

Stereophonics

"Local Boy In The 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

A pebble beach, we're underneath
Pier just been painted red
Where I hear 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 the photograph today

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

Bah bah bah bah bah
Bah bah bah bah bah

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 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 going home

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