

## Common Ground

### Midnight Oil

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 stranding 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  
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I could never figure the calendars flow  
Nor can i work out how the 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  
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Oh the wrecking 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 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