

Our House

KIDZ BOP Kids

Father wears his Sunday best
Mother's tired she needs a rest
The kids are playing up downstairs
Sister's sighing in her sleep
Brother's got a date to keep
He can't hang around Our house, in the middle of our street
Our house, in the middle of our Our house it has a crowd
There's always something happening
And it's usually quite loud
Our mum she's so house-proud
Nothing ever slows her down
And a mess is not allowed Our house, in the middle of our street
Our house, in the middle of our Our house, in the middle of our street
Our house, in the middle of our
Something tells you that you've got to get away from it Father gets up late for work
Mother has to iron his shirt
Then she sends the kids to school
Sees them off with a small kiss
She's the one they're going to miss
In lots of ways Our house, in the middle of our street
Our house, in the middle of our I remember way back then when everything was true and when
We would have such a very good time such a fine time
Such a happy time
And I remember how we'd play simply waste the day away
Then we'd say nothing would come between us two dreamers Father wears his Sunday best
Mother's tired she needs a rest
The kids are playing up downstairs
Sister's sighing in her sleep
Brother's got a date to keep
He can't hang around Our house, in the middle of our street
Our house, in the middle of our street Our house, in the middle of our street
Our house, in the middle of our Our house, was our castle and our keep
Our house, in the middle of our street Our house, that was where we used to sleep
Our house, in the middle of our street Our house, in the middle of our street

Songwriters

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