

Behind Closed Doors

Tom Jones

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
And she lets her hair hang down
And she makes me glad that I'm a man
And 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

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