

Al Stewart, The Palace Of Versailles

The wands of smoke are rising
From the walls of the Bastille
And through the streets of Paris
Runs a sense of the unreal
The Kings have all departed
Their servants are nowhere
We burned out all their mansions
In the name of Robespierre
And still we wait
To see the day begin
Our time is wasting in the wind
Wondering why
Wondering why, it echoes
Through the lonely palace of Versailles

Inside the midnight councils
The lamps are burning low
On you sit and talk all through the night
But there's just no place to go
And Bonaparte is coming
With his army from the South
Marat your days are numbered
And we live hand to mouth
While we wait
To see the day begin
Our time is wasting in the wind
Wondering why

Wondering why, it echoes
Through the lonely palace of Versailles

The ghost of revolution
Still prowls the Paris streets
Down all the restless centuries
It wonders incomplete
It speaks inside the cheap red wine
Of cafe summer nights
Its red and amber voices
Call the cars at traffic lights

Why do you wait
To see the day begin
Your time is wasting in the wind
Wondering why
Wondering why, it echoes
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