

Rifles, The

"Local Boy"

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Jimmy was a local boy
But he's seen much more than the change in the
weather
Sitting in a uniform of a 3 piece suit
And the ribbons from his past
Looking through the little boy
At the bar with the mouth who thinks he's clever
Now dreaming of a day that he got home from war
To his childhood sweetheart

Now he don't need anyone
There's no one there for him
Just a feeling of an empty place deteriorating

Jimmy was a local boy
But he's seen much more then I'm bound to ever
A member of a dying breed
That has sat in wait as it all just falls apart
Dreaming of a that's oh so long ago
He can't remember right
There was a time a man could still be a man
And be proud to use his heart

Now he don't need anyone
There's no one there for him
There was really only one now he misses how she
sound

He frowns, line 'em up and he puts them down
It's sad this town seems to fail to appreciate the man

Now he don't need anyone
There's no one there for him
Cause Jimmy's thick skinned
And a long long time ago
When he could break a heart
There was really only one now he misses how she
sound

He frowns, line 'em up and he puts them down
It's sad this town seems to fail to appreciate the man

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