

# Happiness Is a Warm Gun

## The Beatles

She's not a girl who misses much.  
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.

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Lyrics provided by  
<https://damlyrics.com/>