

# 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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