Russians & Americans

Al Stewart

So here we stand at the edge of 1984, bracing ourselves once again,
for the storm approaching is those who long before huddled in caves from
the rain.
The enemy's face is so hard to see,
sometimes it seems that I see him in you,
sometimes in me.
Who can it be?
No use consulting the prophets and leaders,
they all disagree.Russians and Americans,
here's a song for you, who carry the weight of the world on your head.
Russians and Americans,
tell me if it's true, you really believe all the things that you've said,
the red-white-and-blue running into the red.>From the wars of Europe, the pilgrim fathers set off with their
hopes
and their bond,
some settled down by the coast, others cross the mountains and into the
flatlands beyond.
>From the scramble and dust of Muscovite streets,
merchants develop the trade routes,
and open the Door to the East.
Pioneer waves
choked by the cold breath of winter,
and baked by the heat of the day.Russians and Americans,
passing through the fire of revolution and coming of age.
Russians and Americans,
driven by desire, two players push to the front of the stage,
the whole world now watches each move that you make.Two runners caught in the thrill of the race,
the finishing line is as far as the stars that the satellites chase,
why quicken the pace?
Why does it seem that you choose to lose reason
before losing face?Russians and Americans,
driven by the past, the third world moves in the shadows you cast.
Russians and Americans,
can turn the world to dust, so much to live for, so much undiscussed,
so much in common and so little trust.>From the streets of Athens and Rome the voices still echo to crumbling
walls.
Look to the past and remember that no empire rises that sooner or later
won't fall.
Forever the changes we still have to face,

some people say a country is more and idea than a place.
Though nothing is safe,
we still choose the mark that we leave on the open canvas of space.Russians and Americans,
maybe you should see into the heart of the world, not it's head.
Russians and Americans,
if you want to be the beat of the world, better mind where you tread,
the footsteps of history are left where you step.So here we stand at the edge of 1984.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/