

Various, To Deserve You

Benny Andersson, Tim Rice, and Bjorn Ulvaeus

MOLOKOV:

The man is utterly mad -- you're playing a lunatic --

THE RUSSIAN:

That's the problem. He's a brilliant lunatic and you can't tell

which way

he'll jump -- like his game he's impossible to analyse --

you

can't dissect

him, predict him -- which of course means he's not a lunatic at

all.

MOLOKOV:

What we've just seen's a pathetic display

From a man who's beginning to crack

He's afraid

He knows he isn't the player he was

And he won't get it back

THE RUSSIAN:

Nonsense!

Why do my seconds

Always want to believe

Third-rate propaganda --

MOLOKOV:

My friend, please relax

We're all on your side

You know how you need us --

THE RUSSIAN:

I don't need my army of so-called 'advisors'

And helpers to tell me

The man who's revitalised chess single-handed

Is more or less out of his brain

When it's very clear

He's sane

MOLOKOV:

Listen, we don't underestimate anyone

We won't get caught in that trap

After all, winning or losing reflects on us all --

THE RUSSIAN:

Oh don't give me that crap!

I win -- no one else does

And I take the rap if I lose

MOLOKOV:

It's not quite that simple

The whole world's tuned in

We're all on display

We're not merely sportsmen --

THE RUSSIAN:

Oh please don't start spouting that old party line

Yes I know it's your job but

Just get out and get me a chess-playing second

In thirty-six hours we begin

That is if you want to win!

Who needs a dream?

Who needs ambition?

Who'd be the fool

In my position?

Once I had dreams

Now they're obsessions

Hopes became needs

Lovers possessions

Then they move in

Oh so discreetly

Slowly at first
Smiling too sweetly
I opened doors
They walked right through them
Called me their friend
I hardly knew them
Now I'm where I want to be and who I want to be and
doing what I
always said I would and yet I feel I haven't won at all
Running for my life and never looking back in case
there's someone
right behind to shoot me down and say he always knew
I'd fall.
When the crazy wheel slows down
Where will I be? Back where I started.
Don't get me wrong
I'm not complaining
Times have been good
Fast, entertaining
But what's the point
If I'm concealing
Not only love
All other feeling.
Now I'm where I want to be and who I want to be and
doing what I
always said I would and yet I feel I haven't won at all
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