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Intro: C Em Dm G x2
You talk like Marlene Dietrich
       Dm
And you dance like Zizi Jeanmaire
Your clothes are all made by Balmain
                                     G (stay on G)
And there's diamonds and pearls in your hair, yes there are
You live in a fancy apartment
         Dm
Off the Boulevard Saint-Michel
Where you keep your Rolling Stones records
                      G (stay on G)
And a friend of Sacha Distel, yes you do
But where do you go to my lovely
When you're alone in your bed
Tell me the thoughts that surround you
                          G (stay on G)
I want to look inside your head, yes I do
I've seen all your qualifications
    Dm
You got from the Sorbonne
And the painting you stole from Picasso
                       G (stay on G)
     Dm
Your loveliness goes on and on, yes it does
     C
When you go on your summer vacation
  Dm
You go to Juan-les-Pins
     C
With your carefully designed topless swimsuit
                          G (stay on G)
You get an even suntan on your back and on your legs
And when the snow falls you're found in Saint Moritz
        Dm
With the others of the jet-set
       C
And you sip your Napoleon brandy
                        G (stay on G)
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But you never get your lips wet, no you don't

"Where Do You Go To My Lovely" : Peter Sarstedt

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But where do you go to my lovely
When you're alone in your bed
Won't you tell me the thoughts that surround you
                         G (stay on G)
I want to look inside your head, yes I do
Your name, it is heard in high places
You know the Aga Khan
He sent you a racehorse for Christmas
                                G (stay on G)
And you keep it just for fun, for a laugh, a-ha-ha-ha
They say that when you get married
    Dm
It'll be to a millionaire
But they don't realize where you came from
               G (stay on G)
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
Tell me the thoughts that surround you
                          G (stay on G)
I want to look inside your head, yes I do
I remember the back streets of Naples
  Dm
Two children begging in rags
      C
Both touched with a burning ambition
                             G (stay on G)
To shake off their lowly-born tags, so they try
So look into my face Marie-Claire
     Dm
And remember just who you are
    C
Then go and forget me forever
                               G (stay on G)
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
                                      (slowing down)
               G C (one strum)
'Cause I can look inside your head
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