

Panic! At The Disco - Behind The Sea

Tom: **D**

Tuning: EADGB_e

			Toast the fine folks casting silver crumbs to us
		from the dock	Jinxed things ringing
Our daydream spills from my corked head free of my	Breaks	as they leak	
wooden neck	Left a nod over	Through tiny cracks in the boardwalk	Scarecrow now it's
sleeping waves		time to hatch	Sprouting suns and
Like bobbing bait for bathing cod flocks of	Floating	ageless daughters	
candled swans	Slowly drift	ripen	Those watermelon smiles
			Just can't
across wax ponds		underwater	Just can't ripen
		underwater	
The men all played along to marching drums			The men all played along to marching drums
And boy did they have fun			And boy did they have fun
			Behind the sea
They sang,		They sang,	
			So our matching legs are marching clocks
So our matching legs are marching clocks			
And we're all too small			And we're all too small
			To talk to god
To talk to god		Yeah, we're	
Yes, we're			
			all too smart to talk to god
all too smart	To talk to god	Oh, we're all	
			all too smart
			To talk to god

Acordes



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