Devil's Den

Jefferson Starship

There is no color in the King And he is softer than the Queen Confusion reigns, sometimes it reigns.

Now a colored sky never makes anybody cry But a grey cloud always makes it rain, sometimes it rains.

He only has the moves of a knight But he wants the absolute freedom of a Queen Too bad the only money he's got is coming in Colored American green.

You know it's worthless paper you can spend or save Go ahead and count that by yourself but look out Somebody's looking You're supposed to do that by yourself - count it He says he's not doing anything wrong he thinks He's just another part of the royal story But does it always have to start that way Always ending someday With no man's warning.

Don't talk back, some ruler says, or everything You need will go away Every answer you think you've ever said is just a guess And the King of clocks just slowly locks up every day.

Clocks strikes damn near perfect at night But it moves so slow in the morning light King says a crown doesn't make the man But we all know, yes we all know, he thinks he's born to glory.

Until he dies by the divine right of Kings No one down here wants to give that man any golden wings And man must fly, man must fly Is that grey man sane No color, no name.