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Happiness is a warm gun
Happiness is a warm gun
She's not a girl who misses much
Du du du du, oh yeah
She's not a girl who misses much
Du du du du, oh yeah
Mother Superior jump the qun
Mother Superior jump the gun
Mother Superior jump the gun
Mother Superior jump the gun
Happiness is a warm gun
Happiness is a warm qun
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 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
Happiness is a, a warm gun
Happiness is a, a warm gun
Happiness is a warm gun
Happiness is a warm gun
Happiness is a warm gun
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
I 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 qun
Happiness is a warm gun
Happiness is a warm gun
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