

Jack Skellington "Jack's Lament"

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There are few who'd 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 tired... of the sound of screams
And I, JACK! the Pumpkin King...
Have grown so tired, of the same old thing

Ohhhh, somewhere deep... inside of these bones
An emptiness... began 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 nor man can SCREAM like I can
With the fury of my recitations

But who here would ever understand
That the Pumpkin King with his skeleton grin
Would tire of his crown, if they only understood
He'd 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...

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