

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