

Flushed With Wine

Roger Waters

Flushed with wine Marie Antoinette
Casts down her red, white and blue rosette
An impetuous and dangerous vignette

And then with her harming little shoe
She grinds the precious symbol underfoot
what a lark, what a hoot
The regiments all follow suit
The regiments

The regiments

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The regiments

The regiments all follow suit

Red, white and blue and they all follow suit

Red, white and blue and they all follow suit

In Paris there is nothing to eat

Not a crust, not a crumb
Not a grain of wheat

They think that starving may weaken the man in the street

Not a chance, they're used to the heat

In Versailles they drink wine and dine on freshly baked bread

The peacock sprawls upon his bed

We choke on the bones of swallowed pride instead

Soon they'll see what a feast they've made

A bitter feast

For the Parisians

...for the Parisians

These hags, these shrews, these courtesans
These animals we call women
Have marched here through the pouring rain
To bring the baker home again

Louis protests; he cries

Veto, veto! I'll give you all bread if you just let me go!

These fishwives with their babies, these animals called ladies
Will carry back home to Paris
The King, The Queen, and The Dauphin

Versailles has loomed to the regiments' final bow
Versailles bloomed
All fawning before
The Austrian cow!
Fawning on bended knee
The party's over
Take down the marquee
Hang up your dancing shoes in the hanging tree
We'll take the baker back to Paris
Back to Paris
He'll make bread for the prince we decree
The shrews, the hags and the courtesans
The animals we call women
Will take back the King to Paris
The crowd now seven thousand strong
Bore the royal coach along
With trophies raised on pikes above
The guardsman's heads they had cut off
Adieu Versailles
It rains, it pours, the crowd roars
Bonjour Paris
Adieu Versailles
Bonjour Paris, adieu Versailles