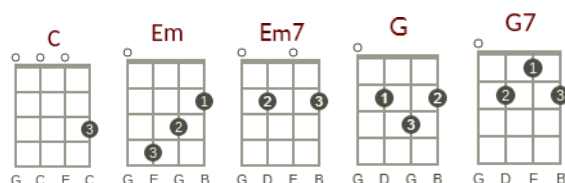


Where Do You Go To My Lovely

, Artist:Peter Sarstedt Writer:Peter Sarstedt



3/4 Strum D DuDu. ('Dum Chinga Chinga')

Intro: **[C]** **[Em]** **[F]** **[G]** then vamp on **[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 **[G]** on, yes it **[G7]** does **[Em7]** **[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]**

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 [F!]can [F!]look [G!]in[G!]side [G!] your [C] head:

[C] [Em] [F] [G] [C] [C!]