

Behind Closed Doors

Diana Ross

My baby makes me proud
Lord, don't he make me proud
He never makes a scene
By hangin' all over me in a crowd

'Cause people like to talk
Lord, don't they like to talk
But when they turn out the lights
I know he'll be leavin' with me

And when we get behind closed doors
Then I let my hair hang down
He makes me glad that I'm a woman
Oh, no one knows what goes on behind closed doors

My baby makes me smile
Lord, don't he make me smile
He's never far away
Or too tired to say I want you

And I'm always a lady
Just like a lady should be
But when they turn out the lights
He's still my baby to me

And when we get behind closed doors
Then I let my hair hang down
Oh, he makes me glad I'm a woman
Oh, no one knows what goes on behind closed doors

Oh, behind closed doors
I let my hair hang down
I'm glad that I'm a woman
No one knows what goes on behind closed doors

Behind closed doors
I let my hair hang down
He makes me glad I'm a woman
No one knows what goes on behind closed doors

And when we get behind closed doors
Then I let my hair hang down