

Roads to Moscow

Al Stewart

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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