

Tom Jones - She's a Lady

Tom: G

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

Talking about, that little lady

And the lady is mine

Well, she's never in the way

Always 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

Talking 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

Well she knows me through and through

And she knows just what to do

And how to please me

She's a lady

Whoa, whoa, whoa, she's a lady

Talking about that little lady

And the lady is mine

Yeah, yeah, yeah, she's a lady

Whoa, whoa, whoa, she's a lady

Listen to me people, she's a lady

Yeah, yeah, yeah, she's a lady

Whoa, whoa, whoa, she's a lady

Talking about this little lady

Yeah, yeah, yeah, she's a lady

And the lady is mine

Acordes

