

Buried In Verona

"You're A Mean One, Mr. Grinch"

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All the windows were dark
No one knew he was here
All the who's
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 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 nauseous 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

