Long John Silver

Jefferson Airplane

Long John Silver ring in his ear
He's the hero, make that clear
Does the same thing his father did
Sailing around the Caribbean
Robing king with his talking parrot
This time I think he's on the high side
Scabs are forming, scraped his knee
Guards are warning a bad man is free
He's like electric clock that needs no winding
Keeps the time without your hands
Western feet they need no binding
Take a barefoot run through old Japan
He's seen a thousand countries
They're all the same
Some men are crazy, some of the men sane
But all men are ruled by a flag or a game
And he knows nobody's got you
If you don't, if you don't sign your name
Long John Silver serves no king
No land holds him, that's why
He feels like just like singing
Every country now and then
Roars like Irish, drunk and singing
Every monk will now and then
Call his men to hear the
Wenches night bells ringing

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