

Behind Closed Doors

Buddy Jewell

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

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