

## 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.