## Right Said Fred "Where Do You Go My Lovely?"

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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, 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...

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