

Leningrad

Viktor was born in 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 learnt to serve
the state, followed the rules and drank
his vodka straight, the only way to live
was drown the hate.

A Russian life was very sad
and such was life in Leningrad.

I was born in 49,
a cold war kid in McCarthy time.
Stop 'em at the 38th parallel,
blast those yellow Reds to hell.
And cold war kids were hard to kill
under their desk in an air raid drill.
Haven't they heard we won the war,
what do they keep on fighting for?

Viktor 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.
And children lived in Leningrad.

But children lived in Levittown
and hid in the shelters underground,
until the Soviets turned their ships around
and 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?

And 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