

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

# Our House

Par Madness

*Album : L Ete France Bleu*

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 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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