

## Behind Closed Doors

Floyd Cramer

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