

The Nightmare Before Christmas (soundtrack), Ja

[JACK]

There are few who deny, at what I do I am the best
For my talents are rnowned 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 see grown men give out a shriek
With a 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 dep 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