

# Jodi Benson, Something's Up With Jack

Villagers

Something's up with Jack

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Don't know if we're ever going to get him back

He's all alone up there, locked away inside

Never says a word, hope he hasn't died

Something's up with Jack

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Jack:

Christmastime is buzzing in my skull

Will it let me be I can not tell

There's so many things I can not grasp

When I think I've got it and then at last

Through my bony fingers it does slip

Like a snowflake in a fiery grip

Something here I'm not quite getting

Though I try I keep forgetting

Like a memory long since passed

Here in an instant gone in a flash

What does it mean

What does it mean

In these little Bric a Brac

A secret's waiting to be cracked

These dolls and toys confuse so

Confound it all I love it though

Simple objects nothing more

But something's hidden through a door

Though I do not have the key

Something's here I can not see

What does it mean?

What does it mean?

What does it mean?

hmmmm

hmmm

I've read these christmas books so many times

I know the stories and I know the rhymes

I know the christmas carols all by heart

My skull's so full it's tearing me apart

As often as I've read them something's wrong

So hard to put my bony finger on

Or perhaps it's really not as deep as I've been led to think

Am I trying much too hard

Of course I've been too close to see the answer's right in front of me

It's simple really very clear like music drifting in the air

Invisible but everywhere

Just because I can not see it doesn't mean I can't believe it

You know I think this christmas thing is not as tricky as it seems

Why should they have all the fun? It should belong to anyone!

Not anyone in fact but me why I could make a christmas tree!

And there's no reason I can find I couldn't handle christmastime

I bet I could improve it too and that's exactly what I'll do

(evil cackling)