

# Behind the Sea

## 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 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 daughtersDon'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 (hey!)  
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 GodOooohLegs 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 legsOoooohSo close  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>