

Where do you go to (my lovely)

Peter Sarstedt

C//G **Cmj7E** **Em** **Fmj7** **G**
You talk like Marlene Dietrich and you dance like Zizi Jean-Maire.

C/G **Cmj7/E** **Em** **Fmj7** **G**
Your clothes are all made by Balmain and there's diamonds and pearls in your hair,
Gadd4 **G7f Em G C/G**
yes they are.

C/G **Cmj7/E Em** **Fmj7** **G**
And you live in a fancy apartment of the Boulevard St. Michel

C/G **Cmj7/E** **Em** **Fmj7** **G**
Where you keep your Rolling Stones records and a friend of Sasha Distel,
Gadd4 **G7f Em G C/G**
yes you do.

C/G **Cmj7/E Em** **Fmj7** **G**
And you go to the embassy parties where you talk in Russian and Greek

C/G **Cmj7/E** **Em** **Fmj7** **G**
And the young men who move in your circles, they hang on every word you speak,
Gadd4 **G7f Em G C/G**
yes they do.

C/G **Cmj7/E** **Em** **Fmj7** **G**
But where do you go to my lovely..., when you're alone in your bed.

C/G **Cmj7/E** **Em** **Fmj7** **G**
Would you tell me the thoughts that surround you. I want to look inside your head,
Gadd4 **G7f Em G C/G**
yes I do.

I've seen all your qualifications, that you got from the Sorbonne
And the painting you stole from Picasso. Your loveliness goes on and on, yes it does.
When you go on your summer vacation, you go to Juan-les-Pins
With your carefully designed topless swimsuit, you get an even suntan on your back
and on your legs.
And when the snow falls you're found in St. Moritz with the others of the jet set.
When you sip your Napoleon brandy, but you never get your lips wet, no you don't.

But where do you go to my lovely..., when you're alone in your bed.
Would you tell me the thoughts that surround you. I want to look inside your head,
yes I do.

You're in between twenty and thirty, a very desirable age.
Your body is firm and inviting, but you live on a glittering stage.
Your name it is heard in high places. You know the Agha Khan.
He sent you a race horse for Christmas and you keep it just for fun, for a laugh,
aha ha ha.
They say that when you get married, it will be to a millionaire.
But they don't realize where you came from and I wonder if they really care, or
give a damn.

Where do you go to my lovely..., when you're alone in your bed.
You better tell me the thoughts that surround you. I want to look inside your
head, yes I do..

Ah, remember the back streets of Naples, two children begging in rags.
Both touched with a burning ambition to shake off their lowly-born tags, so they
try.
So look into my face Marie-Claire and remember just who you are.
Then go and forget me forever, but I know you still bear the scar, deep inside.
Ah, I know where you go to my lovely..., when you're alone in your bed.
Well, I know the thoughts that surround you, 'cause I can look inside your head.

Repeat Verse 1 and chorus instrumentally.