

Where Do You Go To My Lovely Peter Sarstedt

[C]You 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, yes there [G7] are [G6] [G]
You [C]live in a fancy apa[Em]rtment off the [F] Boulevard St. [G] Michel.
Where you [C]keep your Rolling Stones [Em] records and a [F] friend of Sacha [G] Distel.
You go [C] to the Embassy [Em] parties where you [F] talk in Russian and [G] Greek.
And the [C] young men who move in your [Em] circles,
they hang [F] on every word that you [G] speak. Yes they [G7] do. [G6] [G]

Chorus

But [C]where do you go to my [Em] lovely, when [F] your alone in your [G] bed.
[C]Tell me the thoughts that sur [Em]round you,
I [F] want to look inside your [G] head, yes I[G7] do. [G6] [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 [Em] Picasso,
Your [F] loveliness goes on and [G] on. Yes it [G7] does. [G6] [G]

When you [C] go on your summer va[Em] cation, you [F] go to Juan-les- [G] Pain.
With your [C] carefully designed topless [Em] swim suit
You get [F] an even sun [G] tan,
On your [G7] back and on [G6] your legs. [G]Ha ha ha

And [C] when the snow falls your 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.

No you [G7] don't [G6] [G]

Chorus

But [C]where do you go to my [Em] lovely, when [F] your alone in your [G] bed.
[C]Tell me the thoughts that sur [Em]round you,
I [F] want to look inside your [G] head, yes I[G7] do. [G6] [G]

Your [C]name it, is heard in high [Em] places. You [F] know the Agha [G] Khan.
He [C] sent you a racehorse for [Em] Christmas, and you [F] keep it just for [G] fun,
[G7] For a [G6] laugh, a [G] ha a ha
They [C] say that when you get [Em] married, It will [F] be to a million[G]aire.
But they [C] don't realize where you came [Em] from
and I [F] wonder If they really [G]care, or give a [G7] damn. [G6] [G]

Chorus

But [C]where do you go to my [Em] lovely, when [F] your alone in your [G] bed.
[C]Tell me the thoughts that sur [Em]round you,
I [F] want to look inside your [G] head, yes I [G7] do. [G6] [G]

I reme[C]mber the back streets of [Em] Naples, Two [F] children dressed in [G] rags.
Both [C] Touched with a burning am[Em]bition
To [F] shake off their lowly born [G] tags, and they [G7] try [G6] [G]
So look [C] into my face Marie-[Em] Claire and remember [F] just who you [G] are.
Then go [C] and forget me for[Em]ever, But I [F] know you still bare the [G] scar,
[G7]Deep inside, yes you [G6]do. [G]
I [C] know where you go to my [Em] lovely [F] when your alone in your [G] bed.

I [C] know the thoughts that sur [Em] round you, **Slow down.**

Cause [F] I [F] can [F] look [G]in [G4]side [G5]your [C] head.

Lead out.....[C] [Em] [F] [G] [C] [Em] [F] [G] [G4] [G5] [C]

