

04	BEST DAY OF MY LIFE
08	SAD ANYMORE
12	SUNRISE__
14	JUST ANOTHER THING WE DON'T TALK ABOUT
19	THE BLOOD WE BLEED
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24	LIBRIUM
25	FLYING :))
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ONE OF MY earliest memories is being sat on the floor in my grandparents' living room, with my back up against the piano, the music vibrating through my body, and the sound of my grandmother's nails tapping against the keys above. It was a gigantic brown upright, at least that's how it seemed when I was four years old, huge and very mysterious. Long before my feet could touch the pedals, I spent many hours playing that piano and around the time of my 7th birthday I finally started lessons. My grandmother would pick me up every Tuesday evening and drive me to Bognor Regis, where she would patiently wait outside in her car, with Classic FM and the heater both on full blast. I remember one evening, a few years in, I told her I wanted to stop. 'Stick with it, just a little longer', she replied.

I could never have imagined that all these years later I would be sat in my studio writing the introduction to my very own piano book! It fills me with joy to be sharing these words with my fellow piano enthusiasts. And I hope with all my heart that every one of you finds as much joy learning these songs as I did making them.

I dedicate the book to my grandmother, who sadly never got to see just how long I stuck with it for. A very long time indeed. And not a single moment have I ever regretted. Pure joy. It just gets better and better. Thank you, Grandma.

The Blood We Bleed

Words and Music by Tom Odell, Laurie Blundell and Sam Johnson

$\text{♩} = 92$

D


D/F#


G


1. I walk back home, you're all a -
 (2.) crowd, I sing so

Bm


A


Bm


4 - lone, the i - vy's grown, it's Christ - mas Eve. I brought some
 loud, to make you proud, but you don't see, I show my

G


Bm


A


G


A


Bm


A


7 wine, it tastes like shite, but it pro - vides the spark we need. Come on let's
 flaws, the crowd ap - plauds, but I'm not sure it's meant for me. I have be -

Ped.

Ped. sim.

Smiling All The Way Back Home

Words and Music by Tom Odell, Laurie Blundell and Richard Nowels

$\text{♩} = 128$

B♭maj7 **F** **Dm7** **C**

mf

with Pedal

B♭maj7 **F** **Dm7** **C**

5

1. The par - ty's near - ly o - ver We're sat_ there on a so - fa
2. We're on the street now, We're stall - ing, U - ber dri - ver keeps on call - ing,

mf (with small notes 2° only) *sim.*

B♭maj7 **F** **Dm7** **C**

9

Kind - a close but, get - ting clo - ser, I know that_ you got - ta go_ but,
You say to me, "just ig - nore him" Four forty - five A - M. in the morn - ing. }

B♭maj7 **F** **Dm7** **C**

13

I don't wan-na say good-bye_ It's been_ so long since I_

f