

Stability

Death Cab for Cutie

Time for the final bout
Rows of deserted houses
All our stable mates are highway bound
Give us our measly sum
Getting the air inside my lungs is heavenly
We're starting out with nothing but crippling doubt We'll rest easy (justified)
I've suffered a swift defeat
I'll 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

Songwriters

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