

# Leningrad

## Alyria

Viktor was born in the spring of '44  
And never saw his father anymore  
A child of sacrifice, a child of war  
Another son who never had a father after Leningrad  
Went off to school and learned to serve the state  
Followed the rules and drank his vodka straight  
The only way to live was drown the hate  
A Russian life was very sad and such was life in Leningrad  
I was born in '49  
A cold war kid in McCarthy time  
Stop 'em at the 38th Parallel  
Blast those yellow reds to hell  
And cold war kids were hard to kill  
Under their desk in an air raid drill  
Haven't they heard we won the war  
What do they keep on fighting for?  
Viktor was sent to some Red Army town  
Served out his time, became a circus clown  
The greatest happiness he'd ever found  
Was making Russian children glad and children lived in Leningrad  
But children lived in Levittown  
And hid in the shelters underground  
Until the Soviets turned their ships around  
Tore the Cuban missiles down  
And in that bright October sun  
We knew our childhood days were done  
And I watched my friends go off to war  
What do they keep on fighting for?  
So my child and I came to this place  
To meet him eye to eye and face to face  
He made my daughter laugh, then we embraced  
We never knew what friends we had until we came to Leningrad

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