

Holiday

Tom Jones

Well she's all you'd ever want,
She's the kind they'd like to flaunt and take to
dinner.
Well she always knows her place.
She's got style, she's got grace, She's a winner.

She's a Lady. Whoa whoa whoa, She's a Lady.
Talkin' about that little lady, and the lady is mine.

Well she's never in the way
Something always nice to say, Oh what a blessing.
I can leave her on her own
Knowing she's okay alone, and there's no messing.

She's a lady. Whoa, whoa, whoa. She's a lady.
Talkin' about that little lady, and the lady is mine.

Well she never asks for very much and I don't refuse
her.
Always treat her with respect, I never would abuse her.
What she's got is hard to find, and I don't want to
lose her
Help me build a mansion from my little pile of clay.
Hey, hey, hey.

Well she knows what I'm about,
She can take what I dish out, and that's not easy,
Well she knows me through and through,
She knows just what to do, and how to please me.

She's a lady. Whoa, whoa, whoa. She's a lady.
Talkin' about that little lady and the lady is mine.

Yeah yeah yeah She's a Lady
Listen to me baby, She's a Lady
Whoa whoa whoa, She's a Lady
And the Lady is mine

Yeah yeah yeah She's a Lady
Talkin about this little lady
Whoa whoa whoa whoa
Whoa and the lady is mine
Yeah yeah She's a Lady
And the Lady is mine.