Common Ground

The Thrifters

These are not dispassionate words of the cool
The headline still rules the editor's a fool
Shall we douse out the flames or will everybody fuse
And leave us stranded here tomorrow
I heard a calling out, a cry from the heart
From the towns of cement and the beauty
A whisper it's turned howl, man, he didn't know
He was standing waiting for tomorrow
Nothing's left, nothing's found
There must be some common ground
Nothing's left, nothing's found
There must be some common ground
I could never figure the calendars flow
Nor can I work out how the wild, wild wind blows
But we're ready from within and we're starting to go
Away from the place of no tomorrow
Nothing's left, nothing's found
There must be some common ground
Nothing's left, hold it [Incomprehensible]
There must be some common ground
Oh, the wrecking fields are a terrible place
With a sulfurous smell and a frightening pace
And the hook goes early and the critic is king
It's hard to stay human and stand in the ring
There's no time to be absent, a clown or a fool
While Shylock is smiling we're loaded like mules
If we surrender ourself to industrial rules
We'll wake up in the wreckage of tomorrow, now
Nothing's left, nothing's found
There must be some common ground
Nothing's left, something's found
Can we see some common ground

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