

The Pantaloon
twenty one pilots

G **C**
Your grandpa died
Em
When you were nine
D
They said he had
G
Lost his mind
C
You have learned
Em
Way too soon
D **G** **C** **Em** **D**
You should never trust the pantaloon

G **C**
Now it s your turn
Em
To be alone
D
Find a wife
G
And build yourself a home
C
You have learned
Em
Way too soon
D **C**
That your dad is now a pantaloon

Hook:
G
You are tired
Em
You are hurt
D
A moth ate through
C
Your favorite shirt
G **Em**
And all your friends fertilize
D
The ground you walk
Em **C** **G**
Lose your mind

(No music)

He s seen too many stare downs
Between the sun and the moon
In the morning air
How he used to hustle all the people
Walking through the fairgrounds
He s been around so long
He s changed his meaning of a chair now
Because a chair now,
Is like a tiny island in the sea of all the people
Who glide across the very surface
That made his bones feeble
The end can t come soon enough
But is it too soon?
Either way he can t deny
He is a pantaloon

Hook:

C

G

You are tired

Em

You are hurt

D

A moth ate through

C

Your favorite shirt

G

Em

And all your friends fertilize

D

The ground you walk

Bm C G

Lose your mind

Verse 3:

G

C

You like to sleep alone

Em

It s colder than you know

D

Cause your skin is so

G

Used to colder bones

C

It s warmer in the morning

Em

Than what it is at night

D

Your bones are held together

C

By your nightmare and your frights

Chorus:

G

You are tired

Em

You are hurt

D

A moth ate through

C

Your favorite shirt

G

Em

And all your friends fertilize

D

The ground you walk

Bm C G

Lose your mind