

Leningrad

Billy Joel

Victor was born
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 his state
followed the rules
and drank his vodka straight
the only way to live
was down the hate
the russian life was very sad
and such was life in leningrad
I was born in 49
A cold war kid in McCarthy times
Stop 'em at the 38th parallel
blast those yellow reds to hell
cold war kids were hard to kill
under their desks in an air raid drill haven't they heard we won the war
what do they keep on fighting for?
Victor 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
when children lived in leningrad.
The children lived in Levittown
hid in the shelters underground
Til 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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