

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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