

Robert Palmer, (Love Is) The Tender Trap

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