

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 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

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

Ohhhhh I wish I could find somebody
That my mother would like
Ohh 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 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
But I can't help and 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
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



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych