

You talk*like*..... Marlene Dietrich
And you like Zizi Jean-Maire
Your are all made by Balmain
And there's diamonds and in your hair

You live in a apartment
Off the Boulevard St. Michel
..... you keep your Rolling Stones records
And a of Sasha Distel.

You go to the parties
Where you talk in Russian and
And the young men who in your circles,
They on every word you speak.

But where do you go to my lovely...
When you're in your bed.
Tell me the that surround you.
I want to look your head.

I've seen all qualifications
..... you got from the Sorbonne
And the you stole from Picasso.
..... loveliness goes on and on.

When you go on your summer
You go to Juan-les-Pins
With your designed topless swimsuit

You get an even
On your and on your legs
And when the falls you're found in St. Moritz
With the of the jet set

And you your Napoleon brandy,
But you never get your wet

But where do you go to my lovely...

When alone in your bed.
..... me the thoughts that surround you.
I want to look inside your

You're in twenty and thirty,
A very desirable
You're is firm and inviting,
But you live on a glittering

Your name it is in high places.
You the Agha Khan.
He sent you a horse for Christmas
And you it just for fun, for a laugh, aha aha.

They say that when you get,
It be to a millionaire.
But they don't where you came from
And I wonder if they really, or give a damn.

But where do you go to my lovely...
When you're alone in your
Tell me the thoughts that you.
I to look inside your head.

Ah, the back streets of Naples,
Two begging in rags
..... touched with a burning ambition
To off their lowly-born tags, so they try.

So look into my Marie-Claire
And remember just who
Then go and me forever
But I 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.