

In The Middle Of The Night

Madness

E'ning Standard read all about it! Paper sir? paper sir?

Nice man George newsagent on the corner
not very rich but never any poorer
jaunty old George a happy sixty three
not very tall but healthier than me
he whistles timeless tunes as he saunters down the street
springs in his legs and elastic in his feet

But in the middle of the night he steals through your garden
gives your hosiery a fright and doesn't say "pardon?"
as soft as a breeze with an armful of underwear
on his hands and knees dreams about the knicker scare

Hello there George newsagent on the corner
how's the old car yes the climate's getting warmer
chatty old George did you get your morning paper
read about the nicker thief underwear taker?
bids you good day as you wander out the door
never closes early always cleans the floor

But when darkness hits the town and there's washing on your line
get your knickers down before the dreaded sign
when the clock strikes eight and you're snuggled up in bed
he'll be at the garden gate filling underwear with dread

Nice man George newsagent on the corner
he was closed today maybe gone to mow the lawn
had to go further down the road to get the Currant Bun
hello isn't that George on page one?
no it couldn't be but yes it is difficult to see from these photos
to fits

But they are after him of that you can be sure
they've called him on the phone they've knocked on his door
but he's gone away gone to stay with some mates
he got the papers early and saw his own fate
Enerring Standard papers sir?