

# Scrooge

The Muppets

Paul Williams

When a cold wind blows it chills you  
Chills you to the bone  
But there's nothing in nature that  
freezes your heart  
Like years of being alone  
It paints you with indifference  
Like a lady paints with rouge  
And the worst of the worst  
The most hated and cursed  
Is the one that we call Scrooge (yeah)  
Unkind as any  
And the wrath of many  
This is that Ebenezer Scrooge  
Oh, there goes Mr. Humbug  
There goes Mr. Grim  
If they gave a prize for bein' mean  
the winner would be him  
Oh, Scrooge loves his money  
'Cause he thinks it gives him power  
If he became a flavor you can bet he would be sour  
There goes Mr. Skinflint  
There goes Mr. Greed  
The undisputed master of  
The underhanded deed  
He charges folks a fortune  
For his dark and drafty houses  
As poor folk live in misery  
It's even worse for mouses  
He must be so lonely  
He must be so sad  
He goes to extremes  
To convince us he's bad  
He's really a victim of fear and of pride  
Look close and there must be  
a sweet man inside--Naaaah!  
There goes Mr. Outrage  
There goes Mr. Sneer  
He has no time for friends or fun  
His anger makes that clear  
Don't ask him for a favor  
'Cause his nastiness increases  
No crust of bread for those in need  
No cheeses for us meeses  
There goes Mr. Heartless  
There goes Mr. Cruel  
He never gives  
He only takes  
He lets this hunger rule  
If bein' mean's a way of life you  
practice and rehearse  
Then all that work is paying off  
'Cause Scrooge is getting worse  
Every day  
In every way  
Scrooge is getting worse  
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