

## **Polyphonic Spree, The "Town Meeting Song"**

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Listen there were objects so peculiar  
They were not to be believed  
All around things to tantalize my brain, my brain  
It's a world unlike anything I've ever seen  
And as hard as I try, I can't seem to describe  
Like a most improbable dream, improbable dream  
But you must believe when I tell you this  
It's as real as my skull and it does exist  
Here let me show you  
This thing is called a present  
And the whole thing starts with a box  
A box? Is it steel? Are there locks?  
Is it filled with a pox? A pox, how delightful, a pox  
If you please just a box with bright colored paper  
And the whole thing's topped with a bow  
Bow? Bow? But why? How ugly, what's in it? What's in it?  
That's the point of the thing, not to know  
It's a bat, will it bend?  
It's a rat, will it break?  
Perhaps it's the head that I found in the lake

Listen now you don't understand

That's not the point of Christmas land

Now pay attention we pick up an over sized sock

And hang it like this on the wall

Oh, yes, does it still have a foot? Let me see, let me look

Is it rotted and covered with gook?

Hmm, let me explain there's no foot inside, but there's candy

Or sometimes it's filled with small toys

Small toys, do they bite? Do they snap or explode in a sack

Or perhaps they just spring out and scare girls and boys?

What a splendid idea, this Christmas sounds fun

Why I fully endorse it, let's try it at once

Everyone please not so fast

There's something here that you don't quite grasp

Well, I may as well give them what they want

And the best, I must confess, I have saved for the last

For the ruler of this Christmas land

Is a fearsome king with a deep mighty voice

At least that's what I've come to understand

And I've also heard it told that he's something to behold

Like a lobster, huge and red

And sets out to slay with his rain gear on

Carting bulging sacks with his big great arms

And on a dark cold night under full moonlight

He flies into a fog like a vulture in the sky

And they call him Sandy Claws

Well, at least they're excited though they don't  
understand

That special kind of feeling in Christmas land

Oh, well, oh, well

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