

Panic! At The Disco - Behind The Sea

Tom: D

Tuning: EADGBe

Our daydream spills from my corked head
free of my

Breaks as they leak

Toast the fine folks casting silver crumbs to us

from the dock

Jinxed things ringing

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
underwater

underwater

Just can't ripen

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,
Behind the sea

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

Yes, we're
To talk to god

Yeah, we're
To talk to god

all too smart

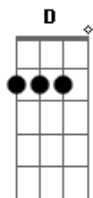
To talk to god

all too smart to talk to god
Oh, we're all

all too smart

To talk to god

Acordes



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