All the windows were dark. No one knew he was there. All the who's were all dreaming sweet dreams without You're a mean one Mr. Grinch You really are a heel. You're as cuddly as a cactus, And 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've got garlic in your soul, Mr. Grinch! I wouldn't touch you With a thirty-nine-and-a-half foot pole! All I need is a reindeer! So he took his dog Max, and he took some black thread, And he tied a big horn on the top of his head. Then the Grinch said, "Giddyup!" and the sleigh started To the homes where the Who's lay a-snooze in their "This is stop number one," the old Grinchy Claus hissed As she climbed to the roof, empty bags in her fist. Then he slid down the chimney, a rather tight pinch. But if Santa could do it, then so could the Grinch. Then he slithered and slunked, with a smile most unpleasant, Around the whole room, and took every present. Pop-guns! ? And cookies! And Drums! Checkerboards! ? Popcorn! And plums! And he stuffed them in bags. Then the Grinch, very Stuffed all the bags, one by one, up the chimney. 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 nauseate me, Mr. Grinch! With a nauseous super naus! You're a crooked jerky jockey, And you drive a crooked hoss, Mr. Grinch! You're a three-decker sauerkraut and toadstool sandwich, With arsenic sauce!