

Sam Kinison

"Stability"

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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...

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