

# She's a Lady (with Tom Jones)

[Paul Anka](#)

Well, she's all you'd ever want  
She's the kind I like to flaunt and take to dinner  
But she always knows her place  
She's got style, she's got grace, she's a winner  
She's a lady  
Oh, whoa, whoa, she's a lady  
Talkin' about that little lady  
And the lady is mine Well, she's never in the way  
Always something nice to say, and what a blessin'  
I can leave her on her own  
Knowin' she's OK alone and there's no messin'  
She's a lady  
Oh, whoa, whoa, she's a lady  
Talkin' about that little lady  
And the lady is mine Well, she never asks 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 mountain  
From a 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  
But she knows me through and through  
And she knows just what to do and how to please me  
She's a lady  
Oh, whoa, whoa, she's a lady  
Talkin' about that little lady  
And the lady is mine  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, she's a lady  
Oh, whoa, whoa, she's a lady  
Listen to me people she's a lady  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah she's a lady  
Whoa whoa whoa she's a lady  
Talkin' about the little lady  
whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa  
She's a lady  
Yeah yeah yeah she's a lady  
Whoa whoa lord, she's a lady

I can't live without that

She's a lady

Ooh ooh she's a lady

Songwriters

PAUL ANKA

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