

Happiness Is A Warm Gun.

John Lennon and Paul McCartney.

© Copyright 1968 Northern Songs Limited, 19 Upper Brook Street, London W1.
All rights reserved. International copyright secured.

(Organ: Registration No. 1)

Moderato

mp She's not a girl who miss-es much, Do do do do do do

oh yeah, She's well ac-quaint-ed with the touch of the vel - vet hand,

Like a liz - ard on a win - dow pane, The man in the crowd with the

multi - coloured mirrors on his hob - nail boots, Ly - ing with his eyes while his

hands are bu - sy work - ing o - ver - time. A soap im - pres - sion of his

wife which he ate and do - nat - ed to the Na - tional Trust. I need a fix 'cause I'm

Moderate waltz

go-ing down — Down to the bits that I left up town. — I need a fix 'cause I'm

going down. — **Faster** Mother Su-per-i-or jump the gun, Mother Su-per-i-or

jump the gun. **Slow 4** (♩ = ♩) Hap-pi-ness is a warm gun, Hap-pi-ness — is a

warm gun, mom-ma, When I hold you in my arms And I feel my

fin-ger on your trig-ger, I know no - bo-dy can do me no harm be - cause Happi - ness is a

warm gun, momma, Hap - pi - ness — is a warm gun, yes it is. — Happiness is a warm, yes it is, — *rall.*

a Tempo gun, — Because you know that Hap - pi - ness is a warm gun, momma, yeah!