

Death Cab For Cutie, Stable Song

Time for the final bow.
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.