

The Nightmare Before Christmas "Town Meeting Song"

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Listen everyone, there were objects 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
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
A 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?

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 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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