

## **Diana Ross**

# **"Behind Closed Doors"**

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My baby makes me proud  
Lord, don't he make me proud  
He never makes a scene  
By hangin' all over me in a crowd

'Cause people like to talk  
Lord, don't they like to talk  
But when they turn out the lights  
I know he'll be leavin' with me

And when we get behind closed doors  
Then I let my hair hang down  
He makes me glad that I'm a woman  
Oh, no one knows what goes on behind closed doors

My baby makes me smile  
Lord, don't he make me smile  
He's never far away  
Or too tired to say I want you

And I'm always a lady  
Just like a lady should be  
But when they turn out the lights  
He's still my baby to me

And when we get behind closed doors  
Then I let my hair hang down  
Oh, he makes me glad I'm a woman  
Oh, no one knows what goes on behind closed doors

Oh, behind closed doors  
I let my hair hang down  
I'm glad that I'm a woman  
No one knows what goes on behind closed doors

Behind closed doors  
I let my hair hang down  
He makes me glad I'm a woman  
No one knows what goes on behind closed doors

And when we get behind closed doors  
Then I let my hair hang down

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