

## **Tovarich**

The day had just begun like many others  
With maybe just a hint of wistful sadness  
Suspended frozen breathe in Moscow  
Hiding sure certainty  
That sunset was nigh

And suddenly all you ever once believed in  
Got lost amongst-the clamour of the crowd  
You knew before you could believe  
The transition from conviction  
Unto confusion

Your loyal heart  
And all your decades of faithful service  
Your many ex-wives  
And your children wearing blue jeans  
Hair like ashes  
Combed across your balding head  
Your whole world  
Devastated around you  
A mockery of all you once held true

And you  
Who always were left handed  
Use your right trigger finger to fire the gun  
And the tragedy is sealed  
In your own blood

In Red Square with the fists all raised on high  
A firmly held intransigent position  
Davidovich resisting from long distance  
And all the vodka is gone  
Well I'll be dammed!

The change that you scarcely could believe in  
Now wants to take control over your breathing  
Blind acceptance and no imagination  
The caviar for the Party at the high table

Your hopes and dreams reduced now to a slogan  
The theory tailored to ever changing schemes  
Cold hard dogma takes the place of thought and science  
A labourer from Kiev pisses in the street

Comfort to forget all your hopes and dreams  
A rigid progress mapping out your future  
The promise of a long lost paradise  
A Chernobyl child sees a darkening sky

There's no stopping on the railway of History  
Those Party rules cannot be second guessed  
And round pegs must be jammed into their square holes  
The effigy of Lenin knocked down and smashed

And you  
Who always were left handed  
Use your right trigger finger to fire the gun  
And the tragedy is sealed  
In your own blood.