

Hendershot

Les Claypool

Lonely, homely boy they called him Lucy
Mama's little man
And she calls him Hendershot
His mama called him Hendershot

Be seen and not be heard, they told him
He grew into a big man they call
Hendershot
They always call him Hendershot

Walking down the side streets of SoHo
Chances are you'll bump into our friend
Hendershot
That's Hendershot

Sitting on a blanket near Saint Marks
Is a man selling handbags he gets from
Hendershot
But he doesn't call him Hendershot