

# 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 meAnd 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 doorsMy 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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