

Wrong Crowd

Tom Odell

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 around
With the wrong crowd
I can't help it, I don't know how
I guess I'll always be hanging around
With the wrong crowd

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 around
With the wrong crowd
I can't help it, I don't know how
I guess I'll always be hanging around
With the wrong crowd

Oooh, I wish I could find somebody
That my mother would like
Oooh, I wish I can find somebody
That could treat me right

But I can't help it, I don't know how
I guess I'll always be hanging around
With the wrong crowd
I can't help it, I don't know how
I guess I'll always be hanging around
With the wrong crowd
Singing, I can't help it, I don't know how
I guess I'll always be hanging around
With the wrong crowd

Thinking, I can't help it, I don't know how
I guess I'll always be hanging around
With the wrong crowd
I can't help it, I don't know how
I guess I'll always be hanging around
With the wrong crowd
Thinking, I can't help it, I don't know how
I guess I'll always be hanging around
With the wrong crowd