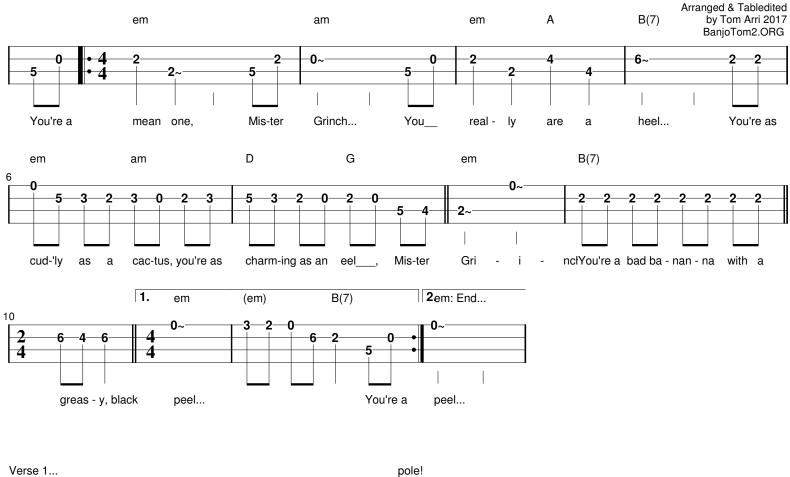
## "You're A Mean One, Mr. Grinch" - MANDOLIN

Lyrics: Theodore (Dr. Suess) Geisel **Music: Albert Hague** 

Voice: Thurl Ravenscroft



dm G am You're a mean one, Mr. Ginch... am D E You really are a heel... dm am You're as cuddly as a cactus... С You're as charming as an eel...

Mr. Gr - - - - in - ch...

(Silence)... dm am

You're a bad banana with a greasy, black peel...

Verse 2... dm G am You're a monster, Mr. Ginch... D You're heart's an empty hole.. am You're brain is full of spiders... G You've got garlic in your soul... Mr. Gr - - - - in - ch...

(Silence)... am I wouldn't touch you with a thirty-nine-and-a-half-inch pole!

Verse 3... dm G am You're a foul one, Mr. Ginch... D am You're a nasty - wasty skunk... am dm You're heart is full of un-washed socks... G You're soul is full of gunk... Ε Mr. Gr - - - - in - ch... (Silence)...

The three words that describe you are as follows: dm E am And I quote: Stink, Stank, Stunk!...

Verse 4... dm G am You're a vile one, Mr. Ginch... am D

Voice: Thurl Ravenscroft

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You have ter-mites in your smile...
         am
You have all the sweetness of a
               С
sea-sick croc-o-dile...
               Ε
Mr. Gr - - - - in - ch...
(Silence)...
Given a choice between the two of you...
  am
                  dm
I'd take the croc-o-dile...
Verse 5...
                 dm G
        am
You're a rot-ter, Mr. Ginch...
          am
                  D
You're the king of sinful sots...
                     dm
         am
Your heart's a dead tomato splotched...
                 С
    G
With moldy, purple spots
    F
                Ε
Mr. Gr - - - - in - ch...
(Silence)...
You're a three-decker, sauerkraut and toadstool sandwich...
     am
With arsenic sauce...
Verse 6...
    am
                 dm G
You nauseate me, Mr. Ginch...
    am D E
With a nauseous, super "Naus"...
         am
                    dm
You're a crooked, jerky, jockey and you
              С
G
Ride a crooked horse...
                Ε
Mr. Gr - - - - in - ch...
(Silence)...
(Spoken):
You're soul is an appalling dump-heap...
Over-flowing with the most disgraceful assortment of
Deplorable, rubbish imagine-able...
                am
Mangled-up and tangled-up, knots!
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