

Scrooge

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
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
Old Scrooge he loves his money, 'cause he thinks it gives him power
If he became a flavour you can bet he would be sour

(music break)

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

(music break)

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 favour, '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 his 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 worse

Every day
In every way
Scrooge is getting worse!