

The Beatles, Happiness Is A Warm Gun

She's not a girl who misses much
Do 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 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 jumped the gun
Mother Superior jumped the gun
Mother Superior jumped the gun
Mother Superior jumped the gun
Mother Superior jumped the gun
Mother Superior jumped 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
Don't you know that happiness is a warm gun mama?