

# Happiness Loves Company

## Red Hot Chili Peppers

Stop marching 'cause you think you shot to number one  
Counting days and skipping your stones into the sun  
Overrated on the form it goes to where you turn  
I'll be yours tonight,  
Living the dream of a meteorite! Stop jumping 'cause we got something to say, yeah  
Young lovers keep it pumping in the streets of L.A., yeah Short stroking butterfly,  
Better to go for broke.  
What you're smoking Maryjane?  
It doesn't make you choke.  
Jumping the fence, riding the waves,  
Can you take a joke?  
I'll be yours today,  
Living the dream with a capital K!  
Stop jumping 'cause we got something to say, yeah  
Young lovers keep it pumping in the streets of L.A., yeah Tell me now, tell you how,  
Just show me where to sit. Make time for love and your happiness.  
The mothers of invention are the best.  
We all learn and struggle with some loneliness.  
A tender mess for everyone I guess.  
I guess. Half blinded,  
I'm reminded how to find myself  
Nickel and dime I think,  
It's time to play some musical chairs.  
Dirty laundry, what a wandering,  
Ask her if she cares.  
I'll be yours and more,  
Better than ever like never before!  
Stop jumping 'cause we got something to say, yeah  
Young lovers keep it pumping in the streets of L.A.  
Make time for love and your happiness.  
The mothers of invention are the best.  
We all know and struggle with some loneliness.  
A tender mess for everyone I guess.  
I guess. Sweet talking, there's a marker,  
To your part of town.  
Never again,  
We're trying to see your love supremed and bound.  
Is it ever meant to be,  
And is it so profound?  
Is it you and me play it to one make history.  
A history.  
Said yeah,

Oh yeah.  
Said yeah,  
Oh yeah.  
Said oh yeah,  
Oh yeah!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>