Bette Davis Eyes

Pat Benatar

Her hair was Harlow gold,
Her lips a sweet surprise,
Her hands are never cold,
She's got Bette Davis Eyes.
She'll turn her music on you,
you won't have to think twice,
She's pure as New York snow,
She's got Bette Davis Eyes.
And she'll tease you,
She'll unease you,
All the better just to please you,
She's precocious,
and she knows just what it takes to make a pro blush,
She's got Greta Garbo's stand-off sighs
And she's got Bette Davis Eyes.
She'll let you take her home,
It whets her appetite,
She'll lay you on her throne,
She's got Bette Davis Eyes.
She'll take a tumble on you,
Roll you like you were dice,
Until you come out blue,
She's got Bette Davis Eyes.

She'll expose you,
when she snows you
Off your feet with the crumbs she throws you
She's ferocious,
and she knows just what it takes to make a pro blush,
All the boys think she's a spy,
She's got Bette Davis Eyes.
And she'll tease you
She'll unease you
All the better just to please you
She's precocious
And she knows just what it takes to make a pro blush
All the boys think she's a spy,
She's got Bette Davis eyes
She'll tease you

She'll unease you
Just to please you
She's got Bette Davis eyes
She'll expose you
When she snows you
She knows you
She's got Bette Davis eyes

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