

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.