

# Talking Heads, Our House

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  
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 get 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'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