

The Look

Dean Martin

The look
As she pass she flashed that come-hither look
The look
That was meant for me and for me alone

The look
Would be out of place in a children's book
The look
That could chip a piece off a heart of stone

Consider a bit this interesting little tableau
A look I could read but where would it lead me to
But mischievous elf I labeled myself diablo
And did just exactly what she was sure I'd do
Now at her beck and call
She ties me to the strings of her Spanish shawl
That isn't all
One foot out the door and she gives me the look

I say goodbye now she puts her foot down
I'm flying high now that's when I'm put down
I want to die now she puts her foot down
Freezes me with the look

Someday if she sashays by you and looks your way
I'd say you'll do well if you overlook the look
The look
The look