

# Common (feat. Brandi Carlile)

Maren Morris

I've been tryna carry on  
But I'm crushed under the weight  
Of the world where I belong But 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 common I 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 common Oh, 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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