

# Beatles, Happiness Is A Warm Gun

(Lennon/McCartney)

She's not a girl who misses much  
Do 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

Down  
I need a fix cos I'm going down  
Down to the bits that I left uptown  
I need a fix cos 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 bang, bang, shoot, shoot)  
Happiness is a warm gun, mama (Happiness bang, bang, shoot, shoot)  
When I hold you in my arms (Oo-oo oh yeah)  
And I feel my finger on your trigger (Oo-oo oh yeah)  
I know no one can do me no harm (Oo-oo oh yeah)  
Because happiness is a warm gun, mama (Happiness bang, bang, shoot, shoot)  
Happiness is a warm gun, yes it is (Happiness bang, bang, shoot, shoot)  
Happiness is a warm, yes it is, gun (Happiness bang, bang, shoot, shoot)  
Well, don't you know happiness is a warm gun, mama? (Happiness is a warm gun, yeah)