

Various Artists "Our House"

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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 make 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'll 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
Our house, in the middle of our

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