

Tom Odell, Wrong Crowd

And my mother is standing beside me
As I'm packing my bags in the car
She says please boy no more fighting
Oh it's only gonna do you harm.

But I can't help it, I don't know how
I guess I'll always be hanging round with the wrong crowd.
I can't help it, I don't know how
I guess I'll always be hanging round with the wrong crowd

Ohhhhhhh My boy

And my brother is standing behind me
As I'm slowly going out my head
he says you know those people don't like me
Why d'you wanna be one of them.

But I can't help it, I don't know how
I guess I'll always be hanging round with the wrong crowd.
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ohhhhh I wish I could find somebody
that my mother would like.
Oh I wish I can find somebody
That could treat me right.

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