

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 gray 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
Clock 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 gray man 'sane
No color, no name

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