

Local Boy (Acoustic)

The Rifles

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 'cause 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

Songwriters

Joel Stoker; Grant Marsh; Luke Crowther; Robert Pyne Published by

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