

# Russians And Americans

Al Stewart

So here we stand on the edge of 1984  
Bracing ourselves once again  
For the storm approaching as those  
Who long before huddled in caves from the rain  
The enemy's face is so hard to see  
Sometimes it seems that I see him in you  
And sometimes in me  
Who can he be?  
No one consulting the prophets and leaders  
They all disagree  
Russians and Americans here's a song for you  
Who carry the weight of the world on your heads  
Russians and Americans tell me if it's true  
You really believe all the things that you've said  
The Red, White and Blue running into the red

From the wars of Europe the pilgrim fathers  
Set off with their hopes and their bond  
Some settled down by the coast others crossed  
The mountains and into the flatland beyond  
From the scramble and dust of Muscovite streets  
And opened the doors to the East  
The Pioneer ways  
Chilled by the cold breath of winter  
Or baked by the heat of the day  
Russians and Americans passing through the fire  
Of revolution and coming of age  
Russians and Americans driven by desire  
Two players pushed to the front of the stage  
The whole world now watches each move that you make

Two runners caught in the thrill of the race  
The finishing line is as sharp as the stars  
That the satellites chose  
Why quicken the pace?  
Why does it seem that you choose to lose reason  
Before losing face?  
Russians and Americans driven by the past  
The Third World moves in the shadows you cast  
Russians and Americans could turn the world to dust  
So much to live for  
So much undiscussed  
So much in common and so little trust

From the streets of Athens and Rome the voices  
Still echo to crumbling walls  
Look to the past and remember no empire rises  
That sooner or later won't fall  
Forever the changes we still have to face  
Some people say a country is  
More an idea than a place  
Though nothing is safe  
We still choose the mark that we leave  
On the open canvas of space  
Russians and Americans maybe you should see  
Into the heart of the world, not its head  
Russians and Americans if you want to be

The feet of the world  
Better mind where you tread  
The footprints are  
Left where you step

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