

Frank Sinatra "The Tender Trap"

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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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