

CAITHNESS SELF-LIFT CHAIR

The Bower in Bexhill-on-Sea provides a quiet life
For people who are shattered after years of mortal strife.
A care home for the elderly, where no-one seems to care
And recently a test-bed for the Caithness Self-Lift Chair.

The patron and the matron, one a major, one a nurse
Think old ladies are appalling, and old men even worse.
They need helping, they need lifting and there isn't cash to spare.
So they've swopped a girl called Tricia for the Caithness Self-Lift Chair.

The old folks at the Bower all liked Tricia - she was nice
And she listened to their stories, though she'd heard them once or twice -
And now she's gone, the lounge is quiet. The inmates sit and stare
Until suddenly a noise comes from the Caithness Self-Lift Chair.

Mrs. Mould's forgetful, sad and paranoid and moody -
She hates that Richard Madeley and she can't abide that Judy.
But suddenly she's flying in a shower of underwear
Propelled across the ceiling by the Caithness Self-Lift Chair.

The others watch her progress - as her mighty knickers snag
On the sharp undusted antlers of a taxidermied stag.
They exchange conspiring glances - can they do it, do they dare?
For the Bower bought a dozen of the Caithness Self-Lift Chair.

They open all the windows, move the chairs across the floor,
Apart from one that Mrs. Thomas jams against the door.
Each one sits and faces freedom, and says a silent prayer -
"Lord, carry me away now on my Caithness Self-Lift Chair".

One by one the chairs spring into life, and pensioners are hurled
Across the cliffs of Bexhill to return to the real world.
Mrs. Roberts' chute has opened, she has landed on the beach
She is joined by all the others, they enjoy a wine gum each -
They unfold their pack-up Zimmers, and they turn to face the Bower
And they shout out "Sod off, matron!" in a voice of awesome power.
The inmates of the Bower, free from care and free as air
Unchained from sheltered living by the Caithness Self-Lift Chair.