

# 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

Songwriters

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