

How the Grinch Stole Christmas

Boris Karloff

You're a monster Mr. Grinch
Your Hearts 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
39 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 a seasick crocodile
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 3 words that best describe you, are as follows, and I quote
Stink, Stank, Stonk
You're a rotter Mr. Grinch
You're the king of sinful sots
Your hearts a dead tomato splotched with moldy purple spots
Mr. Grinch
Your sole is an appalling 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 nauseous super naus
You're a crooked jerky jockey and,
you drive a crooked horse
Mr. Grinch
You're a 3 Decker sour kraut and toad stool sandwich
With arsenic sauce!

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