

Rem "Stumble"

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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

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{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
It was round about midnight Hipster Town
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}

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