

# Scrooge

## The Longest Johns

When a cold wind blows it chills you, chills you to the bone  
But there's nothing in nature that freezes your heart like year  
s 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

Unkind as any  
And the wrath of many  
This is 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, Scrooge loves his money 'cause he thinks it gives him powe  
r  
If he became a flavour you can bet he would be sour

(Even the vegetables don't like him)

There goes Mr. Skinflint, There goes Mr. Greed  
The undisputed master of the underhanded deed  
He charges folks a fortune for his dark and drafty houses  
As poor folk live in misery  
It's even worse for mice

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!

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 you practice and rehearse  
Then all that work is paying off 'cause Scrooge is getting wors  
e

Every day in every way, Scrooge is getting worse!