

# The Pantaloon

Twenty One Pilots

Your grandpa died  
When you were nine  
They said he had  
Lost his mind  
You have learned  
Way too soon  
You should never trust the pantaloon

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

You are tired  
You are hurt  
A moth ate through  
Your favorite shirt  
And all your friends fertilize  
The ground you walk  
Lose your mind

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

You are tired  
You are hurt  
A moth ate through  
Your favorite shirt  
And all your friends fertilize  
The ground you walk  
Lose your mind

You like to sleep alone  
It's colder than you know  
Cuz your skin is so  
Used to colder bones  
It's warmer in the morning  
Than what it is at night  
Your bones are held together  
By your nightmare and your frights

You are tired  
You are hurt  
A moth ate through  
Your favorite shirt  
And all your friends fertilize  
The ground you walk  
Lose your mind