

## The Rifles "Local Boy"

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Jimmy was a local boy but he's seen much more than a  
change in the weather,  
Sitting in a uniform of a three-piece suit and the  
ribbons from his past,  
Looking for a little boy at the bar with the mouth who  
thinks he's clever now,  
Dreaming of a day that he got home from the war to his  
childhood sweetheart,

No 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 than  
I'm bound to ever,  
A member of a dying breed that sat and wait as it all  
just falls apart,  
Dreaming of a day that's oh-so long ago that he can't  
remember right,  
There was a time a man could still be a man and be  
proud to use his heart.

No he don't need anyone, there's no-one there for him,  
There was really only one, now he misses how she  
sounds;

He frowns,  
Line 'em up and he puts them down,

It's sad; this town,  
Seems to fail to appreciate the man.

No he don't need anyone, there's no-one there for him,  
No he don't feel anymore, cos Jimmy's so thick-  
skinned,  
And a long, long time ago, when he could break your  
heart,  
There was really only one, now he misses how she  
sounds;

He frowns,  
Line 'em up and he puts them down,  
It's sad; this town,

Seems to fail to appreciate what he's about;  
Line 'em up and he puts them down,  
It's sad; this town,  
Seems to fail to appreciate the man.

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