

# 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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