Scrooge

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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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