

# 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 down Well I say it to myself all the time  
Stop living half and a life and stop feeling like I'm half alive I 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 Do 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 forward Well I say it to myself all the time  
Stop living half and a life and stop feeling like I'm half alive I 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 I 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 eyes I 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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