

# Jack's Lament

Danny Elfman

There are few who deny at what I do I am the best  
For my talents are renowned far and wide  
When it comes to surprises in the moonlit night  
I excel without ever even trying With the slightest little effort  
Of my ghostlike charms  
I have seen grown men give a shriek  
With a wave of my hand  
And a well-placed moan  
I have swept the very bravest off their feet Yet year after year  
It's the same routine  
And I grow so weary of the sound of screams  
And I Jack the Pumpkin King  
Have grown so tired of the same old thing  
Oh somewhere deep inside of these bones  
An emptiness began to grow  
There's something out there  
Far from my home  
A longing that I've ever known I'm the master of fright  
And a demon of light  
And I'll scare you right out of your pants  
To a guy in Kentucky  
I am mister unlucky  
And I'm known throughout England and France And since I am dead  
I can take off my head  
To recite Shakespearean quotations  
No animal nor man  
Can scream like I can  
With the fury of my recitations  
But who here would ever understand  
That the Pumpkin King  
With the skeleton grin  
Would tire of his crown?  
If they only understood  
He'd give it all up  
If he only could Oh there's an empty place in my bones  
That calls out for something unknown  
The fame and praise  
Come year after year  
Does nothing for these empty tears

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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