

# The Tender Trap

Dean Martin 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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