

# That Lady, Pts. 1& 2

## The Isley Brothers

Who's that lady? Who's that lady?  
Beautiful lady, who's that lady?  
Lovely lady, who's that lady?  
Real fine lady, who's that lady? Hear me callin' out to you  
'Cause that's all that I can do  
Your eyes tell me to pursue  
But you say, look yeah  
But don't touch, baby,  
No, no, no, don't touch Who's that lady? Who's that lady?  
Sexy lady, who's that lady?  
Beautiful lady, who's that lady?  
Real fine lady, who's that lady? I would dance upon a string  
Any gifts she'd wanna bring  
I would give her anything  
If she would just do what I say  
Come around my way, baby, shine my way Who's that lady? Who's that lady?  
Beautiful lady, who's that lady?  
Lovely lady, who's that lady?  
Real, real fine lady, who's that lady? I would love to take her home  
But her heart is made of stone  
I gotta keep on keepin' on  
If I don't, she'll do me wrong  
Do me wrong, baby

Songwriters

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