Closing

The Rightaways

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 nameAnd though that one Christmas things got out of hand
I'm still rather fond of that skeleton manSo, 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 bandAnd 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?"

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