

# The Nightmare Before Christmas (soundtrack), T

JACK

There were object 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

DEVIL

A box?

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

CREATURE UNDER THE STAIRS

Will it bend?

CLOWN

It's a rat

CREATURE UNDER THE STAIRS

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 over-sized 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  
[ACK  
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...