

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 world's forgotten
men
Ain't no work
Ain't 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 world's forgotten
men
Ain't no work
Ain't no work
For an honest man

For so long we'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 world's forgotten
men
Ain't no work
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