

# Победитель получает всё (из репертуара группы АББА)

Слова и музыка:

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## The Winner Takes It All

Words & Music by Benny Andersson & Bjorn Ulvaeus.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff shows a treble clef, a key signature of five flats, and a time signature of common time. It features three guitar chords: G♭ (with a capo), B♭7/D (with a capo), and E♭m (with a capo). The middle staff shows a treble clef, a key signature of five flats, and a time signature of common time. It features two guitar chords: E♭7/G (with a capo) and A♭m (with a capo). The bottom staff shows a treble clef, a key signature of five flats, and a time signature of common time. It features a guitar chord D♭ (with a capo) and includes lyrics: "I don't wan-na". The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

Gb  D $\flat$ /F 
  
 cards and that's what you've done too,  
 home, think-ing I'd be strong there,  
 - side you must know I miss you,  
 - gize if it makes you feel bad  
 no-thing more to but I was a  
 but what can I see-ing me so




  
 say, no more ace to play. The win-ner takes it  
 fool, play-ing by the rules. The gods may throw a  
 say, rules must be o - beyed. The jud - ges will de-  
 tense, no self-con - fi - dence. The win-ner takes it





  
 all,  
 dice,  
 -cide              the lo - ser stand-ing small  
 their minds as cold as ice,  
 the likes of me a - bide,  
 be-side the vic - to-  
 and some-one way down  
 spec - ta-tors of the



I.

- ry, \_\_\_\_\_ that's her des-ti - ny. \_\_\_\_\_ I was in your  
 here \_\_\_\_\_ lo - ses some-one dear. \_\_\_\_\_  
 show \_\_\_\_\_ al - ways stay-ing low. \_\_\_\_\_








2-3.

Gb

The winner takes it all,  
The game is on a - gain,

the lo - ser has to  
a lo - ver or a

(Piano accompaniment)

Ebm

fall,  
friend,

Ebz/G

it's sim - ple and it's plain,  
a big thing or a small,

Abm

(Piano accompaniment)

Db

why should I com - plain.  
the win - ner takes it all.

I.

But tell me, does she

(Piano accompaniment)

2.

D.S. al  $\oplus$

I don't wan-na

all.

(Piano accompaniment)

B $\flat$ 7/D                    E $\flat$ m                    E $\flat$ 7/G

The win - ner takes it

A $\flat$ m                    D $\flat$

all.

G $\flat$                     B $\flat$ 7/D                    E $\flat$ m                    E $\flat$ 7/G

A $\flat$ m                    D $\flat$                     Repeat and fade out

I don't wanna talk  
About the things we've gone through  
Though it's hurting me  
Now it's history  
I've played all my cards  
And that's what you've done too  
Nothing more to say  
No more ace to play

The winner takes it all  
The loser standing small  
Beside the victory  
That's her destiny

I was in your arms  
Thinking I belonged there  
I figured it made sense  
Building me a fence  
Building me a home  
Thinking I'd be strong there  
But I was a fool  
Playing by the rules

The gods may throw a dice  
Their minds as cold as ice  
And someone way down here  
Loses someone dear  
The winner takes it all  
The loser has to fall  
It's simple and it's plain  
Why should I complain.

But tell me does she kiss  
Like I used to kiss you?  
Does it feel the same  
When she calls your name?  
Somewhere deep inside  
You must know I miss you

But what can I say  
Rules must be obeyed

The judges will decide  
The likes of me abide  
Spectators of the show

Always staying low  
 The game is on again  
 A lover or a friend  
 A big thing or a small  
 The winner takes it all

I don't wanna talk  
 If it makes you feel sad  
 And I understand  
 You've come to shake my hand  
 I apologize  
 If it makes you feel bad  
 Seeing me so tense  
 No self-confidence

But you see  
 The winner takes it all  
 The winner takes it all...

## **Кто победил, тот прав**

Русский текст: Алексей Кортнев

Нет, не надо слов,  
 Всё почти забыто.  
 Боль ещё жива,  
 Но к чему слова?  
 Кончена игра,  
 И все карты биты.  
 Нечем больше крыть,  
 Что тут говорить?

Кто победил, тот прав.  
 Победа или крах.  
 Кому в игре везёт,  
 Тот получит всё.

Под крылом твоим  
 Я искала место.  
 Мечтала, что с тобой  
 Обрету покой,  
 Выстрою свой дом,  
 Прочный, словно крепость.  
 Глупо было мне

Доверять игре.

Тузы сдаёт судьба,  
Сурова и слепа,  
Не думая о нас,  
Разрывая связь.  
Кто победил, тот прав,  
А я разбита в прах.  
К чему теперь слова?  
Всё как дважды два!

(А у жены твоей  
Чужие поцелуи),  
И также ли, как я,  
Зовёт она тебя?  
В глубине души,  
Знаешь, я тоскую,  
Но сил нет у меня,  
Правила менять.

Жюри должно решать,  
А я покорно ждать.  
А зритель каждый миг  
Новых ждёт интриг.  
Сыграем новый круг:  
Любимый или друг?

Победа или крах?  
Кто победил, тот прав!

Нет. Не надо слов,  
я уже довольна,  
Вижу я, что ты  
пришёл сказать: «Прости».  
Я ведь не хочу  
Делать тебе больно  
Слабостью такой,  
Жалобой пустой.

Пойми же.  
Кто победил, тот прав!  
Кто победил, тот прав!