Lindsey Stirling, You're A Mean One, Mr. Grinch (

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 have garlic in your soul, Mr. Grinch,
I wouldn't touch you with a thirty-nine-and-a-half foot pole!
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"!
You're a foul one, Mr. Grinch,
you have termites in your smile,
you have all the tender sweetness of a seasick crocodile, Mr. Grinch,
given a choice between the two of 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 splotched with moldy purple spots, Mr. Grinch,
your soul is an appalling dump heap overflowing with the most disgraceful
assortment of rubbish imaginable mangled up in tangled up knots!
You nauseate me, Mr. Grinch,
with a nauseous super "naus"!
You're a crooked dirty jockey and you drive a crooked hoss, Mr. Grinch,
you're a three decker sauerkraut and toadstool sandwich with arsenic sauce!