

Local Boy in the Photograph

Stereophonics

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, a pier that's 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 the photograph
Today

He'll always be 23, yet the train runs on and on
Past the place they found his clothing

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He's gone away