

Chic, Dance

The Deal

>From the Musical Chess

-The American

Communist, democrat

An intriguing collusion

Fair exchange - tit for tat

Comradeship in profusion

And the appeal, partner

Of this deal, partner

Is we all stand to win

You and me, the lady also

Don't break her heart, partner

Just be smart, partner

Let her think that her past

Is as pure as snow in Moscow

Thank God we're so civilised

And our word can be our bond

We can turn this into friendship for life

And beyond

-The Russian

Refugee, total shit

Is how I've always seen us

Not a help you'll admit

To agreement between us

There's no deal, partner

Who's your real partner?

Could there be just a chance

That you've got some heavy clients?

-The American (+ voice of Molokov)

That's not true, partner

How could you, partner

Think I'd want to pursue

Any deal but our alliance?

-(on his own)

How can you only think

Of your selfish ambition

And not of her position

Or you'd rather perhaps

See her world collapse

For a tinpot competition

-The Russian

There's no deal!

-The American

Silly boy, woman who

He should not have let walk out

There's no hitch that we two

Can't untangle or talk out

And the appeal, partner

Of this deal, partner

Is we both stand to win

We'll bring back the golden era

Stick with me, honey

Leave him be, honey

In return I know who'll

Tell you all they know in Moscow

-Florence

Are you sick? Are you mad?

You still don't understand

Why I loathe you, why I left you

-Florence and the Russian

Who'd ever think it

Such a squalid little ending

Watching him descending

Just as far as he can go

I'm learning things I didn't want to know
Who'd ever guess it
This would be the situation
One more complication
Should be neither here nor there
I wish I had it in me not to care
-The Russian
Let him spill out his hate
Till he knows he's deserted
There's no point wasting time
Preaching to the perverted