

## 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  
The 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 that's just been painted red  
Where I heard 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  
Today

He'll always be 23, yet the train runs on and on  
Past the place they found his clothing

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He's gone away