

Country Song

Pink Floyd

He made his way to the border
In the shadow under the trees
Down by a stream in a hollow
Turn your head, feel the breeze And the Red Queen was waiting for the news
For the White King to move
And the balance hung upon the head of one who tried
To stay within the shadows
And keep his undercover secret tight They let him in by a back way
Into a chamber reserved for the Queen
She took the note that he gave her
Opened it slowly and started to read Run to the treasury and bring me back some gold
Give it to the pawn who came, she cried
She says the white King thinks the game of chess is wrong
And all the courtiers crowded her
And this is what she told the gathered round Go to the store by the dungeon
Take all the red paint, take all the white
Make up a newborn color
Cover your neighbor we'll be all right There will be no game today, she cried across the board
Everyday will be a holiday
And all the pieces cheered as tidings spread abroad
And the Pink Queen sat and smiled at the cat who smiled back

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