

Hawk-Eye

Frankie Laine

They call me Hawk-eye,
All the fellas call me Hawk-eye.
'Cause I never miss a trick.
I can spot a pretty chick a mile away,
One look and I can tell
Just how her lips are gonna taste,
I know within a fraction what she measures in the waist,
I know what's going on behind that twinkle in her eye,
And that's why they call me Hawk-eye.

I keep my eyes wide open
And my gas buggy ready to ride,
And nearly every evening
There's a pretty kitten sittin' by my side;

They call me Hawk-eye;
It's the hawk that gets the highest flying chicken every time,
Even though a wolf has chased her up a tree,
Well I can spot a doll
And have her cuddled in my arms
Before the average wolf begins to howl about her charms,
I've got her kissed before he even had a chance to try,
And that is why
They call me Hawk-eye.