

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

18/06/2026

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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