

R.E.M., Stumble

We'll stumble through the yard
We'll stumble through the yard
We'll stumble through the A-P-T
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.

[Repeat 1st verse 3 times]

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.
It was round about midnight. Hipster town.

[Repeat 1st verse]