

## Danny Elfman "Town Meeting Song"

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[JACK]

There were object so peculiar  
They were not to be believed  
All around, things to tantalize 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

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 is a thing called a present  
The whole thing starts with a box

[DEVIL]

A box?  
Is it steel?

[WEREWOLF]

Are there locks?

[HARLEQUIN DEMON]

Is it filled with a pox?

[DEVIL, WEREWOLF, HARLEQUIN DEMON]

A pox  
How delightful, a pox

[JACK]

If you please  
Just a box with bright-colored paper  
And the whole thing's topped with a bow

[WITCHES]

A bow?  
But why?  
How ugly  
What's in it?  
What's in it?

[JACK]  
That's the point of the thing, not to know

[CLOWN]  
It's a bat

[CREATURE UNDER THE STAIRS]  
Will it bend?

[CLOWN]  
It's a rat

[CREATURE UNDER THE STAIRS]  
Will it break?

[UNDERSEA GAL]  
Perhaps it's the head that I found in the lake

[JACK]  
Listen now, you don't understand  
That's not the point of Christmas land

Now, pay attention  
Now we pick up an over-sized sock  
And hang it like this on the wall

[MR. HYDE]  
Oh, yes! Does it still have a foot?

[MEDIUM MR. HYDE]  
Let me see, let me look

[SMALL MR. HYDE]  
Is it rotted and covered with gook?

[JACK]  
Hmm, let me explain  
There's no foot inside, but there's candy  
Or sometimes it's filled with small toys

[MUMMY AND WINGED DEMON]  
Small toys

[WINGED DEMON]  
Do they bite?

[MUMMY]  
Do they snap?

[WINGED DEMON]

Or explode in a sack?

[CORPSE KID]

Or perhaps they just spring out  
And scare girls and boys

[MAYOR]

What a splendid idea  
This Christmas sounds fun  
Why, I fully endorse it  
Let's try it at once

[JACK]

Everyone, please now, 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  
Least that's what I've come to understand

And I've also heard it told  
That's 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  
That is, so I've heard it said

And on a darkm 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...

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