

# Town Meeting Song

Danny Elfman

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

A box?  
Is it steel?

Are there locks?

Is it filled with a pox?

A pox  
How delightful, a pox

If you please  
Just a box with bright-colored paper  
And the whole thing's topped with a bow

A bow?  
But why?  
How ugly  
What's in it?  
What's in it?

That's the point of the thing, not to know

It's a bat

Will it bend?

It's a rat

Will it break?

Perhaps it's the head that I found in the lake

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

Oh, yes! Does it still have a foot?

Let me see, let me look

Is it rotted and covered with gook?

Hmm, let me explain

There's no foot inside, but there's candy  
Or sometimes it's filled with small toys

Small toys

Do they bite?

Do they snap?

Or explode in a sack?

Or perhaps they just spring out  
And scare girls and boys

What a splendid idea  
This Christmas sounds fun  
Why, I fully endorse it  
Let's try it at once

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's 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 darkm 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...