

Beatles, The, Happiness is a warm gun

Beatles, The

The Beatles [White Album]

Happiness is a warm gun

She's not a girl who misses much

Do do do do do do do ooh 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 multicoloured 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

Mother Superior jump the gun, Mother Superior jump the gun

Happiness is a warm gun

Happiness is a warm gun mama

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 mama

Happiness is a warm gun yes it is

Happiness is a warm yes it is gun

But don't you know that happiness is a warm gun mama