

Aimee Mann, You're A Mean One, Mr. Grinch

All the windows were dark,
No one knew he was here
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 whos lay a-snooze in their town.
"This is stop number one," the old Grinchy Claus 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! And bicycles! Roller skates! Drums! Checkerboards! Tricycles! 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, wasty 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 nauseaus super-naus.
You're a crooked jerky jockey
And you drive a crooked horse.
Mr. Grinch.

You're a three decker saurkraut and toadstool sandwich
With arsenic sauce