

Behind the Sea (Live In Chicago)

Panic! At the Disco

A daydream spills from my corked head
Breaks free of my wooden neck
Left a nod over sleeping waves
Like bobbing bait for bathing cod
Floating flocks of candled swans
Slowly drift across wax pondsThe men all played along
To marching drums
And boy did they have fun
Behind the sea
They sang (hey!)
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 GodToast 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 suns and ageless daughtersDon't you know
Don't you know
That those watermelon smiles
Just can't ripen underwater
Just can't ripen underwaterThe men all played along
To marching drums
And boy did they have fun
Behind the sea
They sang (hey!)
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 GodOhLegs of wood waves, waves of wooden legs
Waves of wooden legs
Legs of wood waves, waves of wooden legs
Waves of wooden legs
Legs of wood waves, waves of wooden legs

Waves of wooden legs
Legs of wood waves, waves of wooden legs
Waves of wooden legsOh

Songwriters

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