

# Where Do You Go To My Lovely

Right Said Fred

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 your friend of Sacha Distel, yes you do

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

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

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

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

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  
And I know the thoughts that surround you  
'Cause I can look inside your head

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

Where do you go to my lovely...