

# Stable Song

## Death Cab for Cutie

Time for the final bow  
Rows of deserted houses  
All our stable mates highway bound Give us our measly sum  
Getting the air inside my lungs is heavenly  
Starting out, with nothing but crippling doubt We'll rest easy justified Suffered a swift defeat  
Ill endure countless repeats  
The gift of memory is an awful curse  
With age it just gets much worse But I won't mind  
I won't mind  
I won't mind  
I won't mind

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