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Goosetown Halloween

Reference number PT0921

Ev'ry year, when we're done trick-or-treating
and we're all sick of eating tootsie-rolls by the pound,
off we go to a strange kind of meeting
that's for ev'ry kid from miles around.

Down at the fire house, where all the fire fighters
are putting on their yearly trick-or-treat.
They drape the firehouse, they decorate the pumper,
and all put on a costume or a sheet,
as the witches and the zombies and the goblins all convene
for a killer-diller thriller of a Goosetown Halloween

But new this year in the rear of the station
stood a wierd habitation that gave all of us chills.
Clanking chains and a nightmare vibration,
well, it made you wanna run for the hills.

They'd built a spook house, those wacky fire fighters,
with sound effects and lighting they'd prepared.
They made that fire house a very scary area,
and frankly, even I was kind of scared
as the witches and the zombies turn a ghostly shade of green
on a killer-diller thriller of a Goosetown Halloween.

Little vampires started wailing.
Little mummies were coming unwound.
All at one though, something happened
to turn the whole evening around.

(Bell ring)
spoken)

"It's a fire! Two alarms. Sorry, kid, party's over."

(sung)

It was a mad house, with ev'rybody running from the spook house
to find their boots and helmets in the firehouse.

“No time to change your costumes!”

A gremlin came a-sliding down the pole.

A cobwebbed pumper with a skeleton crew,

Frankenstien was driving and away they flew

with the clanging and the honking and the screaming, high siren.

What a killer-diller thriller of a Goosetown Halloween.

Left on Highmount, the engine was turning.

You could smell something burning, something very nearby.

Where they stopped was extremely concerning.

Well, the truth is that I wanted to cry.

They stopped at my house,
well, actually behind it at our henhouse,
the flames were leaping out.

It was a madhouse,

as ev'ryone came running from the spook house

to watch the ghouls and zombies from the firehouse

spray water on the fire and gather all the chickens, who'd escaped.

(spoken)

They were all safe.

(sung)

As the witches and the zombies on the big, red fire machine had a
killer-diller thriller of a Goosetown Halloween...

Holy cow! It's the thing we were dreading.

Now, the flames, they were spreading to the chicken-feed drop.

All that corn we stored in the shedding, you could hear it.

It was starting to pop.

(Corn popping)

Cross Orville Redenbacher with a fire cracker,

I'm pretty sure that this'd be the sound.

Oh, ev'ryone in town is gonna long recall the scene

of the killer-diller thriller of a Goosetown Halloween.