

Behind Closed Doors

Charlie Rich

My baby makes me proud
Lord, don't she make me proud
She never makes a scene
By hanging all over me in a crowd
'Cause people like to talk
Lord, don't they love to talk
But when they turn out the lights
I know she'll be leaving with me

And when we get behind closed doors
Then she lets her hair hang down
And she makes me glad that I'm a man
Oh, no-one knows what goes on behind closed doors

My baby makes me smile
Lord, don't she make me smile
She's never far away
Or too tired to say: "I want you"
She's always a lady, just like a lady should be
But when they turn out the lights
She's still a baby to me

'Cause when we get behind closed doors
Then she lets her hair hang down
And she makes me glad that I'm a man
Oh, no-one knows what goes on behind closed doors
Behind closed doors