

Stereophonics

"Local Boy In A Photograph"

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There's no mistake
I smell that smell
It's that time of year again
I can taste the air
The clocks go back
Railway track
something blocks the line again
And the train runs late for the first time

Pebble beach
We're underneath
A pier just been painted red
Where I heard the news for the first time

And, all the friends lay down the flowers
Sit on the banks and drink for hours
Talk of the way they saw him last
local boy in a photograph

Today

He'll always be twenty-three
Yet the train runs on and on
Past the place they found his clothing

How about that? How about that? How about that?

Theres no mistake,
I smell that smell,
its that time of year again,
I can taste the air
The clocks go back,
Railway track..
Somethings blocked the line again,
and the train runs late for the first time today..

and all the friends lay down the flowers,
sit on the banks and drink for hours,
talk of the way they saw him last,
local boy in the photograph...
today

he's gone away.

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