

# 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  
Smolyensk 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

Songwriters

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