

## 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..