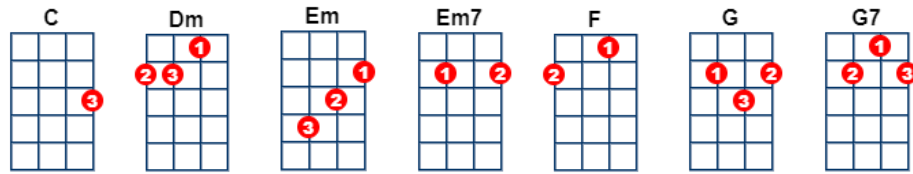


Where Do You Go To My Lovely? – Peter Sarstedt (1969)



(Intro) [C] [Em] [F] [G], [C]

You [C] talk like Marlene [Em] Dietrich,
And you [F] dance like Zizi Jean-[G]Maire.
Your [C] clothes are all made by [Em] Balmain ,
And there's [F] diamonds and pearls in your [G] hair. [G7] [Em7] [G]
You [C] live in a fancy [Em] apartment,
On the [F] boulevard St Mi-[G]chel,
Where you [C] keep your Rolling Stones [Em] records,
And a [F] friend of Sacha Dis-[G]tel. [G7] [Em7] [G]

*But [C] where do you go to my [Em] lovely,
[F] When you're alone in your [G] bed?
[C] Tell me the thoughts that sur-[Em]round you.
I [F] want to look inside your [G] head. [G7] [Em7] [G]*

I've [C] seen all your qualifi-[Em]cations,
You [F] got from the Sor-[G]bonne,
And the [C] painting you stole from Pic-[Em]asso,
And your [F] loveliness [G] goes on and [G7] on,
Yes, it [Em7] does. [G]

When you [C] go on your summer va-[Em]cation,
You [F] go to Juan-les-[G] Pins,
With your [C] carefully designed topless [Em] swimsuit,
You [F] get an even sun [G] tan,
On your [G7] back, and on your [Em7] legs. [G]
When [C] the snow falls you're found in St [Em] Moritz,
With the [F] others of the jet [G] set.
And you [C] sip your Napoleon [Em] brandy.
But you [F] never get your lips [G] wet [G7] [Em7] [G]

(Cont...)

*But [C] where do you go to my [Em] lovely,
[F] When you're alone in your [G] bed?
[C] Tell me the thoughts that sur-[Em]round you,
I [F] want to look inside your [G] head [G7] [Em7] [G]*

Your [C] name it is heard in high [Em] places,
You [F] know the Aga [G] Khan.
He [C] sent you a racehorse for [Em] Christmas,
And you [F] keep it just for [G] fun,
For a [G7] laugh, a-ha-ha [Em7] ha [G]
They [C] say that when you get [Em] married,
It will [Dm] be to a million-[G]aire.
But they [C] don't realise where you [Em] came from,
I [F] wonder if they really [G] care,
Or give a [G7] damn, Oh!-Oh! [Em7] Oh! [G]

*But [C] where do you go to my [Em] lovely,
[F] When you're alone in your [G] bed?
[C] Tell me the thoughts that sur-[Em]round you,
I [F] want to look inside your [G] head [G7] [Em7] [G]*

I re-[C]member the back [Em] streets of Naples,
Two [F] children begging in [G] rags.
Both [C] touched with a burning am-[Em]bition,
To [F] shake off off their lowly born [G] tags,
Yes they [G7] try [Em7] [G]

So, [C] look into my face Marie [Em] Claire
And [F] remember just who you [G] are.
Then [C] go and forget me for-[Em]ever,
But I [F] know you still bear the [G] scar, deep [G7] inside,
Yes you [Em7] do [G]

*I [C] know where you go to my [Em] lovely.
[F] When you're alone in your [G] bed.
[C] I know the thoughts that sur-[Em]round you,
Cos [F] I can look inside your [C] head.*