

## The Beatles - Happiness Is A Warm Gun

Tom: C I need a fix 'cause I'm goin' down G (riff 3) C (riff 2) Em Em Mother Superior jump the gun Mother Superior jump the gun Αm Em Δm Am Fm She's not a girl who misses much Du du du du du (x3) Oh yeah Riff 2: Riff 3: She's well acquainted with the touch of the velvet hand like a lizard on a window pane Happiness is a warm gun Happiness is a warm gun, mama The man in the crowd with the multicolored mirrors on his Am When I hold you in my arms And I feel my finger on your hobnail boots trigger Lying with his eyes while his hands are busy working overtime Am I know nobody can do me no harm, because A soap impression of his wife which he ate and donated to the F Am happiness is a warm gun, mama national trust  $\mathsf{Am}$ Riff 1: A7 C Am Happiness is a warm gun, yes it is Happiness is a warm, yes it is...  $\mathsf{Am}$ F G (Happiness... Bang bang, shoot shoot) A7 Bb7 B7 C Am I need a fix 'cause I'm goin' down, down to the bits that I Don't you know that happiness is a warm gun, mama? (is a warm left up to\_\_\_\_own gun, yeah)

## **Acordes**

