

# 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?