Fast, exuberant

Bb

A

Bb

Dm

A7

Dm

F7/Eb

Bb/D

C#dim

F/C

Gm/Bb

D/A

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What's this? There's color everywhere. What's this? There's white things in the air. What's this? I can't believe my eyes. I must be dreaming. Wake up, Jack; this isn't fair! What's this?
What's this? There's something very wrong. What's this? There's people singing songs.

The streets are lined with little creatures laughing. Every body seems so happy. Have I possibly gone daffy? What is this?

What's this? There're children throwing snowballs in...
stead of throwing heads. They're busy building toys and absolutely no one's dead. There's

frost on every window. Oh, I can't believe my eyes. And in my bones I feel the warmth that's

coming from inside. Oh, look! What's this? They're hanging mistletoe. They kiss? Why, that looks so unique, inspired! They're gathering a
round to hear a story, roasting chestnuts on a fire. What's this? In here they've got a little tree. How queer! And who would ever think, and why? They're covering it with tiny little things, they've got electric lights on strings and there's a
smile on ev'ry-one. So now, correct me if I'm wrong. This looks like fun! This looks like fun! Oh, could it
be I got my wish? What's this?
Oh my, what now? The children are a-

sleep. But look, there's nothing underneath. No ghouls, no witches here to

scream and scare them or en-snare them, only little cozy things secure inside their dream

Slowly, tenderly
"land. (sigh) What's this?"

"monsters are all missing and the nightmares can't be found, and in their place there seems to be good feeling all around. Instead of screams, I swear I can hear music in the air. The smell of cakes and pies are absolutely everywhere. The sights, the sounds, they're everywhere and..."
I've never felt so good before. This empty place inside of me is filling up. I simply cannot get enough. I want it, oh, I want it. Oh, I want it or my own. I've got to know. I've got to know. What is this place that I have found? WHAT IS THIS?!

Christmas town? Hmmmm...