

In The Middle Of The Night

Madness

Nice man George, newsagent on the corner
Not very rich, but never any poorer
Jaunty old George, a happy sixty-three
Not very tall, but healthier than me
He whistles timeless tunes
As he saunters down the street
Springs in his legs and elastic in his feet
But in the middle of the night
He steals through your garden
Gives your hosiery a fright
And doesn't say pardon
As soft as a breeze
With an arm full of underwear
On his hands and knees
Dreams about the knicker scare
Hello there George, newsagent on the corner
How's the old car, yes the climate's getting warmer
Chatty old George as you get your morning paper
Read about the knicker thief, underwear taker
Bids you "Good day", as you wander out the door
Never closes early, always cleans the floor
But when darkness hits the town

And there's washing on your line
Get your knickers down
Before the dreaded sign
When the clock strikes eight
And you're snuggled up in bed
He'll be at the garden gate
Filling underwear with dread
Nice man George, newsagent on the corner
He was closed today, maybe gone to mow the lawn
I had to go further down the road to get me current bun
"Hello isn't that George on page one?"
No it couldn't be, but yes it is
Difficult to see from these photofits
But they are after him
Of that you can be sure
They've called him on the phone

They've knocked on his door
But he's gone away
Gone to stay with some mates
He got the papers early
And saw his own face

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