

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