

Various Artists "Jack's Lament"

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There are few who deny
At what I do I am the best
For my talents are renound far and wide
When it comes to supprises
In the moonlit night
I excel without ever even trying

With the slightest little effort
Of my ghost-like 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
An emptyness began to grow
There's something out there far from my home
A longing that I've ne-ver known

I'm the 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 Shakesperean quotations

No animal nor man can SCREAM like I can
With the fury of my re-ci-ta-tions
But who here would ever understand
That the Pumpkin King with the skeleton grin
Would tire of his crown, If they only understood
He'd give it all up, if he only could....

Oh theres an empty place in my bones
That calls out for something unknown

The fame and praise come year after year
Does nothing for these e-mpty tears....

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