

Death Cab For Cutie "Stability"

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Time for the final bout
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, I'll endure countless repeats
The gift of memory is an awful curse
With age it just gets much worse, I won't mind

I won't mind, I won't mind, I won't mind

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