

# Jefferson Starship, Devil's Den

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 devine 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.