

## **The Gracious Few "Honest Man"**

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With a riot in mind  
Comes an angry young man  
With a stone from the pavement  
Comes an army of unrest  
Stripped bare by her bachelors, stripped bare on the  
ground  
Knuckles bared and still bleeding with the blood of this  
town  
They take my home they take my land the flower of my  
life  
They take my friends; they take my love and cut me  
like a knife  
I spit these words at vile lies the worlds forgotten men  
Aint no work  
Aint no work  
For an honest man  
In a daze of confusion  
Lies a troubled broken land  
As they feast upon my table  
I am left with an empty hand  
Stripped bare by her bachelors, stripped bare on the  
ground  
Knuckles bared and still bleeding with the blood of this  
town  
They take my home they take my land the flower of my  
life  
They take my friends; they take my love and cut me  
like a knife  
I spit these words at vile lies the worlds forgotten men  
Aint no work  
Aint no work  
For an honest man  
For so long weâ€™ve been told  
That our paths lead us home  
Are we safe from ourselves?  
Have we strayed or have we failed?  
They take my home they take my land the flower of my  
life  
They take my friends; they take my love and cut me  
like a knife  
I spit these words at vile lies the worlds forgotten men  
Aint no work

Aint no work  
For an honest man

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