

# Paul Westerberg, Whatever Makes You Happy

Whatever makes you happy  
Is exactly what you will wear  
I wouldn't dream of changing you  
For a minute or in a year  
Whatever makes you happy  
Is exactly how you will stay  
Whatever makes you happy is okay  
Whatever made you hungry  
Is the one thing you have found  
You're starving for affection  
I guess sex just lets you down  
Whatever made you turn away  
It's a shame it made you late  
For whatever makes you happy  
I don't care let it rain  
You make me nervous  
You make me jealous  
You make me wonder when you lie  
You make me want to vomit  
And I promise  
I want you 'til the day I die  
Whatever makes you famous  
Ain't contagious  
Please don't run  
You're falling down a stairwell  
Calling farewell anyone  
Whatever makes you lonesome  
It's the same that sets you free  
Now whatever makes you happy  
I'm pretty sure isn't me  
Whatever makes you happy baby  
I could make you happy baby