

Tom Jones "Holiday"

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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.

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