

## Timber Timbre

### "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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