Jodi Benson, What's This

What's this? What's this? There's color everywhere What's this? There's white things in the air What's this? I can't believe my eyes I must be dreaming Wake up, Jack, this isn't fair What's this?

What's this? What's this?
There's something very wrong
What's this?
There's people singing songs
What's this?
The streets are lined with
Little creatures laughing
Everybody seems so happy
Have I possibly gone daffy?
What is this?

There's children throwing snowballs Instead of throwing heads They're busy building toys And absolutely no one's dead There's frost on every window Oh, I can't believe my eyes And in my bones I feel the warmth That's coming from inside

Oh, look What's this? They're hanging mistletoe, they kiss Why that looks so unique, inspired They're gathering around to hear a story Roasting chestnuts on a fire What's this?

What's this?
In here they've got a little tree, how queer And who would ever think
And why?
They're covering it with tiny little things
They've got electric lights on strings
And there's a smile on everyone
So, now, correct me if I'm wrong
This looks like fun
This looks like fun
Oh, could it be I got my wish?
What's this?

Oh my, what now?
The children are asleep
But look, there's nothing underneath
No ghouls, no witches here to scream and scare them
Or ensnare them, only little cozy things
Secure inside their dreamland

What's this?
The monsters are all missing
And the nightmares can't be found
And in their place there seems to be
Good feeling all around

Instead of screams, I swear I can hear music in the air The smell of cakes and pies Are absolutely everywhere

The sights, the sounds
They're everywhere and all around
I've never felt so good before
This empty place inside of me is filling up
I simply cannot get enough
I want it, oh, I want it
Oh, I want it for my own
I've got to know
I've got to know
What is this place that I have found?
What is this?

Christmas Town? hmm...