

# 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.

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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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