

Heat Miser And Snow Miser Misc Christmas

*I m not sure that it s right, but there were no chords for the song, only tabs and I hate tabs. I tried my best; it works for me.

[Snow Miser]

G

I m Mister White Christmas

A

I m Mister Snow

E

Iâ€™m Mister Icicle

A **Em**

Iâ€™m Mister Ten Below!

G

Friends call me Snow Miser

A

Whatever I touch

E

Turns to snow in my clutch

N.C. (No chords)

Iâ€™m too much

[Mini Snow Misers]

G

Heâ€™s Mister White Christmas

A

Heâ€™s Mister Snow

E

Heâ€™s Mister Icicle

A **Em**

Heâ€™s Mister Ten Below

[Snow Miser]

G

Friends call me Snow Miser

A

Whatever I touch

E

Turns to snow in my clutch

[Minis]

N.C. (No chords)

Heâ€™s too much

[Snow Miser]

G

I never wanna know a day thatâ€™s over forty degrees.

A

Em

Iâ€™d rather have it have it thirty, twenty, ten, five, let it freeze.

[Minis]

[Mini Snow Misers]

G

Heâ€™s Mister White Christmas

A

Heâ€™s Mister Snow ([Snow Miser]: Thatâ€™s right!)

E

Heâ€™s Mister Icicle

A

Em

Heâ€™s Mister Ten Below

[Snow Miser]

G

Friends call me Snow Miser

A

Whatever I touch

E

Turns to snow in my clutch

N.C. (No chords)

Too much (Too much!)

--

[Heat Miser]

G

I m Mister Green Christmas

A

I m Mister Sun

E

I m Mister Heat Blister

A

Em

I m Mister Hundred and One

D

They call me Heat Miser,

A

Whatever I touch

E

Starts to melt in my clutch

N.C.

I m too much!

[Mini Misers]

G

He s Mister Green Christmas

A

He s Mister Sun

E

He s Mister Heat Blister

A

Em

He s Mister Hundred and One

[Heat Miser]

G

They call me Heat Miser,

A

Whatever I touch

E

Starts to melt in my clutch

[Mini Misers]

(N.C)

He s too much! ([Heat Miser]: Thank you!)

[Heat Miser]

A

Em

I never want to know a day that s under sixty degrees

G

I d rather have it eighty, ninety, one hundred degrees!

D

(spoken)

Oh, some like it hot, but I like it REALLY hot!

[Mini Misers]

G

He s Mister Green Christmas

A

He s Mister Sun

[Heat Miser]

Sing it!

[Minis]

E

He s Mister Heat Blister

A

Em

He s Mister Hundred and One

[Heat Miser]

D

They call me Heat Miser,

A

Whatever I touch

E

Starts to melt in my clutch

N.C.

I m too much! (Too much)