Motown Never Sounded So Good

Less Than Jake

So you say
All your white flags are up and that you've had enough
And that you were tired of collecting dust
You say everything always looks the same
And you made your brand new face to match your brand new place
You say all your distress calls have gone out
And your ship is going downWell I say it to myself all the time
Stop living half and a life and stop feeling like I'm half aliveI can't get enough, I'm not satisfied
I've wasted my time with this daily grind
In single file line, is this real life
I've been telling myself sometimes, what matters is on the insideDo you remember when we had all the answers
And can you really remember when we wished for anything better
Just to feel like it's been forever
Does it feel like a broken record, a head full of yesterdays
You keep wishing your life away
You keep looking over you own shoulder
Things'll never look up unless you start to move forwardWell I say it to myself all the time
Stop living half and a life and stop feeling like I'm half aliveI can't get enough, I'm not satisfied
I've wasted my time with this daily grind
In single file line, is this real life
I've been telling myself sometimes, what matters is on the insideI can't get enough, I'm not satisfied
I've wasted my time with this daily grind
I can't get enough
I'm just getting by, I can't stand this design for our bitter lives
I keep feeling lost and I'm not satisfied
With traffic and turnpikes and these tired eyesI can't get enough, I'm not satisfied
I've wasted my time with this daily grind
In single file line, is this real life
I've been telling myself sometimes, what matters is on the inside

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