

Stroll On

Mutemath

Faith in a line of fire of heresy
Ashamed to give it another shot
Bold moves hardly start out carefully
Afraid of becoming something that they're not

Strange old ground got a little too familiar now

Stroll on, we don't belong here
Stroll on, we'll fall apart here
Stroll on, we don't belong here
Stroll on, stroll on, stroll on

Can you feel the weight on your shoulder lift?
Nobody's holding the line
Some doubts just serve as a hypnotist
Till hope can wake up your mind

Same old sounds getting all a little too familiar now

Stroll on, we don't belong here
Stroll on, we'll fall apart here
Stroll on, we don't belong here
Stroll on, stroll on, stroll on

And stroll, stroll, stroll on
And stroll, stroll, stroll on
And stroll, stroll, stroll on

Stroll on
Stroll on
Stroll on
Stroll on