

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]

A

I m Mister White Christmas

B

I m Mister Snow

F#

Iâ€™m Mister Icicle

B **F#m**

Iâ€™m Mister Ten Below!

A

Friends call me Snow Miser

B

Whatever I touch

F#

Turns to snow in my clutch

N.C. (No chords)

Iâ€™m too much

[Mini Snow Misers]

A

Heâ€™s Mister White Christmas

B

Heâ€™s Mister Snow

F#

Heâ€™s Mister Icicle

B **F#m**

Heâ€™s Mister Ten Below

[Snow Miser]

A

Friends call me Snow Miser

B

Whatever I touch

F#

Turns to snow in my clutch

[Minis]

N.C. (No chords)

Heâ€™s too much

[Snow Miser]

A

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

B

F#m

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

[Minis]

[Mini Snow Misers]

A

Heâ€™s Mister White Christmas

B

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

F#

Heâ€™s Mister Icicle

B

F#m

Heâ€™s Mister Ten Below

[Snow Miser]

A

Friends call me Snow Miser

B

Whatever I touch

F#

Turns to snow in my clutch

N.C. (No chords)

Too much (Too much!)

--

[Heat Miser]

A

I m Mister Green Christmas

B

I m Mister Sun

F#

I m Mister Heat Blister

B

F#m

I m Mister Hundred and One

E

They call me Heat Miser,

B

Whatever I touch

F#

Starts to melt in my clutch

N.D.

I m too much!

[Mini Misers]

A

He s Mister Green Christmas

B

He s Mister Sun

F#

He s Mister Heat Blister

B

F#m

He s Mister Hundred and One

[Heat Miser]

A

They call me Heat Miser,

B

Whatever I touch

F#

Starts to melt in my clutch

[Mini Misers]

(N.D)

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

[Heat Miser]

B

F#m

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

A

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

E

(spoken)

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

[Mini Misers]

A

He s Mister Green Christmas

B

He s Mister Sun

[Heat Miser]

Sing it!

[Minis]

F#

He s Mister Heat Blister

B

F#m

He s Mister Hundred and One

[Heat Miser]

E

They call me Heat Miser,

B

Whatever I touch

F#

Starts to melt in my clutch

N.C.

I m too much! (Too much)