

# U2, Happiness Is A Warm Gun

Happiness is a warm gun  
Happiness is a warm gun

She's not a girl who misses much  
She's not a girl who misses much

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

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 wide open  
And the hands busy working overtime  
A soap impression of his wife which he ate  
And donated to the national trust

Hey, I need a fix 'cause I'm going down

Happiness is a, a warm gun  
Happiness is a, a warm gun  
Happiness is a, a warm gun  
Happiness is a warm gun

Happiness is a warm gun  
Happiness is a warm gun

I need a fix cause I'm going down  
I need a fix cause I'm going down  
I need a fix cause I'm going down  
To the bits that I left uptown

I need a fix cause I'm going down, uptown  
Need a fix cause I'm going down, uptown

Happiness is a, a warm gun  
Happiness is a, a warm gun  
Happiness is a, a warm gun  
Happiness is a warm gun  
Happiness is a warm gun  
(repeat until end)