

Father wears his sunday best
mother's tired, she needs a rest
the kids are playing up downstairs
sister's sighing in her sleep (ah)
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 move 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 (ah)
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

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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, our house

We woke to the smell of cub stew
Food is gone, we need to chew
That rock just shot us back our things
Follow salamis to a creek (ah)
Now we need to really sneak, or we might be found

A house. In the middle of the woods
A house, we are looking for a

This house, it has a wall
Vineyard with a mans statue
Ka'ali breaks an arm in haste
Salamis leaves us to our call
Bright blue grapes, river views, this place just has it all

A house, with tall walls made of good stone
A house, we were looking for a
A house, lets just go knock on the door
A house, what's the worst that could

Pyris greets us with great charm
Ushers us to come right in
A scroll tells us we own the house
Also warns us of our death (no no no)
Lock the doors and close the shades, survive until the day

Our house, we own a creepy ass old house
Our house, what the hell do we

Moving like we're crazy men, locking every door
And then
One was locked with wind blow-ing, or maybe sucking
Such a weird room
And there is a man outside,he simply wants to come inside
He seems a very nice sort of man
To kill us

He keeps on knock-ing at the doors
Killed our guide, then stuffed him down
Birds are pecking through the glass
Only when they break on through
Puck has killed like you and you, he's now on the board

Our house, has a basement underneath
Our house, our five tiles he does seek
Our house, down the stairs oh we do creep
Our house, are we safe now, I dont....

Our house, now these dogs things are inside
Our house, they are coming for our hide
Our house, what the hell do we do now
Our house, its the place that we might die
Our house, in the middle of the woods, our house