

Local Hero

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I was driving through my hometown
I was just kinda killin' time
When I seen a face staring out of a black velvet painting
From the window of the five and dime
I couldn't quite recall the name
But the pose looked familiar to me
So I asked the salesgirl "Who was that man
Between the doberman and Bruce Lee ?"
She said "Just a local hero"
"Local hero" she said with a smile
"Yeah a local hero he used to live here for a while"
I met a stranger dressed in black
At the train station
He said "Son your soul can be saved"
There's beautiful women nights of low livin'
And some dangerous money to be made
There's a big town 'cross the whiskey line
And if we turn the right cards up
They make us boss the devil pays off
And them folks that are real hard up
They get their local hero
Somebody with the right style

They get their local hero
Somebody with just the right smile
Well I learned my job I learned it well
Fit myself with religion and a story to tell
First they made me the king then they made me pope
Then they brought the rope
I woke to a gypsy girl sayin' "Drink this"
Well my hands had lost all sensation
These days I'm feeling all right
'Cept I can't tell my courage from my desperation
From the tainted chalice
Well I drunk some heady wine
Tonight I'm layin' here
But there's something in my ear
Sayin' there's a little town just beaneath the floodline
Needs a local hero

Somebody with the right style
Lookin' for a local hero
Someone with the right smile
Local hero local hero she said with a smile
Local hero he used to live here for a while

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