

WHAT'S THIS?

Music and Lyrics by
DANNY ELFMAN

Fast, exuberant

B \flat



mf

A



B \flat



Dm



A7



Dm



F7/E \flat



B \flat /D



mp legato

C \sharp dim



F/C



Gm/B \flat



D/A



cresc.

E \flat /G

G7

Cdim7

G

What's

rit.

mf

3

C

B

this? What's this? There's col - or ev - 'ry - where. What's this? There's white things in the

a tempo

C

Em/B

Cmaj7

air. What's this? I can't be - lieve my eyes. I must be dream - ing. Wake up,

cresc.

Em6/C#

B/D#

G

C

Jack, this is - n't fair! What's this? What's

mf

R.H.

B



this? What's this? There's some-thing ver - y wrong. What's this? There's peo-ple sing-ing



songs. What's this? The streets are lined with lit - tle crea-tures laugh-ing. Ev - 'ry -

Em6/C#

B/D#

Em

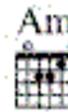
G7/F

F#dim7

G7

bod - y seems so hap-py. Have I pos - si - bly gone daf - fy? What is this? What's

cresc.



this? There're chil - dren throw-ing snow-balls in

dim. *mp*

Em Am Em

stead of throw-ing heads. They're bus-y build-ing toys and ab-so-lute-ly no one's dead. There's

Gm Bbm/Db A

frost on ev-'ry win-dow. Oh, I can't be-lieve my eyes. And in my bones I feel the warmth that's

rit.

C#m Ab Ab7 Db

com-ing from in-side. Oh, look! What's this? They're hang-ing mis-tle-

mf *a tempo*

C Db

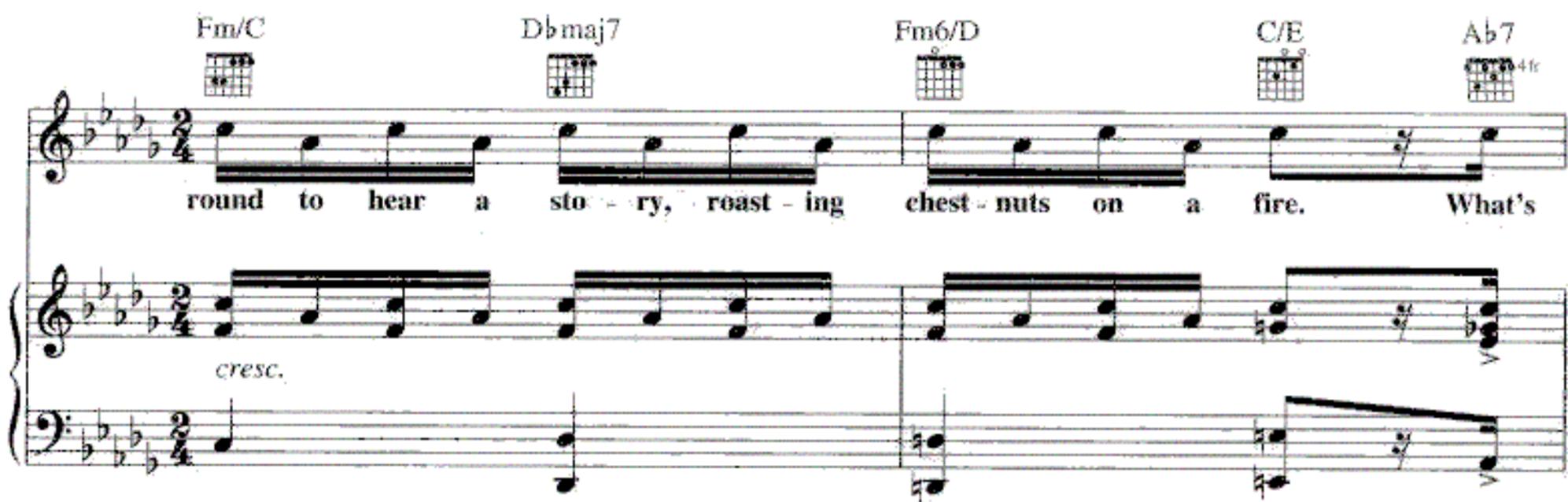
toe. They kiss? Why, that looks so u-nique, in-spired! They're gath-er-ing a-

20

Fm/C  Db maj7  Fm6/D  C/E  Ab7 

round to hear a sto - ry, roast - ing chest - nuts on a fire. What's

cresc.



Db 

this? What's this? In here they've got a lit - tle

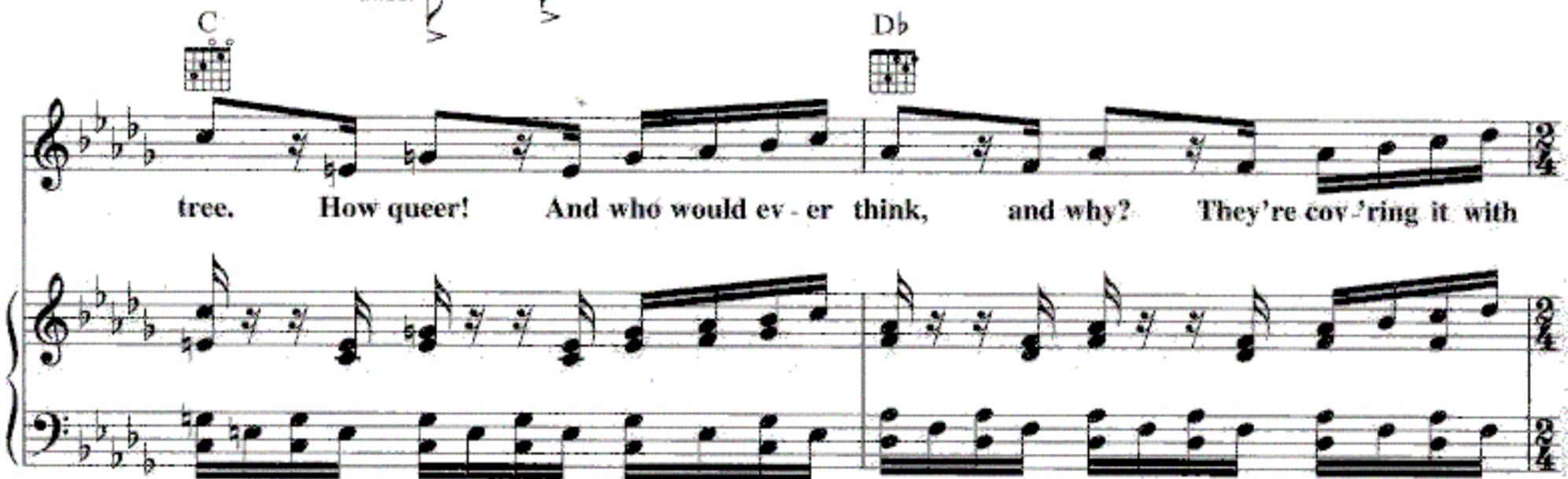
mf

R.H.



C  Db 

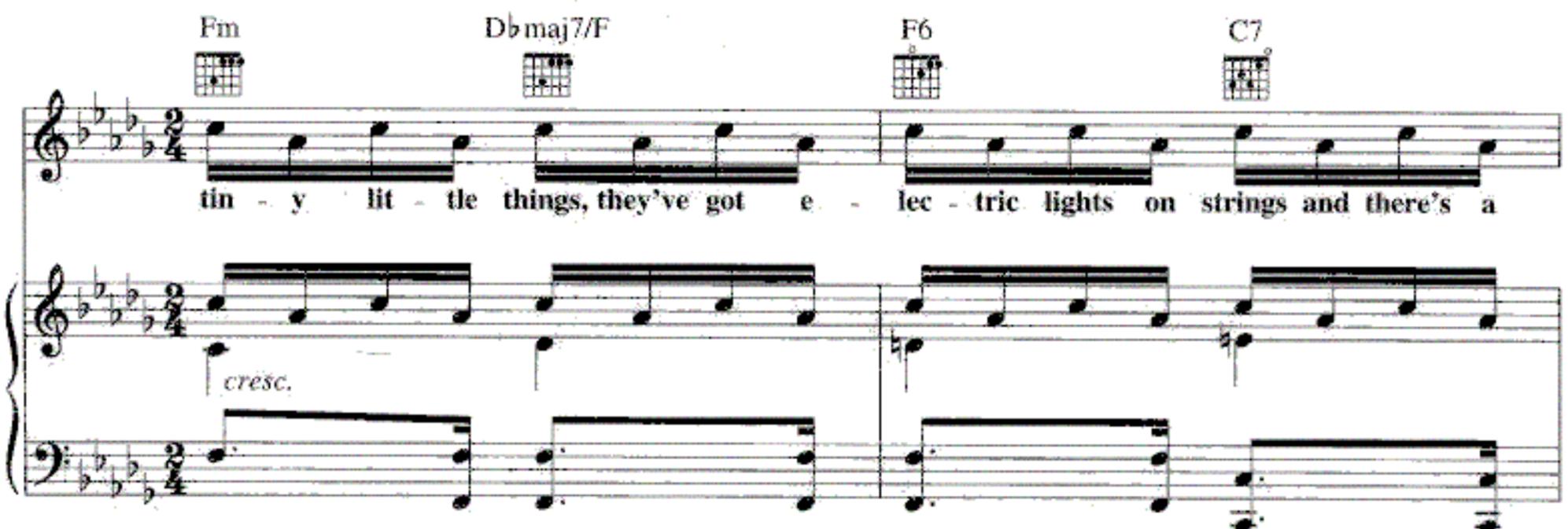
tree. How queer! And who would ev - er think, and why? They're cov - ering it with



Fm  Db maj7/F  F6  C7 

tin - y lit - tle things, they've got e - lec - tric lights on strings and there's a

cresc.



Fm Ab7 Db dim7 A6 Db F/C

smile on ev-'ry-one. So now, cor-rect me if I'm wrong. This looks like fun! This looks like fun! Oh, could it

Bbm A+ Ab7 Db

be I got my wish? What's this? Oh my, what now? The chil-dren are a-

C Db

sleep. But look, there's noth-ing un-der-neath. No ghouls, no witch-es here to

Fm Db maj7/F Fm6 C+/E Fm Fm6/Ab

scream and scare them or en-snare them, on-ly lit-tle co-zy things se-cure in-side their dream

rit. *Slowly, tenderly*

land. (sigh) What's this? The

Ab7 *Db*

p *f* *a tempo* *mf* *dim.* *mp*

3

mon-sters are all miss-ing and the night-mares can't be found, and in their place there seems to be good

Bbm *Fm* *Bbm*

feel-ing all a-round. In- stead of screams, I swear I can hear mu- sic in the air. The

Fm *Abm* *Bm/D*

smell of cakes and pies are ab-so-lute-ly ev-'ry-where. The sights, the sounds, they're ev-'ry-where and

Bb *Dm* *A* *D*

rit. *mf* *a tempo*

C# D F#m/C# Dmaj7

all a-round. I've nev-er felt so good be-fore. This emp-ty place in - side of me is fill-ing up. I

F#m6/D# C#/E# F#m A7 G#dim7

sim-ply can-not get e-nough. I want it, oh, I want it. Oh, I want it for my own. I've got to

cresc.

D F#7/C# Bm Bb+ Dm/A Bb

know. I've got to know. What is this place that I have found? WHAT IS

ff

Bdim7 A no chord

THIS?! Christ - mas town? Hmmm...