

Motown Never Sounded So Good

Less Than Jake

So you say, all you white flags are up
And that you've had enough
And you're tired of collecting dust
You say everything always looks the same
And you need a brand new face
To match a brand new place
You say your distress calls have gone out
And your ship is going down

Well, I say it to myself all the time
Stop living half 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 lines, is this real life?
I keep 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 anything better
Does it feel like it's been forever,
Does it feel like a broken record,
Head full of yesterdays
You keep wishing your life away
You can't keep looking over your own shoulder
Things will never look up unless you start to look forward

I can't get enough; I'm not satisfied
I've wasted my time with this daily grind
In single file lines, is this real life?
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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, I'm not satisfied
With traffic lights 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 lines, is this real life?
I keep telling myself sometimes what matters is on the inside