Sixpence None The Richer "You're A Mean One Mr. Grinch"

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You're a Mean One, Mr. Grinch

Author: Dr. Seuss

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.

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 crockodile.

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 best,

Are, 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 splot

With moldy purple spots,

Mr. Grinch.

Your soul is an apalling 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.

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