

Beatles, Happiness Is A Warm Gun (lennon/mccartney)

Beatles

Anthology 3

Happiness Is A Warm Gun (lennon/mccartney)

she's not a girl who misses much

Do 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 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

Town 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 no one can do me no harm

Because happiness is a warm gun

-yes it is.