

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

Bb

I m Mister Snow

F

Iâ€™m Mister Icicle

Bb **Fm**

Iâ€™m Mister Ten Below!

G#

Friends call me Snow Miser

Bb

Whatever I touch

F

Turns to snow in my clutch

N.C. (No chords)

Iâ€™m too much

[Mini Snow Misers]

G#

Heâ€™s Mister White Christmas

Bb

Heâ€™s Mister Snow

F

Heâ€™s Mister Icicle

Bb **Fm**

Heâ€™s Mister Ten Below

[Snow Miser]

G#

Friends call me Snow Miser

Bb

Whatever I touch

F

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.

Bb

Fm

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

[Minis]

[Mini Snow Misers]

G#

Heâ€™s Mister White Christmas

Bb

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

F

Heâ€™s Mister Icicle

Bb

Fm

Heâ€™s Mister Ten Below

[Snow Miser]

G#

Friends call me Snow Miser

Bb

Whatever I touch

F

Turns to snow in my clutch

N.C. (No chords)

Too much (Too much!)

--

[Heat Miser]

G#

I m Mister Green Christmas

Bb

I m Mister Sun

F

I m Mister Heat Blister

Bb

Fm

I m Mister Hundred and One

Eb

They call me Heat Miser,

Bb

Whatever I touch

F

Starts to melt in my clutch

N.C#.

I m too much!

[Mini Misers]

G#

He s Mister Green Christmas

Bb

He s Mister Sun

F

He s Mister Heat Blister

Bb

Fm

He s Mister Hundred and One

[Heat Miser]

G#

They call me Heat Miser,

Bb

Whatever I touch

F

Starts to melt in my clutch

[Mini Misers]

(N.C#)

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

[Heat Miser]

Bb

Fm

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

G#

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

Eb

(spoken)

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

[Mini Misers]

G#

He s Mister Green Christmas

Bb

He s Mister Sun

[Heat Miser]

Sing it!

[Minis]

F

He s Mister Heat Blister

Bb

Fm

He s Mister Hundred and One

[Heat Miser]

Eb

They call me Heat Miser,

Bb

Whatever I touch

F

Starts to melt in my clutch

N.C.

I m too much! (Too much)