



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 appartement

CERTIFICATE OF ROSE NAMING

We're proud to announce that...

the my-lovely rose

Has been officially named & planted in the beautiful public rose garden of
name-a-rose.com. May it believe in a thing called love & grow in your heart...
Forever.

The public rose garden
ROSE GARDEN

2007-01-01
DATE PLANTED

Anonymous
NAMED BY

Available to view for eternity at the following web address:

[//www.name-a-rose.com/the-my-lovely-rose/](http://www.name-a-rose.com/the-my-lovely-rose/)

Of the Boulevard of St. Michel

*Where you keep your Rolling
Stones records*

And a friend of Sacha Distel

*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

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

Tell me the thoughts that

surround you

I want to look inside your head,

yes I do

Your name is heard in high

places

You know the Aga Khan

He sent you a racehorse for

chistmas

*And you keep it just for fun, for
a laugh haha*

*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*

*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

*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

'Cause 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