

The Muppets

"Ebenezer Scrooge"

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When a cold wind blows it chills you,
Chills you to the bone
But there's nothin' in nature that freezes your heart
Like years of bein' alone

Its paints you with indifference,
Like a lady paints with rouge
And the worst of the worst,
The most hated and cursed
Is the one that we call Scrooge
Un kind as any,
And the wrath of many,
This is that Ebenezer Scrooge

OH! There goes Mr. Humbug,
There goes mister Grim
If they gave a prize for bein' mean
The winner would be him
Oh, Scroogey loves his money
Cause he thinks it gives him power
If he became a flavor, you can bet he would be sour
(Even the vegetables don't like him!)

There goes mister Skin flint
There goes mister Greed
The undisputed master of the under-handed deed
He charges folks a fortune for his dark and drafty
houses
Us small folk live in misery
Its even worse for mouses
(Please sir, I want some cheese)

He must be so lonely
He must be so sad
He goes to extremes to convince us he's bad
He's really a victim of fear and of pride
Look close and there must be a sweet man inside
Nah! Uh-Uh!

There goes mister outrage,
There goes mister sneer

He has no time for friends or fun
His anger makes that clear
Don't ask him for a favor cause his nastiness increases
No crust of bread for those in need
No cheeses for us mices

(Gonzo/Charles Dickens: Scrooge liked the cold
He was hard and sharp as a flint
Secret and self contained
As solitary as an oyster)

There goes mister Heartless
there goes mister Cruel
He never gives
He only takes
He lets his hunger rule
If being mean's A way of life
He'll practice and Rehearse
And all that work is payin' off
Cause Scrooge is getting worse
Everyday in everyway
Scrooge is getting worse!

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