Common (feat. Brandi Carlile)

Maren Morris

I've been tryna carry on
But I'm crushed under the weight
Of the world where I belongBut I don't feel at home, yeah
When it's over, when it's done
When we're standing at the gates
Will we see that all along, yeah
We're a different kind of saint?
How do we get to the bottom of this
When we're sitting on the top?
Hey, people, they tell me it's just how it is
Like it's never gonna stop
But we got way too much in common
So what's the point in fighting?
We got way too many problems if I'm being honest
I don't know what God is
'Cause we've got way too much in common
Way too much in common
Way too much in commonI breathe it in my lungs
I've seen it in the flesh
If all we need is love
How the hell did we forget?How do we get to the bottom of this
When we're sitting at the top?
People, they tell me it's just how it is
Like it's never gonna stop
Oh, we got way too much in common
So what's the point in fighting?
We got way too many problems if I'm being honest (Yeah)
I don't know what God is
Oh, we got way too much in common
Oh, maybe we forgot it
(Maybe we forgot it)
With everybody talking, ain't nobody listening
I don't know what God is
'Cause we got way too much in commonOh, we got way too much in common
So what's the point in fighting?
(What's the point in fighting?)
We got way too many problems if I'm being honest
I don't know what God is
'Cause we got way too much in common
(We got way too much in common)
Oh, but maybe we forgot it
(Maybe we forgot it)

With everybody talking
(With everybody talking)
Ain't nobody listening
(Ain't nobody listening)
I don't know what God is
But we got way too much in common
Way too much in common
Oh, ain't nobody listening
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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