

Twenty One Pilots - The Pantaloon

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Tom: A
                                                                Because a chair now,
                                                                Is like a tiny island in the sea of all the people
                                                                Who glide across the very surface
 (com acordes na forma de G )
Capostraste na 2^{\underline{a}} casa
                                                                That made his bones feeble
                                                                The end can't come soon enough
Your grandpa died
                                                                But is it too soon?
                                                                Either way he can't deny
             Em
When you were nine
                                                                He is a pantaloon
         D
They said he had
                                                                Hook:
       G
                                                                C
Lost his mind
                                                                You are tired
You have learned
       Em
                                                                You are hurt
Way too soon
                                                                A moth ate through
                                      C
                                            Em
You should never trust the pantaloon
                                                                Your favorite shirt
Now it's your turn
                                                                And all your friends fertilize
      Em
To be alone
                                                                The ground you walk
      D
                                                                Bm C G
Find a wife
                                                                Lose your mind
And build yourself a home
                                                                Verse 3:
You have learned
                                                                You like to sleep alone
      Em
                                                                It's colder than you know
Way too soon
         D
That your dad is now a pantaloon
                                                                Cause your skin is so
                                                                Used to colder bones
You are tired
                                                                It's warmer in the morning
You are hurt
                                                                Than what it is at night
                                                                Your bones are held together
A moth ate through
Your favorite shirt
                                                                By your nightmare and your frights
And all your friends fertilize
The ground you walk
                                                                You are tired
Bm C G
Lose your mind
                                                                You are hurt
                                                                A moth ate through
(No music)
He's seen too many stare downs
Between the sun and the moon
                                                                Your favorite shirt
In the morning air
                                                                And all your friends fertilize
How he used to hustle all the people
Walking through the fairgrounds
                                                                The ground you walk
He's been around so long
He's changed his meaning of a chair now
                                                                Bm C G
                                                                Lose your mind
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Acordes

