

## Behind the Sea

## Panic! at the Disco

Our daydream spills from my gold head  
Breaks free of my wooden neck  
Left a nod over sleeping waves  
Like bobbing bait for bathing cod  
Floating flocks of candle swans  
Slowly drift 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 to talk to God'

Toast the fine folks casting silver crumbs  
To us from the dock  
Jinxed things ringing as they leak  
Through tiny cracks in the boardwalk  
Scarecrow now it's time to hatch  
Sprouting sons and ageless daughters

Don't you know, don't you know  
That those watermelon smiles just can't ripen underwater  
Just can't ripen underwater

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 too smart to talk to God'

Oh, waves of wooden legs, waves of wooden legs  
Waves of wooden legs  
Waves of wooden legs, waves of wooden legs  
Waves of wooden legs

Waves of wooden legs, waves of wooden legs  
Waves of wooden legs  
Waves of wooden legs, waves of wooden legs  
Waves of wooden legs