Marble Arch "Rues Des Blancs-Manteaux"

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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

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