



Intro: [C] /// [C] /// [Em] /// [Em] /// [F] /// [F] ///
 [G] /// [G] /// [C] /// [C] /// [C] /// [C] ///

You [C] talk like Marlene [Em] Dietrich and you [F] dance like Zizi Jean [G] Maire
 Your [C] clothes are all made by [Em] Balmain
 And there's [F] diamonds and pearls in your [G] hair [G7] [Em7] [G]

You [C] live in a fancy a-[Em]-partment on the [F] boulevard St Mi-[G]-chel
 Where you [C] keep your Rolling Stones [Em] records,
 and a [F] friend of Sacha Dis-[G] tel [G7] [Em7] [G]

But [C] where do you go to my [Em] lovely
 [F] When you're alone in your [G] bed?
 [C] Tell me the thoughts that sur-[Em]-round you
 I [F] want to look inside your [G] head [G7] [Em7] [G]

I've [C] seen all your qualifi-[Em]-cations you [F] got from the Sor-[G]-bonne
 And the [C] painting you stole from Pic-[Em]-asso,
 And your [F] loveliness goes on and [G] on, yes it [G7] does [Em7] [G]

When you [C] go on your summer va-[Em]-cation you [F] go to Juan-les-[G]-Pins
 With your [C] carefully designed topless [Em] swimsuit
 You [F] get an even sun [G] tan, on your [G7] back, and on your [Em7] legs [G]

When the [C] snow falls you're found in St [Em] Moritz with the [F] others of the jet [G] set
 And you [C] sip your Napoleon [Em] brandy
 But you [F] never get your lips [G] wet [G7] [Em7] [G]

But [C] where do you go to my [Em] lovely [F] when you're alone in your [G] bed?
[C] Tell me the thoughts that sur-[Em]-round you,
I [F] want to look inside your [G] head [G7] [Em7] [G]

Your [C] name it is heard in high [Em] places, you [F] know the Aga [G] Khan
He [C] sent you a racehorse for [Em] Christmas
And you [F] keep it just for [G] fun, for a [G7] laugh, a-ha-ha [Em7] ha [G]

They [C] say that when you get [Em] married, it will [Dm] be to a million-[G]-aire
But they [C] don't realise where you [Em] came from,
I [F] wonder if they really [G] care or give a [G7] damn, Oh, Oh, [Em7] oh [G]

But [C] where do you go to my [Em] lovely [F] when you're alone in your [G] bed?
[C] Tell me the thoughts that sur-[Em]-round you,
I [F] want to look inside your [G] head [G7] [Em7] [G]

I re-[C]-member the back streets of [Em] Naples, two [F] children begging in [G] rags
Both [C] touched with a burning am-[Em]-bition
To [F] shake off off their lowly born [G] tags, yes they [G7] try [Em7] [G]

So [C] look into my face Marie [Em] Claire and re-[F]-member just who you [G] are
Then [C] go and forget me for-[Em]-ever, but
I [F] know you still bear the [G] scar, deep in-[G7]-side, yes you [Em7] do [G]

I [C] know where you go to my [Em] lovely [F] When you're alone in your [G] bed
I [C] know the thoughts that sur-[Em]-round you - cos [F] I can look [G7] inside your [C] head