

# Town Meeting Song

## Nightmare Before Christmas, The

Listen there were objects so peculiar  
They were not to be believed  
All around things to tantalize my brain, 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, 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 thing is called a present  
And 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  
Bow? 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 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 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  
At 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  
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, oh, well

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