

# The Palace of Versailles

Al Stewart

The wands of smoke are rising  
From the walls of the Bastille  
And through the streets of Paris  
Runs a sense of the unrealThe kings have all departed  
There servants are nowhere  
We burned out all their mansions  
In the name of RobespierreAnd 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 VersaillesInside the midnight councils  
The lamps are burning low  
Oh, you sit and talk all through the night  
But there's just no place to goAnd Bonaparte is coming  
With his army from the South  
Marat your days are numbered  
And we live hand to mouthWhile 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 VersaillesGhost of revolution  
Still prowls the Paris streets  
Down all the restless centuries  
It wonders incompleteIt speaks inside the cheap red wine  
Of cafe summer nights  
Its red and amber voices call  
The cars at traffic lightsWhy do you wait to see the day begin?  
Your time is wasting in the wind  
Wondering why, wondering why, it echoes  
Through the lonely palace of VersaillesWondering why, it echoes  
Through the lonely palace of Versailles

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