

# The All-American Rejects, Jack's Lament

There are few who'd deny, at what I do I am the best  
For my talents are renowned far and wide  
When it comes to surprises in the moonlit night  
I excel without ever even trying  
With the slightest little effort of my ghostlike 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 emptiness began to grow  
There's something out there, far from my home  
A longing that I've never known  
I'm a 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 Shakespearean quotations  
No animal nor man can scream like I can  
With the fury of my recitations  
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, there's an empty place in my bones  
That calls out for something unknown  
The fame and praise come year after year  
Does nothing for these empty tears