

Al Stewart "Roads to Moscow"

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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 Viyasma soon fell, by autumn we stood
With our backs to the town of Orel

Closer and closer to Moscow they come, 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 road 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'll 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 that 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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