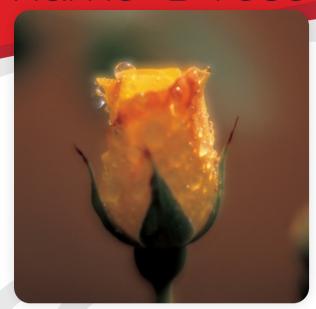
## name-19-rose



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 and 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:

https://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