

## **Kid British**

# **"Our House Is Dadless"**

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Well my house is a mad house  
Well hardly sit down and watch T.V cause we got things  
to do  
And I got things to do  
Mum talks calmly for a while and then starts shouting  
Clean up the kitchen  
I always say I'll do it later  
Or yeah in a minute  
My house is a hot spot  
Everyday of the week someone will be in my house who  
don't live here  
The neighbours ain't got a problem with us  
Yeah music plays in my house constantly  
Constant noise but I wouldn't have it any other way I  
love my house  
Total chaos, yeah it's random  
Off key, different, no house is similar  
But for some reason it works  
My house is crazy you know

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 move away from  
it

You hold a better conversation  
When born in grimey locations  
And that's where you'll find my crib  
In the same area where the alkies live  
So I love my street  
You get bare joke when the alkies beef  
And though outside may reek  
Not in my crib no potpourri  
And we've just added new bricks  
So every other house in the street looks shit  
Compared to ours  
But it's hard to get a decent kip when out comes the  
stars  
Because of all the beef in my avenue  
Neighbours fight so police in my avenue  
So you might catch me in my living room

Up late writing to beats if I'm in the mood  
Or if not I'll be on the Playstation  
Or better still MSN conversations  
And everyone of our houses are Dadless  
So no wonder our houses are Madness

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 move away from  
it

Sunday morning my day off  
I can smell that bacon cooking  
And mum's downstairs doing that weekly washing  
Singing along she's got that motown rocking  
And I'm shouting out 'mum turn it down'  
Cos I'm tryna sleep right now  
Argh forget it I was getting up anyway  
Man I can't get a lie in any day  
So I'm downstairs arguing  
Mum chill out I won't have this in our house  
Ok, your house  
Then I had a little moan how the living room's freezing  
And then she starts screaming  
Mum I ain't being rude just turn up the heating  
She said 'move out if you ain't warm enough'  
Coincidentally, suddenly I'm warming up

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 move away from  
it  
Something tells you that you've got to get away from it

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