

The Pantaloon
twenty one pilots

G# C#
Your grandpa died
Fm
When you were nine
Eb
They said he had
G#
Lost his mind
C#
You have learned
Fm
Way too soon
Eb G# C# Fm Eb
You should never trust the pantaloons

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

Hook:

G#

You are tired

Fm

You are hurt

Eb

A moth ate through

C#

Your favorite shirt

G# **Fm**

And all your friends fertilize

Eb

The ground you walk

Cm **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

Fm

You are hurt

Eb

A moth ate through

C#

Your favorite shirt

G#

Fm

And all your friends fertilize

Eb

The ground you walk

Cm C# G#

Lose your mind

Verse 3:

G#

C#

You like to sleep alone

Fm

It s colder than you know

Eb

Cause your skin is so

G#

Used to colder bones

C#

It s warmer in the morning

Fm

Than what it is at night

Eb

Your bones are held together

C#

By your nightmare and your frights

Chorus:

G#

You are tired
Fm

You are hurt
Eb

A moth ate through
C#

Your favorite shirt
G# **Fm**

And all your friends fertilize
Eb

The ground you walk
Cm **C#** **G#**

Lose your mind