

# Panic! At The Disco - Behind The Sea

Tom: **D**

Tuning: EADGB<sub>e</sub>

Our daydream spills from my corked head  
free of my

wooden neck

sleeping waves

Like bobbing bait for bathing cod  
flocks of

candled swans

across wax ponds

The men all played along to marching drums

And boy did they have fun

Behind the sea

They sang,

So our matching legs are marching clocks

And we're all too small

To talk to god

Yes, we're

all too smart

Breaks

as they leak

Through tiny cracks in the boardwalk Scarecrow now it's

time to hatch

ageless daughters

Floating

Those watermelon smiles

Just can't

underwater

Just can't ripen

The men all played along to marching drums

And boy did they have fun  
Behind the sea

They sang,

So our matching legs are marching clocks

And we're all too small

To talk to god

Yeah, we're

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

all too smart

To talk to god

Toast the fine folks casting silver crumbs to us

from the dock

Jinxed things ringing

## Acordes

