

Tori Amos, Happiness Is A Warm Gun

She's not a girl who misses much.
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 multicolored 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 jump the gun
Mother Superior jump the gun
Mother Superior jump the gun
Mother Superior jump the gun.

Happiness is a warm gun
(bang, bang, shoot shoot)
Happiness is a warm gun
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.
Yes it is.