Behind Closed Doors

Diana Ross

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

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