Various, Feed Me

Benny Andersson, Tim Rice, and Bjorn Ulvaeus

CHOÍR:

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 ÁMERICĂN:

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 know 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 them 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

SVETĽANA & amp; ČROWD:

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 --

SVETLÁNA:

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!

вотн:

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?