

The Monkees, Your Auntie Grizelda

By Diane Hilderbrand and Jack Keller

She knows her mind all right, your Auntie Grizelda,
She says she knows my kind, she might, maybe so.
Oh, yeah, she's raised you right, your Auntie Grizelda,
You only know the things she wants you to know.

I know she's having a fit,
She doesn't like me a bit,
No bird of grace ever lit on Auntie Grizelda.

You can't begrudge her style, your Auntie Grizelda,
She couldn't budge a smile and do it for free.
So righteous making fudge, your Auntie Grizelda,
So proper judging others over her tea.

You look just like her you do,
I know by looking at you,
That you've been listening to your Auntie Grizelda.

(ad lib)

Oh, no, don't look at me like Auntie Grizelda
It takes much more to be someone of your own.
You've got to make it free from Auntie Grizelda
Or just like her you'll have to make it alone.

I know she's having a fit,
She doesn't like me a bit,
No bird of grace ever lit on Auntie Grizelda.

Auntie Grizelda, Auntie Grizelda