

# Our House

## Madness

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  
(Something tells you that you've got to get away from it)  
Our house, in the middle of our 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

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