

# 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  
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, just been painted red  
Where I hear 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  
He'll always be twenty three  
Yet the train runs on and on  
Past the place they found his clothing  
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  
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, is gone away

Songwriters

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