

## Burton Cummings

### "Town Meeting Song"

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Performed by Danny Elfman and Cast

JACK  
Listen, there were objects so peculiar  
They were not to be believed  
All around, things to tantalise 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  
Will it bend?  
CREATURE UNDER THE STAIRS  
It's a rat

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 oversized 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 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 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...

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