

# You're A Mean One, Mr. Grinch

Song From "How the Grinch Stole Christmas"

By Thurl Ravenscroft Of The Year 1966

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-in-a-half foot pole.

You're a vile one, Mr. Grinch.

You have termites in your smile.

You have all tender sweetness  
of a seasick crocodile.

Mr. Grinch.

Given a choice between 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 spot

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-nast.

You're a crooked jerky jockey

And you drive a crooked horse.

Mr. Grinch.

Your soul is an appalling dump heap overflowing  
with the most disgraceful assortment of deplorable  
rubbish imaginable,

Mangled up in a tangled up knots.

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."