

Tori Amos, The Last Honest Man

a crowd came in and sat down
and then a man began to yell
about savin' souls to heaven
and for the sinner there was hell
well later on that night
in a motel room down the road
he kept his meeting for a cat-o-nine beating
from a leather-clad man named moe

an honest man
we're looking for the last honest man
an honest man
keep searching for the last honest man

there's a man that moves the masses
on a big city radio dial
he shouts and screams at all he's seen
runs a talk show like a trial
and there's a bartender keeping secrets
about a boxer that took a dive
and in an office way uptown a deal is going down
that could get somebody four to five

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now we'll keep looking high and low
and we'll keep searching 'round
is everybody, everyone, dishonest in this town?
well, they'll stab you in the back
you get a handshake and a smile
but if one don't get ya, the other one will
and ya gotta walk that mile

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