

Panic! At The Disco, Behind The Sea (Alternate V

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 ponds

The men all played along
To marching drums
And boy did they have fun
Behind the sea
They sang
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 suns and ageless daughters

Those watermelon smiles
Just can't ripen underwater
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