

**Behind The Sea**  
**Panic! At the Disco**

Capo 7

[Verse]

**D**  
A daydream spills from my corked head

**Em**  
Breaks free of my wooden neck

**G**  
Left a nod over sleeping waves

**D**  
Like bobbing bait for bathing cod

**Em**  
Floating flocks of candled swans

**G**  
Slowly drift across wax ponds

[Chorus]

**D** **Em**  
The men all played along

**G**  
To marching drums

**D**  
And boy did they have fun

**Em** **A**  
Behind the sea

**D**  
They sang

**Em**  
So our matching legs

**G**  
Are marching clocks

**D** **Em**  
And we re all too small

**A**  
To talk to God

**D** **Em**  
Yes, we re all too smart

**A**  
To talk to God

[Verse]

**D**  
Toast the fine folks casting silver crumbs

**Em**  
To us from the dock

**G**  
Jinxed things ringing as they leak

**D**  
Through tiny cracks in the boardwalk  
**Em**  
Scarecrow, now it s time to hatch  
**G**  
Sprouting sons and ageless daughters  
**D** **C** **Am**  
That those watermelon smiles just can t ripen underwater  
**C** **Am**  
Just can t ripen underwater

[Chorus/Outro]

**D** **Em**  
The men all played along  
**G**  
To marching drums  
**D**  
And boy did they have fun  
**Em** **A**  
Behind the sea  
**D**  
They sang  
**Em**  
So our matching legs  
**G**  
Are marching clocks  
**D** **Em**  
And we re all too small  
**A**  
To talk to God  
**D** **Em**  
Yes, we re all too smart  
**A**  
To talk to God