

Leningrad

B. Joel

Viktor was born in Spring of forty-four
And never saw his father anymore
A child of sacrifice, a child of war
another son who never had a father after Leningrad

Went of to school and learned 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 forty-nine
A cold war kid in McCarthy time
Stop them at the thirty-eight parallel
Blast those yellow reds to hell

Cold war kids are hard to kill
Under their deck in an air raid drill
Haven't they heard that 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 Levitown
Hidden in their shelters underground
till the Soviets turned their ships around
Tore their Cuban missiles down

And in that bright October sun
We knew our childhood days were gone
And I watched my friends go off to war
What do they keep on fighting for

And so my child an I came to this place
to meet him eye to eye and face to face
Her made my daughter laugh then we embraced
We never knew what friends we had
until we came to Leningrad