

**Chesney, Kenny****"Endgame"**

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Tal; Lasker; Steinitz; Alekine; Botvinnik; Smyslov;  
Spassky; Euwe; Fischer; Petrosian; Anderson;  
Capablanca; Morphy; Karpov;  
(In the concept album the names are listed in  
chronological order, here they are in the order in which  
they are sung)

**CHOIR**

1866 Wilhelm Steinitz  
1894 Emanuel Lasker

**MOLOKOV**

How straightforward the game  
When one has trust in one's player (Choir 1921 Jose  
Capablanca)  
And how great the relief  
Working for one who believes in  
Loyalty, heritage, true to his kind come what may

**CHOIR**

1927 Alexander Alekine

**THE AMERICAN**

Though it gives me no joy (The Russian 1935 Euwe)  
Adding to your satisfaction (Choir 1948 Mikhail  
Botvinnik)  
You can safely assume  
That your late unlamented employee  
Knows if he wins then the only thing won is the chess

**CHOIR**

1957 Vasily Smyslov

**MOLOKOV**

It's the weak who accept (Florence 1960 Tal)  
Tawdry untruths about freedom (Choir 1963 Tigran  
Petrosian)  
Prostituting themselves  
Chasing a spurious starlight  
Trinkets in airports sufficient to lead them astray

CHOIR  
1969 Boris Spassky

FLORENCE  
Does the player exist (Choir 1972 Bobby Fischer)  
In any human endeavour (Choir 1975 Anatoly Karpov)  
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 there 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  
To endless trial  
Of a partners 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 one 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 that I'm my one true obligation  
(Crowd cheer)

#### SVETLANA AND THE 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, the tears  
The late, late nights, the early starts  
There they go again!  
Your deeds enflame them  
Drive them wild, but then  
Who wants to tame them  
If they want a part of you  
Who'd really blame them ?  
(Crowd cheer louder still)

#### 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

SVETLANA  
Liar!

THE RUSSIAN  
Never!

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 will not claim  
The right to steal  
My work, my name  
My success, my fame  
And my freedom

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