

The Commune De Paris

Roger Waters

The Monarchy restored
The crown sits tilted and uneasy now
The Girondins, one eye cocked nervous in the East,
Are loath to bring it down

But at the gates
Beyond the palsied grip of limp and timid politics
The Marseillais are girded for the fray
With pike and pick and bloodied stick
They'll plant the laurel tree
And their song will be a fanfare for the Commune de Paris...