ooo, 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 is a warm gun mama
(Happiness is a warm gun yeah)

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