

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..