

Stumble

R.E.M.

We'll stumble through the yard
We'll stumble through the yard
We'll stumble through the APT
We'll stumble through the yard

Force fields explorer racing home the ancient star
Yellow mixed with golden hue
Scan the graveyard dead there be

Ball and chain, ball and chain
Ball and chain, ball and chain

It was round about midnight. Hipster town. Imagine going for a walk.
Things get around to taking place. It's not a waste of time.
The rich got a little poorer.
Things get around to taking place if they're gonna happen at all.
Don't need that jazz. Don't need that stuff.
It was round about midnight. Hipster town.
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