

# Red Army Blues

## The Waterboys

When I left my home and my family  
My mother said to me  
"Son, it's not how many Germans you kill that counts  
It's how many people you set free!"  
So I packed my bags  
Brushed my cap  
Walked out into the world  
Seventeen years old  
Never kissed a girl  
Took the train to Voronezh  
That was as far as it would go  
Changed my sacks for a uniform  
Bit my lip against the snow  
I prayed for mother Russia  
In the summer of '43  
And as we drove the Germans back  
I really believed  
That God was listening to me  
We howled into Berlin  
Tore the smoking buildings down  
Raised the red flag high  
Burnt the reichstag brown  
I saw my first American  
And he looked a lot like me  
He had the same kinda farmer's face  
Said he'd come from some place called Hazzard, Tennessee  
Then the war was over  
My discharge papers came  
Me and twenty hundred others  
Went to Stettiner for the train  
Kiev! said the commissar  
From there your own way home  
But I never got to Kiev  
We never came by home  
Train went north to the Taiga  
We were stripped and marched in file  
Up the great Siberian road  
For miles and miles and miles and miles  
Dressed in stripes and tatters

In a gulag left to die  
All because Comrade Stalin was scared that  
We'd become too westernized!  
Used to love my country  
Used to be so young  
Used to believe that life was  
The best song ever sung  
I would have died for my country  
In 1945  
But now only one thing remains  
But now only one thing remains  
But now only one thing remains  
But now only one thing remains  
The brute will to survive!

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