

## Auntie Heather

Whenever I visit my old Auntie Heather,  
I really can't help but mention the weather.

Now, the only reason we drop by her home  
is that she lives way up there all alone.

And the thing that makes those visits a pain,  
is that where she resides, it constantly rains!

As soon as we get there, I walk through the door,  
and I take off my shoes, my eyes on the floor.

For when Auntie sees me, she's eager to talk,  
and I stand there, just staring, still as a rock.

So its up to my parents; they break the ice,  
and they laugh and they chatter, acting all nice.

And although Auntie whispers, I hear her complain,  
"That daughter of yours, she drives me insane!"

Then my parents reply; they try to persuade her,  
"Oh, its not Jane's fault. You don't entertain her!"

So my aunt turns to me, and her voice is annoying.  
"Janie,"she whines, "how are things going?"

And I roll my eyes and I sigh a big sigh;  
I'm just not in the mood; I can't even try.

But my parents are practically down on their knees;  
"Come now," they beg, " Auntie's not hard to please."

So I glance out the window, and all I can say,  
is, "It's raining outside; there'll be no fun today!"