Marc Almond, Rues Des Blancs-Manteaux

In the Rue des Blancs-Manteaux They raised a wooden stage Threw some bran in a basket And there was the scaffold In the Rue des Blancs-Manteaux

In the Rue des Blancs-Manteaux
The executioner rose at dawn
He had a job to do
He must chop the generals, bishops and admirals too
In the Rue des Blancs-Manteaux

Into the Rue des Blancs-Manteaux Came the well-bred women With their precious jewels But the heads they turned them Rolling from on high Heads stuck in their hats

In the gutter of the Blancs-Manteaux