

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