

# Scrooge

## Yaars

When a cold wind blows it chills you  
Chills you to the bone  
But there's nothing in nature that freezes your heart  
Like years of being alone

It 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 (yeah)  
Unkind as any  
And the wrath of many  
This is that Ebenezer Scrooge

Oh, there goes Mr. Humbug  
There goes Mr. 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  
("Yucka", "Even the vegetables don't like him!")

There goes Mr. Skin flint  
There goes Mr. Greed  
The undisputed master of the underhanded deed  
He charges folks a fortune for his dark and drafty houses  
Us small folk live in misery  
It's 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  
Naaaah! Uh Uh

There goes Mr. Outrage  
There goes Mr. 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 meeses

There goes Mr. Heartless  
There goes Mr. Cruel  
He never gives, he only takes  
He lets this hunger rule  
If bein' mean's a way of life  
He'll practice and rehearse  
And all that work is paying off  
'Cause Scrooge is getting worse  
Every day, in every way, Scrooge is getting worse

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