

# Local Hero

## Celtic Thunder

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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