

# Tom Jones, Behind Closed Doors

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.