

Our Chris

Our Chris has gone has gone back home to stay
Back to the Isle of Stornaway
Life in the RAF in many a gaff
Where Derek was posted like many RAF staff

A life full of mirth
From the Hebrides at birth
Back to the Isle with a man not to dread
For it's her loved one her Derek she went there to wed
Without failure or fear
She went back every year
To good folk so loving she held very dear

Scot Lane as a baker
Hayfield school dinner maker
An ASDA first worker on such a wide range
Even took on the telephone exchange
As a lolly pop lady and laundress with change

First time in a car
She'd not took it far
Came home on the bus
Forget the car so what's all the fuss
With gusto and vim
In time she did swim

In the Eagle at six
With her crew what a mix
Lovely Chris so light
A true lady so polite
So nice to meet
When you to greet

With her big man her greatest fan
One hell of a fella a very nice man
Now in the Eagle there's this chair
Well at Chris don't dare stare
Behave like a toff
She'll soon say "piss off"

Oh Carol and Iain she loves you so
Just like her Derek she'll never let go
Good heavens our Chris what about the Auckley show
Who now to help count all the dough

Not just a battle a ten-year war you see
She fought so bravely with the Mighty Big C
No winner no loser she just went away
Now she's back in her Stornaway

The pain's all now gone
Her spirit lives on
There's no more fear-Just that twinkle and an odd tear
With a sweet smile on her face
She's now full of grace

Now back on her Isle
We can see but her smile
All sunshine no thunder
She's in heaven no wonder

For a daughter and a sis
What a life full of bliss
For a mum and a wife
What a wonderful life
We cherish but we miss
Our beauty
Our Chris



Our Chris, Sirley, Maureen, Chris & Annette 01_01_1998