

## **B Yellow**

### **"Moscow Red"**

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Dragging his feet right down the track,  
He's carrying a rifle on his back,  
Marching in time, it's like he said;  
"Draped in Moscow Red".

Many a thousand left that day,  
"A sea of red" just like they say,  
Marching in time, it's like they said;

"Draped in Moscow Red".  
Red. Men. Marching.  
One. More. Revolution is down.

Stamping his feet across the land,  
And over the hills and valleys and sand,  
We are not all safe in bed,  
Draped in Moscow Red.

Singing songs all through the war,  
Not quite sure what we had in store,  
Marching right on down the line,  
Draped in Moscow Red.

Red. Men. Marching.  
One. More. Revolution is down.

Battling through the wind and war,  
How many died? They just don't know,  
War-torn paths they will tread,  
Draped in Moscow Red.

Babies cried all through the night,  
Blood never runs out of sight,  
War-torn paths they were lead,  
Draped in Moscow Red.

Red. Men. Marching.  
One. More. Revolution is down.

Red. Men. Marching.  
One. More. Revolution is down.

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