

## Closing

Danny Elfman

And finally, everything worked out just fine.  
Christmas was saved, though there wasn't much time.  
But after that night, things were never the same,  
Each holiday now knew the other one's name.

And though that one Christmas things got out of hand,  
I'm still rather fond of that skeleton man.

So, many years later I thought I'd drop in,  
And there was old Jack still looking quite thin,  
With four or five skeleton children at hand  
Playing strange little tunes in their xylophone band.

And I asked old Jack, "Do you remember the night  
When the sky was so dark and the moon shone so bright?  
When a million small children pretending to sleep  
Nearly didn't have Christmas at all, so to speak?  
And would, if you could, turn that mighty clock back,  
To that long, fateful night. Now, think carefully, Jack.  
Would you do the whole thing all over again,  
Knowing what you know now, knowing what you knew then?"

And he smiled, like the old pumpkin king that I knew,  
Then turned and asked softly of me, "Wouldn't you?"