

Town Meeting Song

The Polyphonic Spree

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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