

## Peter Sarstedt

### "Where Do You Go To"

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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

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

You go to the embassy parties  
Where you talk in Russian and Greek  
And the young men who move in your circle  
They hang on every word you speak, yes I 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-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  
(Won't you) Tell me the thoughts that surround you  
I want to look inside your head, yes I do

You're in-between twenty an thirty -  
A very desirable age

Your body's firm and inviting  
But you live on a glittering state

Your name 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 ahaha

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 surround 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  
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

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