

# 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.