## Madness, Our House

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