

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 Bb 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 Eb Bb 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, 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, she's a lady And the lady is mine

Acordes

