

# 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  
Sprints 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 photos 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

Lyrics provided by  
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