Peter Sarstedt, Where Do You Go

You talk like Marlene Dietrich And you dance like Zizi Jeanmaire Your clothes are all made by Balmain And there's diamonds and pearls in your hair, yes there are

You live in a fancy apartment Off the Boulevard Saint-Michel Where you keep your Rolling Stones records And a friend of Sacha Distel, yes you do

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

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-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 Saint Moritz With the others of the jet-set And you sip your Napoleon brandy But you never get your lips wet, no you don't

But where do you go to my lovely When you're alone in your bed Won't you tell me the thoughts that surround you I want to look inside your head, yes I do

Your name, it 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, a-ha-ha-ha

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

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

I 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

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 (na na-na-na na na-na-na na-na na na na na) (na na-na-na na na-na-na na-na na na na na)