

## Local Boy

### 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 h  
e's clever now,  
Dreaming of a day that he got home from the war to his childhoo  
d 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 fall  
s 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, cos 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.