

You're a Mean One Mr. Grinch

Aimee Mann

All the windows were dark
No one knew he was there
All the whos were all dreaming
Sweet dreams without care

You're a mean one, Mr. Grinch
You really are a heel
You're as cuddly as a cactus
You're as charming as an eel, Mr. Grinch

You're a bad banana
With a greasy black peel

You're a monster, Mr. Grinch
Your heart's an empty hole
Your brain is full of spiders
You've got garlic in your soul, Mr. Grinch

I wouldn't touch you, with a
Thirty-nine and a-half foot pole

All I need is a reindeer
So he took his dog, Max
And he took some red thread
And he tied a big horn
On the top of his head

Then the Grinch said, "Giddap"
And the sleigh started down
To the homes where the who's
Lay a-snooze in their town
"This is stop number one"
The old Grinchy clause hissed

And he climbed to the roof
Empty bags in his fist
Then he slid down the chimney
A rather tight pinch
But, if Santa could do it
Then so could the Grinch

Then he slithered and slunk
With a smile most unpleasant
Around the whole room
And he took every present

Pop guns, pompano's, and cookies, and drums
Checkerboards, [Incomprehensible], popcorn and plums
And he stuffed them in bags
Then the Grinch, very nimbly, stuffed all the bags
One by one, up the chimney

You're a foul one, Mr. Grinch
You're a nasty, wastey skunk
Your heart is full of unwashed socks
Your soul is full of gunk, Mr. Grinch

The three words that best describe you
Are as follows and I quote, "Stink, stank, stunk"

You nauseate me, Mr. Grinch
With a nauseas super-nous
You're a crooked jerky jockey
And you drive a crooked horse, Mr. Grinch

You're a three decker sauerkraut
And toadstool sandwich
With arsenic sauce