

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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