

Where do You Go to My Lovely

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C / Em /  
You talk like Marlene Dietrich  
F / G /  
And you dance like Zizi Jeanmaire  
C / Em /  
Your clothes are all made by Balmain  
F  
And there's diamonds and pearls in your  
G / / /  
hair, yes there are.

You live in a fancy apartment  
Off the Boulevard of St. Michel  
Where you keep your Rolling Stones  
records  
And a friend of Sacha Distel, yes you  
do.

You go to the embassy parties  
Where you talk in Russian and Greek  
And the young men who move in your  
circles  
They hang on every word you speak, yes  
they do.

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

I've seen all your qualifications  
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-Pines  
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  
And 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 20 and 30  
A very desirable age  
Your body is firm and inviting  
But you live on a glittering stage, yes  
you do, yes you do.

Your name is heard in high places  
You know the Aga Khan  
He sent you a racehorse for Christmas  
And you keep it just for fun, for a  
laugh ha-ha-ha

They say that when you get married  
It'll be to a millionaire  
But they don't realize where you came  
from  
And I wonder if they really care, or  
give a damn

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

I remember the back streets of Naples  
Two children begging in rags  
Both touched with a burning ambition  
To shake off their lowly brown tags,  
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, yes you do

I know where you go to my lovely  
When you're alone in your bed  
I know the thoughts that surround you  
'Cause I can look inside your head.