

Josh Groban "Molikov And Anatoly"

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Molokov:

The man is utterly mad! Believe me, Anatoly,
You're playing a lunatic

Anatoly:

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 analyze.
You can't predict him, dissect 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.

Anatoly:

Nonsense!
Why do you people always want to believe
Third-rate propaganda?

Molokov:

My friend, please relax,
We're all your side
You know how you need us

Anatoly:

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 Trumper
We won't get caught in that trap
After all, winning or losing reflects on us all

Anatoly:
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

Anatoly:
Oh please don't start spouting
that old party line
Just get out, and get me my chess-playing second
In 36 hours we begin
That is if you want to win

Molokov:
One thing is not sufficient.
We have to know, we have to make sure
All men have a weakness
His is that woman.
Take her, and you win the game.

Anatoly:
So you think I can't win otherwise?

Molokov:
I'm not saying that, I'm just making certain
And she is attractive.
And then there's her intriguing family history,
Hungary, 1956 and all that

Anatoly:
I'm a chess player, Mr. Molokov.
You go and play these other games.

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