

Various, Feed Me

Benny Andersson, Tim Rice, and Bjorn Ulvaeus

CHOIR:

Morphy, Anderson, Steinitz, Lasker, Capablanca, Alekhine, Euwe,
Botvinnik, Smyslov, Tal, Petrosian, Spassky, Fischer, Karpov

MOLOKOV:

How straightforward the game
When one has trust in one's player
And how great the relief
Working for one who believes in
Loyalty, heritage, true to his kind come what may

THE AMERICAN:

Though it gives me no joy
Adding to your satisfaction
You can safely assume
Your late unlamented employee
Knows if he wins then the only thing won is the chess

MOLOKOV:

It's the weak who accept
Tawdry untruths about freedom
Prostituting themselves
Chasing a spurious starlight
Trinkets in airports sufficient to lead them astray

FLORENCE:

Does the player exist
In any human endeavour
Who's been known to resist
Sirens of fame and possessions?
They will destroy you, not rivals, not age, not success

THE RUSSIAN:

They all think they see a man
Who doesn't know
Which move to make
Which way to go
Whose private life
Caused his decline
Wrecked his grand design
Some are vicious, some are fools
And others blind
To see in me
One of their kind
Anyone can be
A husband, lover
Sooner than me
When they discover
Their domestic bliss is
Shelter for their failing
Nothing could be worse
Than self-denial
Having to rehearse
The endless trial
Of a partner's rather sad
Demands prevailing

SVETLANA:

As you watch yourself caring
About a minor sporting triumph, sharing
Your win with esoterics,
Paranoids, hysterics
Who don't pay any attention to
What goes on around them
They leave the ones they love the way they found them
A normal person must
Dismiss you with disgust
And weep for those who trusted you

THE RUSSIAN:

Nothing you have said
Is revelation
Take my blues as read
My consolation --
Finding out at last my one true obligation
SVETLANA & CROWD:
Listen to them shout!
They saw you do it
In their minds no doubt
That you've been through it
Suffered for your art but
In the end a winner
Who could not be stirred?
Such dedication
We have never heard
Such an ovation
Skill and guts a model
For the young beginner
They're completely enchanted
But they don't take your qualities for granted
It isn't very often
That the critics soften
Nonetheless you've won their hearts
How can we begin to
Appreciate the work that you've put into
Your calling through the years
The blood, the sweat and tears, the
Late late nights, the early starts
There they go again!
Your deeds inflame them
Drive them wild, but then
Who wants to tame them?
If they want a part of you
Who'd really blame them?
THE RUSSIAN:
And so you're letting me know --
SVETLANA:
For you're the only one who's never suffered anything at all
THE RUSSIAN:
How you've hated my success --
SVETLANA:
Well I won't crawl --
And you can slink back to your pawns and to your tarts
THE RUSSIAN:
And every poisoned word shows that you never understood
Never!
SVETLANA:
Liar!
BOTH:
Nothing you have said
Is revelation
Take my blues as read
My consolation --
SVETLANA:
Finding out that I'm my only obligation
THE RUSSIAN:
Is there no-one in my life
Who does not claim
The right to steal
My work, my name
My success, my fame
And my freedom?