

## **Chris De Burgh** **"Leningrad"**

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There she stood in an empty room, heard a voice from  
another time,  
And the memories came rolling back of Leningrad in  
the war;

For the girl in the photograph, much had changed in  
the years that passed,  
But her longing for the boy she loved was still the same  
since the war;

It was a moonless night upon the road of life, when  
he'd held her to say goodbye,  
Many more would survive, for he stayed behind to help  
them live again;

When they met at the garden gate, tears would fall  
from a deep embrace,  
For she never knew what happened to the boy she  
loved in the war;  
Back in those happy days, before the soldiers came,  
To break down the ones who remained,  
And they only survived, who could learn to die, and live  
to fight again;

There they stood in an empty room, heard a voice from  
another time,  
And their memories came rolling back of Leningrad in  
the war.

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