

**Where Do You Go To My Lovely**  
**Gerry & The Pacemakers**

Where Do You Go To My Lovely? Gerry & The Pacemakers.  
(Peter Sarstedt made this #1 in the UK in  
69 and # 64 in USA. Gerry And The Pacemakers  
had a minor hit with it.)

#1.

C Em  
You talk like Marlene Dietrich,  
F G  
And you dance like Zizi Jeanmaire.  
C Em  
Your clothes are all made by Balmain,  
Dm G  
And there s diamonds and pearls in your hair.  
G7 G G7

Yes, there are!

#2.

C Em  
You live in a fancy apartment,  
F G  
on the Boulevard of St. Michel.  
C Em  
Where you keep your Rolling Stones records,  
Dm G G7 G G7  
And a friend of Sacha Distel..Yes, you do!

CHORUS:

C Em  
But where do you go to my lovely?  
F G  
When you re alone in your bed.  
C Em  
Tell me the thoughts that surround you,  
Dm G G7 G G7  
I want to look inside your head..yes I do.

#3.\*\*\* (Chords are the same as #1 & #2 for rest of verses  
and Choruses.)\*\*\*

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..  
#4.  
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..  
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.

CHORUS:

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..  
#5.

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.  
#6.

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?  
CHORUS:

#7.  
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, yes they try..  
So look into my face Marie-Claire,  
And remember just who you are.  
Then go and forget me forever,  
Cause I know you still bear  
the scar, deep inside, yes you do..  
#8.

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.

A sixties smash from Kraziekhat.