

# Mademoiselle (Murray Head)

D A D A D A D A

D A D A D A D A E4  
Mademoiselle remembers too well how once she was belle of the ball.  
F#m E Esus4 E  
Now the past she sadly recalls.

D A D A D A D A E4  
Mademoiselle lived in grand hotels, ordered clothes by Chanel and Dior.  
F#m E Esus4 E  
Millionaires queued at her door.

Bm C#m  
Oh, she pleased them and teased them, she hooked them and squeezed them  
D A  
until like their empires they'd fall.

Bm C#m  
She very soon learned that the more love she spurned  
D D6 E  
The more power she yearned until she was belle of the ball.

D A D A D A D A E4  
Oh, Mademoiselle, such a soft machiavel, would play bagatelle with the hearts  
F#m E Esus4 E  
of young men as they fell.

D A D A D A D A E4  
Mademoiselle would hide in her shell, could then turn cast a spell on any girl  
F#m E Esus4 E  
that got in her way.

Bm C#m  
She would crave all attention. Men would flock to her side.  
D A  
Woe betide any man who ignored.

Bm C#m  
For she'd feign such affection, then break down their pretension.  
D D6 E  
When she'd won she would turn away, turn away, thoroughly bored.

D A D A D A D A E4  
Mademoiselle, long ago said farewell to any love left to sell, for the sake  
F#m E Esus4 E  
of being belle of the ball.

D A D A D A D A E4  
Mademoiselle knows there's no way to quell her own private hell, just a shell,  
F#m E Esus4 E  
with no heart left at all.

D A E A  
Poor old Mademoiselle.  
D A E A  
Still a Mademoiselle.  
D A E A Asus4 A Asus4 A  
Poor old Mademoiselle.