

# 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