

# 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 snogs you  
She knows you  
She's got Bette Davis eyes

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