

# Tom Odell, Jubilee Road

It's a late Friday night,  
the street lamps are shining up in my bedroom.  
There's a mighty big fight between the thunder and lightning,  
I wonder who will lose.

there's a party balloon  
and I ain't been invited  
hey, look at the moon  
there ain't nothing like it

all grey and gold  
down on the Jubilee Road

can see Mr. Bouvier  
is his 20beetroom basemenr  
in hus purple dungarees  
he's grumpy and he's grey  
always sweeping off the pavement  
cigarettes and leaves

his kid's up in china  
and his wife's up in heaven  
always I wave  
cause he's got this expression

that he's so alone  
down on the Jubilee Road

I think tomorrow night  
I will know on his door  
and hear all about his life  
because I think that's the kind of thing that I might like  
when; I am old  
when; I am old