Les Revolutionaires

Jean Clotaire and Franz Pierre

Were plotting in their rocking chairs

With chardoné, discussing Voltaire

Let’s not lose out on breaking out

We could be rich, live with what we live without

The world be ours!

Les revolutionaires

We’ll be the Sun Kings of our day

Sporting robes of violet

Riding in on our golden cabriolet

We play Parisian roll roulette

Romeos, Juliets, Montagues and Capulets

You like brunettes, and I like blondettes

Shoot the guns! Pass the wine!

It is revolutión time!

Opulence our only crime

They would not forget Miss Antoinette

Who bit the dust on cake and cigarettes

A somber toast to her in their couchette

Atop the Alps we will announce

We rule the order that we did pronounce

The world be ours!

Les revolutionaires

We’ll be the Sun Kings of our day

Sporting robes of violet

Riding in on our golden cabriolet

We play Parisian roll roulette

Young cadets, bayanettes, charging like the Lafayettes

Dawning the rosettes, sounding the cornets

Onward march, through the arch

Now we are the patriarchs

Storming the globe á la carte

We’ll be the Sun Kings of our day

Sporting robes of violet

Riding in on our golden cabriolet

We play Parisian roll roulette

Jean Clotaire and Franz Pierre

Were scaling up the royal stairs

To face the people in the court county square

We’re not to blame, we can explain

We drank just a little bit too much champagne

Off with their heads!

Les revolutionaires