

# Death Cab For Cutie, Stability

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.