

Stewart Al

"Roads To Moscow"

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Roads to Moscow

They crossed over the border the hour before dawn
Moving in lines through the day
Most of our planes were destroyed on the ground
where they lay
Waiting for orders we held in the wood - word from the
front never came
By evening the sound of the gunfire was miles away

Ah, softly we move through the shadows, slip away
through the trees
Crossing their lines in the mists in the fields on our
hands and our knees
And all that I ever was able to see
The fire in the air glowing red silhouetting the smoke
on the breeze

All summer they drove us back through the Ukraine
Smolensk and Viasma soon fell
By autumn we stood with our backs to the town of Orel
Closer and closer to Moscow they came - riding the
wind like a bell
General Guderian stands at the crest of the hill

Winter brought with her the rains, oceans of mud filled
the roads
Gluing the tracks of their tanks to the ground while the
sky filled with snow
And all that I ever was able to see
The fire in the air glowing red silhouetting the snow on
the breeze

In the footsteps of Napoleon the shadow figures
stagger through the winter
Falling back before the gates of Moscow,
Standing in the wings like an avenger
And far away behind their lines the partisans are
stirring in the forest
Coming unexpectedly upon their outposts, growing like
a promise

You'll never know, you'll never know
Which way to turn, which way to look, you'll never see
us
As we're stealing through the blackness of the night,
You'll never know, you'll never hear us
And the evening sings in a voice of amber, the dawn is
surely coming
The morning roads leads to Stalingrad, and the sky is
softly humming

Two broken Tigers on fire in the night flicker their souls
to the wind
We wait in the lines for the final approach to begin
It's been almost four years that I've carried a gun
At home it will almost be spring
The flames of the Tigers are lighting the road to Berlin

Ah, quickly we move through the ruins that bow to the
ground
The old men and children they send out to face us,
they can't slow us down
And all that I ever was able to see
The eyes of the city are opening now it's the end of the
dream

I'm coming home, I'm coming home,
Now you can taste it in the wind, the war is over
And I listen to the clicking of the train wheels as we roll
across the border
And now they ask me of the time
When I was caught behind their lines and taken
prisoner
"They only held me for a day, a lucky break", I say;
They turn and listen closer
I'll never know, I'll never know
Why I was taken from the line and all the others
To board a special train and journey deep into the
heart of holy Russia
And it's cold and damp in the transit camp, and the air
is still and sullen
And the pale sun of October whispers the snow will
soon be coming
And I wonder when I'll be home again and the morning
answers "Never"
And the evening sighs and the steely Russian skies go
on forever

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