

## Disney

### "Jack's Lament"

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There are few who deny at what I do I am the best  
For my talents are renowned far and wide  
When it comes to surprises in the moonlit night  
I excel without ever even trying

With the slightest little effort of my ghostlike charms  
I have seen grown men give out a shriek  
With the wave of my hand and a well-placed moan  
I have swept the very bravest off their feet

Yet year after year it's the same routine  
And I grow so weary of the sound of screams  
And I Jack the PUMPKIN KING!  
Have grown so tired of the same old thing...

Oh somewhere deep inside of these bones  
And emptiness begins to grow  
There's something out there far from my home  
A longing that I've never known

I'm a master of fright and a demon of light  
And I'll scare you right out of your pants  
To a guy in Kentucky I'm Mister Unlucky  
And I'm known throughout England and France

And since I am dead I can take off my head  
To recite Shakespearean quotations  
No animal or man can scream like I can  
With the fury of my recitations

But who here would ever understand  
That the Pumpkin King with the skeleton grin  
Would tire of his crown- if they only understood  
He would give it all up if he only could

Oh there's an empty place in my bones  
That calls out for something unknown  
The fame and praise come year after year  
Does nothing for these empty tears...

