

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.