

Josh Groban "Quartet"

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Molokov:

We wish, no, must, make our disgust
With this abuse perfectly clear
We're here for chess --
Are the U.S.?
If so, why foul the atmosphere?

Florence:

I must protest -- our delegation
Has a host of valid points to raise.

Arbiter:

It's not just black and white
If I may coin a phrase
As any neutral would attest.

Florence:

But we concede
the fact his masters bend the rules is not your player's
fault --
We'll overlook your crude political assault
and under protest we'll proceed

Molokov:

If your man's so sweet
Then why his fighting talk?
If he's not a cheat
Then why on earth did he go take a walk?

Florence:

I am not surprised (Molokov: Why let him loose?)
he wanted fresher air (Molokov: He'll soon reduce)
Once he realized there was no hope (Molokov: This
great event)
Of your lot playing fair. (Molokov: To a brawl)

Florence & Anatoly:

How sad (Molokov & Arbiter: It's very sad to see)
To see (Molokov & Arbiter: The ancient and
distinguished game that used to be)

All:

A model of decorum and tranquility
Become like any other sport
A battleground for rival ideologies
To slug it out with glee.

Anatoly:
I would say with regard to

Him it is hard to rebut
Ever-growing suspicions
My opposition's a nut.

Florence:
I would have said
You'd understand the strain and pressure getting
where he's got
For then you'd simply call him highly strung
and not imply that he was off his head.

Anatoly:
But how on earth can someone even
Half as civilized and nice as you
Be part of such a self-destructive
Point of view?
I hope he pays you what you're worth.

Florence:
I'm not getting rich (Molokov: Then, we'll rise)
My only interest is (Molokov: Above your guy's)
in something which (Molokov: Tantrums)
Gives me the chance (Molokov: dramas)
Of working with the best. (Molokov: Dirty tricks)

Anatoly:
I can only say
I hope your dream comes true
Till that far-off day
I hope you cope
With helping number two.

Florence & Anatoly:
How sad (Molokov & Arbiter: It's very sad to see)
To see (Molokov & Arbiter: The ancient and
distinguished game that used to be)

All:
A model of decorum and tranquility
Become like any other sport
A battleground for rival ideologies
To slug it out with glee.

(Repeat singing in a quartet)

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