

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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