

# The Widow & the Fairy

## The Corries

In a crumbling ruin, broken down for years,  
There lived a woman, such a kind old dear.  
Her forty years, in a basement flat,  
No friend had she, but her old tomcat.

One Christmas Eve, she sat poor and glum,  
When a blinding flash, lit up her lonely slum.  
And there stood a fairy saying, "Have no fear,  
To grant three wishes they have sent me here".

With trembling hands, she held forth her purse,  
"A widow's pension don't go far of course"  
The fairy waved her wand around,  
And on the floor lay ten thousand pounds.

"A gorgeous figure and a face divine,  
All my life have I wished were mine".  
"Hold tight", said the fairy, "And I'll have a go".  
And made her look just like Brigitte Bardot.

This gorgeous figure, in the chair she sat  
And she chanced to spy her old tomcat.  
"He's me only friend so if you can,  
Make him my handsome young fancy man".

This handsome youth, to the girl drew near,  
And whispered softly, in her ear.  
"The night is young, but you'll regret,  
The day you took me to see the Vet".

Lyrics Submitted by William Campbell

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>