

Veggie Tales

"We Are The Grapes Of Wrath"

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We are the grapes of wrath
We'll never take a bath
It is our style to seldom smile
And never laugh

We are the grapes of wrath
So stay out of our path
There's no escape from cranky grapes
We are the grapes of wrath

I'm Ma, I'm Pa, this is our brood
We're grumpy and we know it
That's Tom and Rosey
They're both rude and not afraid to show it

We're not the folks you'd like to meet
We bicker by the hour
While other grapes are nice and sweet
We're really rather sour

As we go driving by
I may spit in your eye
Or throw a snake in your milkshake
To make you cry

'Cause we're the grapes of wrath
So stay out of our path
There's no escape from cranky grapes
We are the grapes of wrath
There's no escape from cranky grapes
We are the grapes of wrath

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