

# The Tender Trap

Frank Sinatra

You see a pair of laughing eyes  
And suddenly your sighing sighs  
You're thinking nothing's wrong  
You string along, boy, then snap Those eyes, those sighs  
They're part of the tender trap You're hand in hand beneath the trees  
And soon there's music in the breeze  
You're acting kind of smart  
Until your heart just goes wap Those trees, that breeze  
They're part of the tender trap Some starry night  
When her kisses make you tingle  
She'll hold you tight  
And you'll hate yourself for being single And all at once it seems so nice  
The folks are throwing shoes and rice  
You hurry to a spot  
That's just a dot on the map You're hooked, you're cooked  
You're caught in the tender trap Some starry night  
When her kisses make you tingle  
She'll hold you tight  
And you'll hate yourself for being single And all at once it seems so nice  
The folks are throwing shoes and rice  
You hurry to a spot  
That's just a dot on the map And then you wonder how it all came about  
It's too late now there's no gettin' out  
You fell in love, and love is the tender trap

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