Eye Of The Tiger

Medium Rock beat

Words and Music by James Peterik and Frank Sullivan

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back on my feet, just a man and his will to survive.

So many times, it happens too fast.
Face to face, out in the heat,
Risin' up, straight to the top.

You trade your passion for glory.
Don't lose your grip on the
hang-in' tough, stay-in' hungry.
They stack the odds, still we
Had the guts got the glory.
Went the distance. Now I'm

dreams of the past. You must fight just to keep them a-live.
take to the street for the kill with the skill to survive.
not gonna stop, just a man and his will to survive.
It's the
eye of the tiger. It's the thrill of the fight, ris'in'

up to the challenge of our rival. And the

last known survivor stalks his prey in the night, and he's watchin' us all with the

eye of the tiger.
The eye of the tiger.