

Roads to Moscow

Al Stewart

They crossed over the border the hour before dawn
moving in lines through the day
Most of our planes were destroyed on the ground where they lay
Waiting for orders we held in the wood
Word from the front never came
By evening the sound of the gunfire was miles away I softly move through the shadows, slip
away through the trees
Crossing their lines in the mist in the fields on our hands and our knees And all that I ever
Was able to see
The fire in the air, glowing red
Silhouetting the smoke on the breeze All summer they drove us back through the Ukraine
Smolensk and Viasma soon fell
By Autumn we stood with our backs to the town of Orel
Closer and closer to Moscow they come
Riding the wind like a bell
General Guderian stands at the crest of the hill
Winter brought with the rains, oceans of mud filled the roads
Gluing the tracks of their tanks to the ground, while the skies filled with snow And all that I ever
Was able to see
The fire in the air, glowing red
Silhouetting the snow on the breeze (Ah, Ah, Ah) x4 (Ah, Ah, Ah) - all thru bridge
In the footsteps of Napoleon, the shadow figures stagger through the winter
Falling back before the gates of Moscow, standing in the wings like an avenger
And far away behind their lines, the partisans are stirring in the forest
Coming unexpectedly upon their outpost, growing like a promise
You'll never know, you'll never know, which way to turn, which way to look you'll never see us
As we steal into the blackness of the night you'll never know, you'll never hear us And evening
sings in a voice of amber, the dawn is surely coming
The morning road leads to Stalingrad, and the sky is softly humming
Two broken tigers on fire in the night
Flicker their souls to the wind
We wait in the lines for the final approach to begin
It's been almost four years that I've carried a gun
At home, it will almost be spring
The flames of the tiger are lighting the road to Berlin I quickly move through the ruins that bow
to the ground
The old men and children they send out to face us, they can't slow us down And all that I ever
Was able to see
The eyes of the city are opening
Now it's the end of a dream (Ah, Ah, Ah) x4 (Ah, Ah, Ah) thru this section
I'm coming home, I'm coming home, now you can taste it in the wind the war is over
And I listen to the clicking of the train wheels as we roll across the border

And now they ask about the time that i was caught behind their time and taken prisoner

They only held me for a day, a lucky break i say

They turn and listen closer

I'll never know, I'll never know, why I was taken from the line with all the others
to board a special train and journey deep into the heart of holy Russia
And it's cold and damp in
the transit camp and the air is still and sullen

and the pale sun of Octobe whispers the snow will soon be coming

And I wonder when, I'll be home again and the morning answers never

And the evening sighs and the steely, Russian skies go on,
forever...

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