

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 far 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

So here we stand on the edge of 1984