

Oil Midnight

"Common Ground"

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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 standing here tomorrow

I heard a calling out. A cry from the heart

From the towns of cement and no beauty

A whisper it 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

I could never figure the calendars flow

Nor can I work out how the wild wind blows but I'm
ready from within and

we're starting to go

Away from the place of no tomorrow

Oh the wreching fields are a terrible place, with a
sulphurous smell and

a frightening pace and the hook goes in early and the
critic is king and

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 ourselves to industrial rules

We'll wake up in the wreckage of tomorrow

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