

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
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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)