

**Where Do You Go To My Lovely**  
**Misc Traditional**

Where do you go to, my lovely? by Peter Sarstedt

Transcribed by Peter Sarstedt. (Well, sorta)  
<http://www.toptabz.cjb.net>

Notes:

I actually emailed the guy who wrote this song, (Peter Sarstedt) and he told me these are the chords.

So, obviously, they are! (I thought Dm was F... I was wrong)  
-Shaun Connellan (shaunconnellan@hotmail.com)

          C                          Em                          Dm                          G  
You talk like Marlene Dietrich and you dance like Zizi Jean-Maire.  
          C                          Em                          Dm                          G  
Your clothes are all made by Balmain and there s diamonds and pearls in your  
hair.  
          C                          Em                          Dm                          G  
You live in a fancy apartment off the Boulevard St. Michel  
          C                          Em                          Dm                          G  
Where you keep your Rolling Stones records and a friend of Sasha Distel.  
          C                          Em                          Dm                          G  
You go to the embassy parties where you talk in Russian and Greek  
          C                          Em                          Dm                          G  
          Dm    Em    G7    Em  
          C  
And the young men who move in your circles, they hang on every word you speak,  
yes they do.

Chorus:

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

Additional Lyrics:

Verse 2.

I ve seen all your qualifications that you got from the Sorbonne  
And the painting you stole from Picasso. Your loveliness goes on and on.  
When you go on your summer vacation, you go to Juan-les-Pins  
With your carefully designed topless swimsuit  
You get an even suntan on your back and on your legs.

And 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.

You re in between twenty and thirty, a very desirable age.

You re body is firm and inviting, but you live on a glittering stage.

Your name it, is heard in high places. You know the Agha Khan.

He sent you a race horse for Christmas and you keep it just for fun, for a laugh, aha aha.

They say that when you get married, it will be to a millionaire.

But they don t realize where you came from and I wonder if they really care, or give a damn.

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.

Ah, remember the back streets of Naples, two children begging in rags.

Both touched with a burning ambition to shake off their lowly-born tags, so they try.

So look into my face Marie-Claire and remember just who you are.

Then go and forget me forever,

But I know you still bear the scar deep inside, yes, you do.

Ah, 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.

Repeat Verse 1 and chorus instrumentally.

<http://www.toptabz.cjb.net>