

Chess

"The Russian And Molokov"

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[MOLOKOV]

The man is utterly mad -- you're playing a lunatic --

[THE RUSSIAN]

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 analyse --
you
can't dissect
him, predict 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

[THE RUSSIAN]

Nonsense!
Why do my seconds
Always want to believe
Third-rate propaganda --

[MOLOKOV]

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

[THE RUSSIAN]

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

[THE RUSSIAN]

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 --

[THE RUSSIAN]

Oh please don't start spouting that old party line
Yes I know it's your job but
Just get out and get me a chess-playing second
In thirty-six hours we begin
That is if you want to win!

Who needs a dream?
Who needs ambition?
Who'd be the fool
In my position?
Once I had dreams
Now they're obsessions
Hopes became needs
Lovers possessions

Then they move in
Oh so discreetly
Slowly at first
Smiling too sweetly
I opened doors
They walked right through them
Called me their friend
I hardly knew them

Now I'm where I want to be and who I want to be and
doing what I
always said I would and yet I feel I haven't won at all
Running for my life and never looking back in case
there's
someone
right behind to shoot me down and say he always knew
I'd fall.

When the crazy wheel slows down
Where will I be? Back where I started.

Don't get me wrong
I'm not complaining
Times have been good
Fast, entertaining
But what's the point
If I'm concealing
Not only love
All other feeling.

Now I'm where I want to be and who I want to be and
doing what I
always said I would and yet I feel I haven't won at all
Running for my life and never looking back in case
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someone right behind to shoot me down and say he
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When the crazy wheel slows down
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