

Happiness Is a Warm Gun

The Beatles

She's not a girl who misses much.
Do do do do do do do do
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 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
Happiness is a warm gun
When I hold you in my arms
And I feel my finger on your trigger
I know nobody can do me no harm
Because happiness is a warm gun.
Happiness is a warm gun
Yes it is.
Happiness is a warm, yes it is, gun.
Well, don't you know that happiness is a warm gun, mama.

Lyrics provided by

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