

# Laura Pausini, You're A Mean One Mr.Grinch

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 have garlic in your soul, Mr. Grinch.  
I wouldn't touch you, with a  
thirty-nine-and-a-half foot pole.

You're a vile one, Mr. Grinch.  
You have termites in your smile.  
You have all the tender sweetness  
Of a seasick crocodile, Mr. Grinch.  
Given the choice between the two of you  
I'd take the seasick crocodile.

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're a rotter, Mr. Grinch.  
You're the king of sinful sots.  
Your heart's a dead tomato splotched  
With moldy purple spots, Mr. Grinch.  
Your soul is an appalling dump heap overflowing  
with the most disgraceful assortment of deplorable  
rubbish imaginable,  
Mangled up in tangled up knots.

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.