One Common Voice

The Business

Stole the name from the working class
Turned us into working brass
Sweating till my back breaks everyday
Take the long walk through the factory gates
As a nation is born a city is laid
A power generates for political gain
The rich man makes his way to capital goal
As a working man tries to make his way in the world
WE'RE ONE COMMON VOICE
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IN THE WORLD
Some say your cards are all dealt in advance
Some say you're never ever given a chance
Till the day you die hope purities help
When the morning bell rings you're on the way to hell
Borders are the same between our kind and theirs
Been the fucking same for hundreds of years
As the working class struggles to get ahead
Someone brings the power down and knocks it on the head

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