

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)
Our house, in the middle of our (That you've got to 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

[Instrumental Interlude]

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
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