

Our House

Theresa Sokyrka

Father wears his Sunday best
Mother's tired, she needs a rest, the kids are playing up downs
tairs
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, 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
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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 h
appy time
And I remember how we'd play and simply waste the day away
Then we'd say nothing would come between us, two dreamers

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