

# 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 airThe clocks go back, railway track  
Something blocks the line again  
And the train runs late for the first timeA pebble beach, we're underneath  
Pier just been painted red  
Where I hear the news for the first timeAnd 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 todayHe'll always be twenty-three  
Yet the train runs on and on  
Past the place they found his clothingBah bah bah bah bah  
Bah bah bah bah bahThere's no mistake, I smell that smell  
It's that time of year again  
I can taste the airThe clocks go back, railway track  
Something blocks the line again  
And the train runs late for the first time todayAnd 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 todayHe's going home

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