

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

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, 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 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