

Leningrad

Chris De Burgh

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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