

# 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, wasteful 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