

Danny Elfman, Town Meeting Song

JACK

Listen, 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

HARLEQUIN DEMON

A box?

DEVIL

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...

