

Where Do You Go To My Lovely
Peter Sarstedt

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
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From: cseb@frodo.lfi.uni-hannover.de (Christian Sebeke)
Subject: Where do you go to (my lovely)

Someone asked for Peter Sarstedt s Ohrwurm last week. (Is there someone who knows the spelling of Zizi Jean-Mare? I have not met her yet) Anyhow, here we go:

Where do you go to (my lovely)

Peter Sarstedt

It is in 3/4 and the basic progression is:

	G		G		Em		Em		C		C		D		D					
	G		G		Em		Em		C		C		D		D/C		D/B		D/A	

Chords:

G	3	2	0	0	0	3
Em	0	2	2	0	0	0
C	-	3	2	0	1	0
D	-	-	0	2	3	2
D/C	-	3	0	2	3	2
D/B	-	2	0	2	3	2
D/A	-	0	0	2	3	2

Verses:

You talk like Marlene Dietrich
And you dance like Zizi Jean-Mare (perhaps this name is not spelled right)
Your clothes are all made by Balmain
And there`s diamonds and pearls in your hair

You live in a fancy appartement
Of the Boulevard of St. Michel
Where you keep your Rolling Stones records
And a friend of Sacha Distel

But where do you go to my lovely
When you re alone in your bed
Tell me the thoughts that surrond you

I want to look inside your head

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

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

But where do you go to my lovely
When you re alone in your bed
Tell me the thoughts that surrond you
I want to look inside your head, yes I do

Your name is heard in high places
You know the Aga Khan
He sent you a racehorse for chistmas
And you keep it just for fun, for a laugh haha

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, they give a damn

Where do you go to my lovely
When you re alone in your bed
Tell me the thoughts that surrond you
I want to look inside your head

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

I know where you go to my lovely
When you re alone in your bed
I know the thoughts that surrond you
`Cause I can look inside your head

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