

## 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 (Oh-oh-oh-oh)  
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

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

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Our house in the middle of our street  
Our house in the middle of our street  
Our house in the middle of our street  
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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