

YOU'RE A MEAN ONE, MR. GRINCH

GARY:

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 got garlic in your soul
Mr. Grinch, I wouldn't touch you with a 39-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 nauseate me, Mr. Grinch
With a nauseous super-naus
You're a crooked, jerky jockey
And you drive a crooked hoss, Mr. Grinch
You're a three-decker sauerkraut and toadstool sandwich
With arsenic sauce

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'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."