

# The Last Honest Man

Stan Ridgway

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

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