

Christmas Carols

"How The Grench Stole Christmas Theme Song"

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

You're a rotter, Mr. Grinch,
You're the king of sinful sots,
Your heart's a dead tomato splotted with moldy
purple spots, Mr. Grinch,
You're a three decker sauerkraut and toadstool
sandwich with arsenic sauce!

You nauseate me, Mr. Grinch,
With a nauseous super "naus"!,
You're a crooked dirty jockey and you drive a crooked
hoss, Mr. Grinch,
Your soul is an appalling dump heap overflowing with
the most disgraceful
assortment of rubbish imaginable mangled up in
tangled up knots!

You're a foul one, Mr. Grinch,
You're a nasty wastey 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

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